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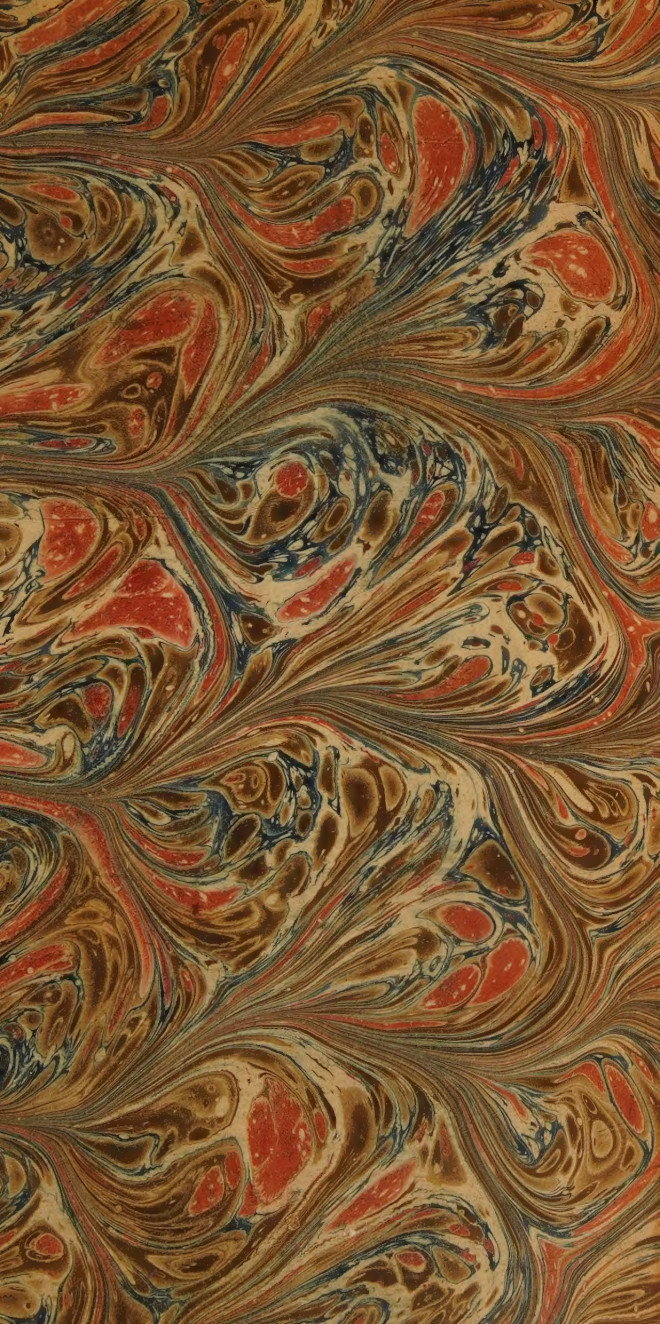

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THE

# RECORDS

OF

# A GOOD MAN'S LIFE.

Rev Ernest Singleton

BY THE

REV. CHARLES B. TAYLER, M.A.,

AUTHOR OF
"MAY YOU LIKE IT," "IS THIS RELIGION?" AND "A FIRESIDE BOOK."

GENERAL THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY LIBRARY NEW YORK

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"The law of truth was in his mouth, and iniquity was not found in his lips; he walked with God in peace and equity, and did turn many away from iniquity."

*Malachi*, ii., 6.

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FIRST AMERICAN EDITION.

NEW YORK:

WILLIAM VAN NORDEN.

M DCCC XXXII.

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TO EVERY PERSON

THAT HAS UNDERTAKEN THE

RESPONSIBLE BUT BLESSED OFFICE

OF

GODFATHER,

OR

GODMOTHER,

I RESPECTFULLY DEDICATE

This Volume.

# THE RECORDS

OF

# A GOOD MAN'S LIFE.

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"I have no other word, nor other sacraments to recommend to you, than these that you have used so long to no purpose; only I would call you from the dead forms, to seek the living power of them, that you perish not."

LEIGHTON.

I HAVE been attending a funeral and a death-bed. My revered and long-loved friend is gone. I am not sad and wretched, though I have lost so much in losing him. I feel now the truth of those blessed words of the Psalmist, "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." The events of the last few weeks have not shocked me, they have rather spread a solemn, soothing calm over my spirit, and, as I sit here alone, and thoughtful, I can look forward without terror to the breaking up of my own mortal frame, for, I thank GOD, the hope that cheered his departure is mine also. There is to us, "one LORD, one Faith," and he would have added, "one Baptism!"

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The papers of my departed friend are lying before me. On one packet is written in his hand-writing, "I had thought of destroying the enclosed manuscripts, but should my friend survive me, they may possess some interest with him. I once thought to please, and perhaps edify

my son by leaving him these records of his father's life, but I am childless now. My beloved friend will do what he pleases with them." I have read the papers of Mr. Singleton, and I will not destroy them. I may value them perhaps too highly, but surely he did not value them sufficiently. Having his permission to do with them as I please, I shall lay before the public the records of this good man's life. Many readers, I am well aware, will close the book after perusing a few pages, for it is a parson's book; but there are some who may think the life of a good country parson is not altogether without interest.

Let me give one or two of my reasons for making these pages public.

The narrative exhibits the character of a man who was distinguished, not for talent, not for learning, but for manly sincerity, or, to express myself plainly, for being in earnest, and heartily endeavoring to live up to his Christian profession. The narrative contains the memoir of one with whom baptism was not a form, but the commencement of a life of Christian faith. Too many, indeed, regard the sacred ordinance as a mere unprofitable observance, with no spiritual benefit or privileges attached to it, while others seem to consider that the ordinance, however unimproved, must of itself work like a charm upon the character of the baptized person, and they take it for granted, that although he may possess no higher claim to Christianity than the name of Christian, he is a disciple of CHRIST. During the whole course of his earthly pilgrimage, the thoughts of Mr. Singleton seemed to have turned at all times to the promise and vow made at the commencement of the life of faith. The question seemed to be continually asked, Is this consistent with the holy engagement and obligation I am under? Can I do this and be faithful to my vow to renounce worldly sins, sensual sins, and the author

and mover of all sin? Can I be this, and at the same time be in spirit, as well as profession, "a member of CHRIST, the child of GOD, and an inheritor of the kingdom of Heaven?" Such a rule, and such a course of life is undoubtedly peculiar, and in many ways contrary to the fashions of the day; on that account it may be as well to make these papers public; for in the Bible, Christians are spoken of as a peculiar people, and it is said of them, that they are not conformed to this world. Many, calling themselves Christians, would do well to inquire if they are not committing a grand and fearful mistake in the lives they lead. The real Christian is one who is gradually transformed by the renewing of his own fallen nature, and conformed to the image of Him who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth.

I may be thought in these pages to call the attention of the reader too often to baptism. I am well aware also, that many excellent Dissenters are likely to disapprove my opinions on the disputed point of infant baptism, but I am not so anxious to prove that the Church of England is right in baptizing infants, as to show what might be the effects of infant baptism if followed up, according to the watchful discipline and the holy Liturgy of the Church of England.

We all know that there would not be so many objectors to infant baptism, and many other usages of our venerable Church, if there were not so many traitors within the camp, utterly insensible and careless as to the effect of their conduct upon those who differ from them.

Would that all, who are such vehement advocates for infant baptism, thought not only so much of the outward and visible sign or form in baptism, but prayed without ceasing, watched without ceasing, and diligently used all the means in their power in order that the in-

ward and spiritual grace of baptism might be seen in their lives by all men, namely, a death unto sin, a new birth unto righteousness; for without the evidence of that death unto sin, that new and heavenly birth of the soul, how can it be known by any human creature whether the child be not still, as it was at its natural birth, the child of wrath? 'Tis the most manly way to say at once, that I am a decided advocate for infant baptism; though I respect the opinions of those good men who are not:—nor do I bring forward the subject to dispute with objectors, but rather to rouse and exhort, and if possible, to warn those, who are the promoters and defenders of the ordinance, and yet unfaithful to their profession. The Church of England will not fall from the attacks of its opposers: but if it fall, the blame and the guilt will rest with those who have worn the uniform, but forsaken and neglected the wise and holy discipline, of their party, who have been perhaps men of loud and boasting speech, but of a cold, unfruitful, faithless spirit, having the form, but not the power of godliness.

A few words, however, I must speak for infant baptism.

Consider the tender affection of our blessed Lord to the little children that were brought unto him; how he blamed his disciples that would have kept them from him; how he took them in his arms and blessed them. Consider how he said, "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven," and do not let us doubt, but rather earnestly believe that he favorably alloweth the charitable work of ours in bringing our young children to him; that he will embrace them in his arms, the arms of his mercy; that he will give unto them the blessing of eternal life, and make them partakers of his everlasting kingdom. Let us in this faith bring our children to the holy baptism of our Lord; let us not forget that in so doing we also engage as in the presence of

God, that those infants shall be taught, so soon as they are able to learn, what a solemn vow, promise, and profession they have made. Baptism does indeed represent unto us our profession, which is to die from sin and to rise again unto righteousness; continually mortifying all our evil and corrupt affections, and daily proceeding in all virtue and godliness of living. Thus also the cross is made upon the forehead of the feeble infant, in token that hereafter he shall not be ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified, and manfully to fight under his banner against sin, the world, and the devil; and to continue Christ's faithful soldier and servant unto his life's end.

The sacrament of baptism is neither an empty sign to them that believe, nor an effectual cause of grace to them that believe not. Many years are passed since this remark was made, yet men have paid but little heed to it, or to the words that follow—both from the pen of one of the best and holiest of our divines, Archbishop Leighton. Baptism is very seldom and slightly considered by many, even real Christians. And so we are at a loss in that profit and comfort, that increase of both holiness and faith, that the frequent recollecting of it, after a spiritual manner, would no doubt advance us to.

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When I first came into this neighborhood, as curate of Sandon, the adjoining parish of Kirkstone, Mr. Singleton was no longer a young man. I learnt that he had known my father at college during the first visit he was so kind as to make me; indeed, he made the discovery when he fixed his eyes upon a portrait of my father, painted in his youth, which hung in my study. From that first visit a friendship commenced between us, ceasing only with his death. I preferred his society to that of any friend I ever

knew, and he became my counsellor and guide, and very often permitted me to be his companion. I loved and admired Mr. Singleton with all my heart, for I never met with a human being so full of charity toward his fellow-creatures. He had generally something kind to say of every one. I should say of him, that I have met with many men more tolerant, but with none so charitable. My reader will understand, I hope, that I speak of charity, not in the limited worldly sense of charity, but according to the meaning of the word in Scripture—holy love. We are all apt to find out what we cannot approve and agree with in another. Mr. Singleton's first inquiry seemed to be, "How far can I agree with this man? What is there I can approve and love in this my brother?" He had enemies—who has not?—but he was the enemy of no man, and those who hated or disliked him, mostly came to love and respect him, when they knew him well: some of them indeed confessed, that the only objection they ever had to him was on account of his religion, and the manly, yet unobtruding way in which that religion stood out at all times, and among all persons.

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The evening after the funeral of my revered friend was over, I observed a person walking up and down the broad walk which crosses the church-yard of Kirkstone. He continued there for some time, and frequently when he approached the spot where the body of Mr. Singleton had been buried, he stopped, and seemed to stand in thoughtful silence. I joined him there with a sort of listless curiosity, feeling disposed at that moment to love any one who had loved my venerable friend. I went forth from the now desolate study which overlooks the church-yard, and spoke with the man.

"You are acquainted with the good old minister, who is no longer among us," I said. The man touched his hat respectfully.

"I was, indeed, Sir," he replied. "I learned from him what Christian forgiveness really is. I was at one time his most insulting and bitter enemy. I wish I could have told him before he died how very sorry I have long felt for my wickedness, but I put it off from time to time, from false shame, and the kind, good old gentleman cannot hear me now."

When I learned the man's name, I remembered that I had heard him mentioned several times by Mr. Singleton, but always in terms of peculiar kindness. This was ever his way: there seemed to be a watchful anxiety about him to feel kindly toward those persons who had displayed any thing like ill-will toward him. He never lost an opportunity of doing them a good turn, and with so sweet a grace, that you could see no resentment found harbor in his breast.

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It was the constant habit of Mr. Singleton to look upon this mortal life as a journey—mysterious, and full of awful events, it doubtless was, but still it was a journey, and the end of it home! That home was unseen, and the entrance into it would be attended by a struggle, perhaps a conflict; but he felt no distrust toward his Master, the LORD of life and death. He was assured that He who permitted the trial, would give him a double portion of grace to sustain it and to triumph over it. "The children of this world," he would say, "can go forth to the deadly strife of the battle-field with powers of bold and manly energy, with a stern smiling aspect, with an arm of new-strung vigor, all gathered from their own resources; and shall the

child of God tremble, and wish to draw back from any conflict which his Father has ordained, when his strength and his confidence are given by the great God of heaven and earth, the Almighty God of power; when his very armor and all his weapons are all provided and tempered in the spiritual armory of heaven; when the sword of the Spirit is given, and the shield of faith, the breast-plate of righteousness, and for an helmet, the hope of salvation? Besides, all through the course of my journey, I have been clad as an armed knight in the same panoply; for an adversary has been ever at my side, ready to profit by any lack of watchfulness on my part; and though I have sought to walk in converse and fellowship with Him who is my heavenly guide, my spiritual comforter and friend, yet often has that unresting, guileful enemy dragged me away, or held me, alas! too willingly yielding to his miserable flatteries. Shall I dread, then, the last struggle, when in that struggle his attacks will cease for ever? His certainty of then losing his victim for ever may increase his fury, but my certainty of then escaping his snares for ever, will surely revive and invigorate my spirit under every assault."

"I think," he said to me one afternoon in last October, when I called upon him, "I think, my dear friend, that my journey is drawing toward its close." We had been so used to converse together on the subject, that I heard what he said with little astonishment, though with a heavy heart. "I am very weak and feeble," he continued, "and I feel this weakness, this utter feebleness of bodily power, come on more rapidly every day. It might be almost incredible to any one but myself," he said, smiling, "who experience it, for I believe I do not look much changed, and the powers of my mind are, blessed be God! as vigorous as I ever knew them." As he spoke thus, there

came into his eyes, and over his whole countenance, that expression of intellectual ardor which I have often noticed; that slight knitting of the brows, that quick glancing of the eyes, with that smile of peculiar sweetness on the lips, that I have seen so admirably represented in some of the angelic heads of Guido.

I shall not at present give any details of the last hours of Mr. Singleton; I will only say, that his preparation, his waiting for death, (and the end of that week cut short his earthly course,) was as remarkable as the rest of his life for the absence of all aim at display; then, as ever till then, the reality and earnestness of his conduct must have struck every beholder—quiet manliness and good sense bearing fellowship with faith, and a hope full of immortality.

I thought at one time, as the papers of my friend, in their present unconnected form, are evidently unfit for publication, that I would not let them appear, but write from them myself the narrative of his life. I have changed my plan; he shall speak for himself, that is, where he has written of himself, and I will, as far as I am able, supply any incidents that the story of his life may require, and that he has left untold. I shall not, therefore, in this, the beginning of the narrative, mention many circumstances which happened after I became acquainted with Mr. Singleton, but introduce them according to the time and place of their occurrence.

# THE PAPERS

OF

# THE REV. ERNEST SINGLETON,

WHO WAS, FOR MORE THAN HALF A CENTURY, RECTOR OF KIRKSTONE, IN THE COUNTY OF SUSSEX.

Religion does not suffer so much from the attacks of its avowed and open enemies, as from the hypocrisies and treacheries of those who profess to be its friends, and are enlisted in the ranks of its defenders. This fact has passed for a proverb. My father felt this, and he determined, with the help of Him who giveth wisdom and strength, that he would bring up his children from their earliest years, in the love of sincerity and truth; that he would teach them to be in earnest about whatsoever they undertook.

I have heard many parents say, "I can forgive my boy anything but a lie. I cannot excuse a lie; I beat him severely if he dare to tell me a lie."

My father took a more enlarged view of sincerity and truth. He did not attend merely to a single branch of Christian morality, he gave his unremitting culture to the whole fair and spreading tree. He would have said, "My son is called a Christian, he has been admitted into a solemn covenant with God at baptism. That sacred ordinance must not be slighted, must not be left as if the mere form would work of itself to cleanse the heart, it must be improved by watchfulness and prayer, and exertion. My son must learn, with God's help, to be true and faithful to his solemn vow, or he will grow up, in one awful sense,

a hypocrite, an untrue and faithless disciple to the kindest of Beings."

What cause have I to be grateful to such a father!

Long years have passed away since my streaming eyes took their last look of his calm, smiling countenance, calm and smiling in death; but with every thought of him blessings rise from my heart.

Both my parents were religious persons, but they, and all their household, were remarkably cheerful; the source of that cheerfulness was a spirit at peace with GOD and with all mankind. From my earliest childhood I saw religion and cheerfulness united. My father and mother sought to adorn the doctrine of GOD our Savior, and to show that the obedience they paid to their LORD, was that of love and delight. I have noticed in too many pious families an injudicious, and I may almost say indecent familiarity with divine things. My father guarded against this. He led his children early to think of Him, and to seek His presence, who hath made Himself known as the shepherd of the lambs of His flock. Often would he call upon me to repeat to him that short and simple story, where with so much gentle condescension he exclaims; "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of GOD." Yet we were not taught to spell over the sacred pages of the New Testament till the letters swam before our eyes, and all our faculties were deadened, and the leaves of the holy volume dirtied and dog's-eared by our little heedless fingers. We were not carried to church before we knew to what purpose the holy building was dedicated, and made to stand up on the seats of the pew and allowed to stare about us till the habit of staring about and amusing ourselves idly and irreverently, with observing the dress and behavior of the congregation, had rooted itself among those deadly

habits, which when once planted in childhood, are seldom totally eradicated from the human heart.

No, it was a day never to be forgotten, when my father and mother first led us to church. I remember walking, hand-in-hand, between them both, and entering the sacred edifice with a heart full of deep and solemn emotions. I began at that early period to feel that it was an honor and a privilege to be allowed to kneel among the disciples of my God, and thus I went to church with one simple purpose, to worship God in the great congregation. The Bible was constantly open before us, but it was never taken down or opened as if it were a common book. "Let us see what the message of God declares on this point," my father would say, when he had occasion to admonish us, "for this Bible is the rule of life which God hath given us;" and thus was it with the doctrines, the promises, and the beautiful narrations of the inspired volume: the pearls in that precious casket were always set before us as gems of rarest lustre, and of inestimable value. My mother had a charming way with her; she had won my love long before I was conscious of what she had done to possess it; but there was a grace (I cannot find a better term) about her, which made her not only the dearest, but the most lovely and amiable of human beings in her children's eyes. I can remember nothing beyond the time when in my early childhood I lay a sickly helpless child in her dear arms. She would sit perfectly still for hours, watching every expression of my wasted features, and sometimes she would lay her soft cool cheek to mine, or whisper some little assurance of a tenderness that spoke in every look and action towards me. She was not an indulgent fondling mother, there was a mixture of good sense and judicious delicacy belonging to her character, which showed itself in her behavior towards her child-

ren. I began to understand this for the first time clearly, when a relation of my father's was staying with us. She was a mother with two children, and she was accustomed to fold them to her bosom several times in the day, and to lavish a whole vocabulary of honied epithets upon her darlings. Yet I saw that her children did not love her as I loved my mother, and I felt that I should have been cloyed, as they were, with so many sweetnesses.

I remember when I was a very little fellow, sitting on my father's knee in his study, with my arm thrown fondly round his neck. He was very busy that morning, and I had interrupted him; but he was always kind and gentle, and willing to listen to me, and answer my questions.

"Father," I said, "will you tell me about a godfather; for Lisa tells me we are to have a visit from my godfather to-morrow? Now I know that my uncle is coming here to-morrow, and so I told Lisa; but she said he is my godfather too, and that you will tell me better than she can what a godfather is."

"I wished to hear you ask this question, my dear Ernest," replied my father; "for if I tell you what you are curious to hear, I think my little thoughtless boy is more likely to remember what I say than if I speak of something you are not curious about. Though you love me, my dear child, by nature, you do not love GOD, who loves you, and sent his blessed Son to die for you; and if you were to grow up and at last die without loving GOD, you would not enter into that beautiful and happy place, which is the home of all who love Him. We have often spoken together of that blessed home which is called Heaven.

"There GOD lives, and we shall see His face and share his enjoyments; no sorrow will be there, no death, but joy and peace for ever and ever. Here we are but travellers on our journey, and we must not expect to have

every thing just as we please,—just as we should choose, on the way ; we must put up with many unpleasant trials, and we must not be displeased with those trials, for we shall, if we simply take GOD at his word,* get safely to that happy home at last. Nay, we ought to be thankful for those unpleasant trials, for if we met them not, we might be drawn to love this world too well, and believe it to be our home, and make it so."

As my father spoke thus, I could not help sometimes turning my eyes from his fine countenance, so expressive of tender affection, toward a large painting which hung upon the walls of his library. It was by some unknown German painter, evidently a master in his art, though the character was in many respects quaint and strange. The chief portion of the canvass was occupied by a mass of pale rocks thrown boldly together, and deepened in places by broad and murky shadows ; almost at the base of them a spacious cavern opened back into the very heart of the rock, and by a troubled light many groups of gaily dressed revellers were shown, drinking and rioting in a wild intemperate manner. In the foreground was a single figure, a tall and armed knight he seemed, though the gleam of his armor was almost hidden by a pilgrim's cloak. He was evidently half spent by fatigue, for he leaned against an ancient cross by the wayside, and having filled his casque with water from a little crystal spring which gushed forth at the foot of the cross, was raising the cool draught to his lips. Beyond the summit of the rocks the painter had managed an effect of light really extraordinary. It seemed as if clear and golden day had risen there upon regions receding into a far, faint horizon, and beautiful as

* I think it was the written reply of a deaf and dumb boy, when asked 'What is it to believe in GOD?'—'To take GOD at his word.'

the garden of Eden. Although the rest of the picture lay in the duskiness of a dark twilight, one beam of soft lustrous light fell from these radiant heights full upon the head of the pilgrim knight, whose eyes and whole countenance (and it was full of the noblest expression) were raised towards the heights above him, with the look of one whose home was there. On the old dark frame were the following words in quaint Saxon characters.

A pilgrim of the faith is limned here
With dinted mail and russet weeds y'cladd,
He turneth from loose mirth his listlesse ear,
And leaneth on the crosse with aspect sad.
Rugged his path, and narrow, and beset
With peril, sorrow, and temptation strong,
But neither gentle lure, nor direful threat
Can win him to the baine and wanton throng,
Or force his feet from that straight path aside,
Following the footsteps of the crucified.

"Well, Ernest," he said, after watching my attention to the picture for some minutes, "never mind the picture now, but let me answer your question in a very few words."

"You have two names, Ernest."

"Yes, father."

"And one is called your Christian name: do you know why?"

I could not tell why; at least I felt that I could not explain why.

"When that name was given you, a solemn promise was made for you, and made in your name, that you should live (God being your helper) an obedient and loving child to your Heavenly Father. This promise was made for you because you were then too young to understand or speak any thing about it for yourself, and it was made in

the hope and in the trust, that when you were old enough to know what had been done for you, you would be very glad; and you would endeavor yourself to perform and keep it.

"Your godfathers and godmother are the friends who went with us when we took you to church and offered you up to the LORD, our Heavenly Father, and they promised to see that you were brought up to love and serve him." —He said more that I forget now, and scarcely attended to then, for my eyes returned again to the picture, which he explained to me; and though it turned the subject of his conversation, it helped him out in fixing the subject of that conversation on my mind, for the Christian course is as the pilgrimage of an armed knight through the world.

This conversation took place soon after the birth of my brother Charles, or, as he was called from his cradle, Charley. A name of endearment it was indeed, for he was ever the most endearing creature to us all. Charley! (I feel my heart glow within me as I write the name,) was the delight of our eyes, the joy of every heart. I don't think I ever saw a countenance so beautiful, or heard so clear, so melodious a laugh as that of my darling Charley. Every movement of his elegant figure had an easy natural grace about it. His manners had an untaught courteousness and winningness that seldom failed to render him a favorite with all who met him. I am wandering away, however, from Charley a fair and dimpled baby, to his boyhood and manhood. My mother left her room and came down among us with her new-born infant the day after my uncle arrived at Southbrook. He was very kind to me, and so was my aunt Lucy, who came with him, though she was not my godmother.

I might have forgotten mere words, but I could scarcely fail to remember the parables my father made use of (for

parables they were) to fix on my mind whatever he wished me to learn; and after all his anxious prayers, after owning in the humblest manner, that except the grace and the blessing of the LORD GOD were given, all would be fruitless, he would put forth as cheerful and determined a vigor to the work as if every thing depended on his own exertions. I have already touched on the subject of baptism. The vows and promises made by his children at baptism seemed never absent from his thoughts, for he felt that the current of the world, and its maxims, and its society went onward in a direction contrary to that pointed out by the Christian's early vow.

I had a beautiful little garden of my own; at least it seemed beautiful to me, for it was full of gay and sweet-smelling flowers, and there was an arbor at one end, in which my father and mother sometimes did me the honor (for a high honor it was thought by me) of sitting down while I worked there.

There were several fruit-trees in my garden, but, among them, one which was a chief favorite with me—a young apple tree, which I was constantly watching over.

Another tree stood next it, and was equally tall and vigorous. In the spring they had both been covered with blossoms, and my father desired me to make both the trees my peculiar care, and when the apples were ripe, to taste the fruit of both trees, and to bring him as many apples as my basket would hold.

At length the time arrived. I ran with my basket to one of the trees, and gathered the apples, and then carried them in triumph to my father.

"They are fine, and as red as your cheeks after running, Ernest," he said, "but I see only one kind of apple. Go back to your garden, and bring me some from the other tree."

"I did not like to bring them, father," I replied; "for I have tasted the fruit of both the trees, and the other apples are too sour to be eaten. You could not eat them, father."

He took the basket of apples in one hand, and led me by the other to the garden. We were soon standing before the two apple-trees: he pointed out a ridge in the bark of the tree from which I had gathered the fine sweet fruit. "What is this?" he said.

"Indeed, father, I do not know: I could only tell you that it is, what it appears to be, a mark, like a scar on the bark of the tree, which looks as if the stem had been broken or cut asunder, and had grown again."

"Is the fruit of this tree, Ernest, the same as the fruit of the other?"

"No, father, we know it is not: it is large, sweet, and juicy; but the fruit of the other tree is small, and green, and very sour."

"But are the trees of the same nature?"

"Surely, father, they cannot be."

"Be certain, before you reply," said my father.

I stood thinking for a moment, and then went up to the sour apple tree. "There is no mark or ridge upon the bark of this tree, father."

"Very well, Ernest. Now can you tell me how that ridge was made, and whether it has any thing to do with the difference between the two fruits?"

Again I looked at the fruit, and at the trees, and in my father's face, and knit my brows with thought; but no, I could not tell any thing about the reason of the difference in the two apple trees.

"Well then, my little Ernest," he said, "I will do my best to make all this plain to you;" and then he led me to another part of the garden, where there was a plantation of young trees, some of them were mere saplings.

"Look at this tree, Ernest," he said, and he showed me an upright stem, the top of which was covered entirely with a lump of yellowish clay, out of which a slight slip or twig seemed to be growing, for a few delicate leaves had come forth, and looked green and fresh.

"Does this little branch," I said, (after examining the tree attentively for some time) "grow out of the clay?" My father did not answer, but turned to another tree, with the same sort of stem and the same ball of clay round the top, and the same little slip sticking up from the clay, only there were no green leaves upon it, the little branch was bare and withered, and had no life in it. My father broke off the hard crackling clay which hid the top of the tree, and the lower end of the little dried up branch, and I then saw that a notch had been made in the tree, and that the little slip had been placed in that notch. "Now I will explain all this to you," said my father, as I turned my wondering eyes toward him with a stare, as much as to say, What does all this mean?—"That stem," he said, "nay, both these stems, and the stem of your sweet apple tree in your garden, are, in their own nature, and would be, if they were left to themselves, the same as the other tree in your garden, with the small, green, sour apples upon it. This little slip is taken from a tree bearing large sweet apples, and the top of the sour apple tree being cut off, and a notch made, the slip is placed in it and then, to keep them close and undisturbed, the clay is moistened and stuck round the place where the stem and the branch are joined, that they may grow together into one tree; and here is the fruit of such a tree, my dear Ernest." My father pointed to the large rosy apples in the basket, "Had not the new graft been fixed upon the old stock, the fruit would have been as green and sour as that on the other tree; the wild crab tree it is called.

Like the good and wise Philip Henry, my father had drawn up a few lines, as a solemn renewal of the vow and promise of baptism, which he wished his children to read over at stated times every year. So anxious was he that I should be able to read it for myself, that he wrote the words in letters like those of a printed book, and long before I could read writing, I read my baptismal engagement with ease. Four times in the year, in my dear father's study, the engagement was renewed, and prayer was offered up for the help of that HOLY SPIRIT, without whom we can do nothing, that I might have the will and the power to keep it. This was the form of the engagement:

"I am bound by my solemn promise, if I would prove myself a member of CHRIST, the child of GOD, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven, to watch every first-rising of sin in my heart, and to pray for the special grace of GOD to enable me to have the will and the power to forsake and give up the sin of the world, the sin of my own nature, and Satan, or the devil, who is the cause and the spring of all sin and wickedness. I do offer up my prayers also only in the name of JESUS CHRIST, my blessed Savior, for there is no other way to my Heavenly Father. He is the way, and the truth, and the life; and no man cometh unto the Father but by him."

I would here remark, that it was the practical effects of the baptismal promise upon which my father dwelt so much. Thus, whatever might have been his opinion on the point which has been often discussed, whether the inward and spiritual grace invariably accompanies the outward and visible sign, he did not express it to me; but he dwelt much on the evidence we have, that CHRIST himself will do all on his part to bless the hearty endeavors of his disciples, that he will never fail to assist those who seek him and his gracious help.

"CHRIST has died for you," he would say, "and you are bound by a holy vow to die unto sin; you must strive to grow in grace." I understood these things still better when my father took me to church with him, at the christening of my brother Charley.

"I wish you to attend to this sacred service, my dear boy," he said to me, as he led me apart for a little while, leaving the rest of the company in the vestry. He led me to the baptismal font, and said, "You cannot remember, Ernest, but, as I told you before, at the age of your little brother, you were also brought to this font, and solemnly dedicated, or, to use words that you can better understand, given up to the care and service of your GOD. You shall join with us in our prayers and praises to-day, when we humbly offer your brother to the LORD our GOD, and enter into a covenant for him, as we have already done for you. There will be much that you cannot understand in the service, but try to understand it: ask in prayer that you may be able to understand, and I will endeavor to explain to you all you do not."

My father was one of a family high in earthly rank and station, and I have heard him spoken of, by some who were excellent judges, as one of the most elegant men of his day. However, there was that about him far above the poor earthly distinction of rank and station. He was a Christian, a humble, pious, straight-forward man; unaffectedly kind and obliging to all around him. How well those beautiful lines of Wordsworth apply to his character:—

"Thy soul was like a Star and dwelt apart:
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic free,

* * * * * * *

So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on itself did lay."

My father was a courtier, at least he was frequently about the person of our good king; but it might have been said of him also, that he was a nobleman of a higher court—one who lived as constantly in the high and holy presence of the King immortal, invisible, whose throne is in heaven.

In the year 17— my father was appointed English ambassador to D———n, and we were obliged to leave our beautiful and quiet home at Southbrook. I was then about eight years of age, and I well remember the preparation made for our departure, and the marriage of my orphan cousin Ellinor, to the Hon. Mr. Hamilton, which took place the week before we set out. She had lived with my father and mother since her childhood. She regarded and loved them as if they had been her own parents, and the parting from us all was very trying to her. It was as trying to us to go without her. We had scarcely resided two years at D———n, when alarming accounts were brought us of Ellinor's health. There seemed little hopes of her recovering, and such an affecting description was given of her state, and of the anxiety she expressed to see my father and my mother, particularly the latter, before she died, and so tenderly was she beloved by them both, that after some consultation on the subject, it was agreed that my mother should set out to England at once, making one of a party of some friends of ours then returning through D———n to England. I think nothing short of the dangerous illness of their child Ellinor would have brought my mother and my father to consent to this separation. How well I remember my mother turning to me the very morning of her departure, and looking as she spoke on my dear father, who sat writing at a table covered with paper. "Mind, Ernest, you take great care of dear papa till I come back. I leave

him under your charge." She smiled, as she said this, and held up her finger, but I considered her words with a feeling of grave importance, not the less deep for being in a child's bosom; for on some occasions children feel and think deeply.

When my mother had been gone about three weeks, there was a grand funeral of one of the royal family, and my father was of course invited to attend—the ceremony was tediously long, and a heavy rain poured the whole time. On coming home, my father complained of sudden chills, and of pain in all his limbs. He ought to have gone to bed, but the unexpected visit of the first minister of state, who was closeted with him for two hours on some secret consultation, prevented his even changing his his dress. At night he was in a high fever, and his life in danger. His sudden attack was inflammation on the chest. After many hours of doubt and wretchedness to his whole household, my beloved father was pronounced out of danger. My sister and I went about the house singing and dancing for joy, till we were told, what we had thoughtlessly forgotten, that any noise might disturb our father, and make him very ill again. In a week he left his chamber, and we thought him well. He was far from well. A slight cold was again caught and it hung upon him. However, he thought little of it; and seeing him cheerful, and no longer confined to his chamber, we believed him almost, if not quite well. He was in a rapid consumption, and did not live to see my mother. She wrote in joyful spirits to say that Ellinor was recovering, and would with her husband accompany her back to D———n, and go from thence through the Tyrol to Florence. They arrived the day after my father's death.

I can never forget the last evening in which I saw my father—I never wish to forget it. He sent for me to his chamber. His words, his appearance, the very chamber and its furniture, as it then appeared in the mellow lamplight, have all associated themselves together in the impression fixed upon my heart. How pale he was! the red light of the fire threw a glow over his face, but it did not deceive me. His eyes were fixed upon a miniature portrait of my mother, which lay upon the table before him. This table had usually been covered with books and paper. They were now all piled up and pushed aside, and his old quarto Bible (the same that always lies on the desk in my study,) lay open beside the miniature of my mother. I sat down very quietly on the low stool at his feet, fearful lest I should disturb the sweet peace of his meditation. I say peace, for though the tears were stealing down his cheeks, I never beheld such an expression of holy peace on any countenance.

He placed his hand fondly upon my head, as he had been wont to do when I was a little child, and repeatedly stroked down my hair without speaking a word, and then he bent his face and kissed my forehead—"Ernest," he said at length, as I looked up in his face, "we must part for a little time:" "Not part, dear father," I replied, "for if you were obliged to go away, may I not go with you, to wait upon you, and read to you, and do your bidding, whatever it may be?" "My poor boy," he said, again placing his hand upon my head with the same affectionate manner, "you do not understand me. I am not going to travel in other countries, nor to leave this chamber, till I am called away by One, whose summons cannot be disobeyed. I did not wish to grieve your young heart before, but the time is come for you to be prepared. In all human probability I shall be called upon to leave this infirm and

wasted body, to die, not many days hence—don't give way to such immoderate grief my dear Ernest," he continued, having in vain endeavored to soothe me.

"See how calm I am! It is not so dreadful to die as you may suppose. Our Heavenly Father will not call me before His own good time, and then I shall not murmur; for I am quite convinced that His will is the best. Look at this emaciated frame, think of the pains it has lately suffered, and tell me what reason I have to love it."

Here, however, my father broke off from a subject that made me so very wretched; for I could not help laying my head on his knee, and sobbing with a feeling that my heart would break if I lost him. And yet I look back now to those moments when I felt so perfectly miserable, as to positive happiness, for his hand was fondly placed on my head, I could feel its gentle pressure, hear his voice, and be certain that he was with me.

"My dear Ernest," he said, when I had become calmer, but still remained sitting on the low stool at his feet, my face, however, partly raised; for though my cheek was still pressed to his knee, my eyes were fixed on his countenance, and his dear hand clasped between both of mine.

"My dear Ernest, promise me solemnly, that in every trial, in every temptation, you will not look to yourself, or to the world, for the help or comfort you require, but that you will pray to your Heavenly Father in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. First of all promise me this, and think of what you are about, when you promise."—I did think in silence for some minutes, and then I said, kissing his hand as I spoke. "Father, I do promise, and I hope I shall never forget my promise."

"My dear, very dear child," continued my father, "the thought of leaving your dear mother, and all of you, makes my heart very heavy; but at the same time I am so well

assured, that Our Father in Heaven loves us so much better than we love one another, that I feel it would be sinful in me to complain of the way in which it pleases Him to make us happy! Yes, happy!" he repeated, while a faint smile played over his features, for I had looked up with astonishment as he pronounced the word—"happy was what I meant to say—but I have more to say to you, Ernest. You are my eldest son, my first-born child. You are very young and inexperienced; but I know that while you keep your promise, and look above for help, you will never fail to receive it. Young as you are, you must become the support and protector, in my place, to your dearest mother and to Lisa and Charley. What I say to you now you must never forget. Wherever you are, in whatever place, in whatever company, you must remember the last words of your father. I have often reminded you of the solemn promise and engagement made at your baptism, I do so now for the last time. Listen to me once more attentively.

"By the good providence of our blessed LORD, you were born in a Christian country—you were born of parents professing the Christian religion. In the midst of a Christian congregation the minister of CHRIST took you in his arms, and after many prayers in which he and those around him joined, he solemnly dedicated you to the LORD your GOD, he sprinkled upon you the pure and cleansing element of water, thus figuring the mystical washing away of sin, and we all prayed that you might at the same time be washed by the blood of CHRIST from every stain and spot of sin, or in other words, might be cleansed by the inward and spiritual grace of baptism, of which the water is the outward and visible sign. Baptism by water being ordained, not by man, but by CHRIST himself, as a means whereby we receive the inward and spiritual grace, and a

pledge to assure us thereof. Now this inward and spiritual grace is thus described; it is a death unto sin, and a new birth unto righteousness; and, although we are by nature born in sin and the children of wrath, it is by this inward and spiritual grace that we are made the children of grace.

"My dear Ernest," he continued, after pausing a little to take breath, and then speaking in a voice scarcely louder than a whisper—"I am the more anxious for you to attend to me, and to remember, if possible, every word I say to you, because as you grow up, you will find, as I have often told you, that the world in general think carelessly, if at all, of the engagements made by them, at what they profess to be the beginning of their life as Christians, and (what makes the case more dangerous) you will find your own heart, whenever you neglect to watch and to pray, taking part with the world against your best interests. I leave you, therefore, hoping—praying—I might also say (nay, I will humbly say it,) believing that you will grow up a Christian gentleman, that you will remember that all the day and all the night GOD is present with you, though you cannot see Him; and that in calling yourself a Christian, you do in fact say, that you are a member of CHRIST, and therefore as much with Him as this arm, or member of yours, is with your head; for Christians are called in the Bible, members of that body, of which CHRIST is the head. Now he who feels and believes this, must know that his religion is a reality:—but beware, for it is possible to be for a time a member of CHRIST, and to be a dead withered member. You may remember noticing a poor beggar at the great gates of this house the last time we walked out together: he had, to all appearance, two arms, but he told us that the life of one of his arms was gone, and that it was of no use to him. We soon witnessed the truth of what he said, for while he was talking with much

animation to me, and did not see that you were offering money to him, you put the money into the hand of the palsied arm; and the fingers having no power to close on it, or even to feel it, the coin fell at once to the ground. Our Savior himself speaks of this sort of dead-membership with Him, when He says at the 15th of St. John's Gospel, 'I am the vine and my father is the husbandman; every branch *in me* (remark, in *Him*) that beareth not fruit he taketh away.'" My dear father here looked very faint and ill, and stopped again—when he recovered himself, he said, "I must cut short what I had to say, Ernest —Tell your mamma all that I have been saying to you, all about this conversation when she returns home, and ask your mamma to teach you; ask also your godfathers and godmother. Above all, go to the Book of GOD for instruction; in it your Heavenly Father speaks His will to you. I need not tell you to love your dearest mother; but you must try to prove your love, by obeying her faithfully, and gladly. Be a kind and true friend to Lisa and Charley, again I ask you to try and supply my place to them: and now go for them both and bring them to me—I dare say they are not in bed yet; and mind Ernest," he added, calling me back before I reached the door, "not a word to either of the children to make them sad; not a word of my going—you know what I mean. I confide in you as my friend, for you are the eldest, and old enough to be treated as my friend." In a few minutes I came back to the room, leading in each hand my brother and sister. Lisa was always gentle, and she knew her father was very ill; therefore she walked softly, and without speaking, and when she came near to my father, gently put her hand in his and stood beside him smiling, but still not speaking. Charley being then almost an infant, was at first neither quiet nor silent; he soon espied a doll of

Lisa's lying under one of the chairs, where she had left it that morning, and disengaging his hand from mine, he ran to the prize and seized upon it, and began to amuse himself by bumping its wooden head upon the floor, singing and shouting all the while. However, he was soon quieted, for Lisa took a bunch of grapes from a basket near my father, and offering it in exchange for the noisy doll, brought the merry little fellow to my father, and he then sat down on the carpet, and employed himself with perfect content in picking grape after grape from the bunch till they all were eaten. While Charley sat at his feet, and Lisa stood beside him, my father desired me to take the written form of our baptismal engagement from between the leaves of his Bible, where he had placed it. He desired me also to read it. I did so, and both Lisa and I understood it. We then kneeled down before him, first I, then Lisa, then Charley, at least we showed him how to do so, and my father placed his thin hands upon our heads and blessed us with a faint voice, in the name of the FATHER, and of the SON, and of the HOLY SPIRIT. I led my brother and sister away again, and * * * * That night, just after midnight, my father departed this life.

I cannot describe the state of my poor mother when she returned to D———n. Her agony of mind was very quiet, but deep, and it appeared settled—so it continued some days after her return. The shock had been almost too much for her intellect, and she remained so long in one unchanging mood of quiet stupefaction, that we began to fear she would never be herself again.

"I don't know when I shall be able to repeat to my mother all that my father desired me to tell her," I said one morning to my cousin Ellinor; "she will never be able to bear it."

Mr. Hamilton was in the room when I spoke, and he

said immediately, "I think, Ellinor, that Ernest ought to go to his dear mother, and tell her all her husband said at once. It might agitate her to tears, and then rouse her to exertion."

At their desire I went at once to my mother. I found her sitting, as usual, in the room that had been my father's study, in the old arm-chair where he had sat. Her arms were folded, and her eyes fixed in a sort of dreamy gaze. I took my seat, as I had done on that memorable evening, at the foot of that very chair in which she was now sitting, and I began describing and narrating to her with the most minute exactness (as Mr. Hamilton and Ellinor had desired me to do,) every particular of my last interview and conversation with him. I had spoken but a few words, when she raised her head, and fixed on me a look of the deepest attention; her arms still remaining folded, and her position otherwise unaltered. As I continued speaking, she unfolded her arms, and resting one elbow on the arm of the chair, she clasped her forehead with her hands and closed her eyes.

I had all the while been looking up in her face, and when I spoke of my bringing Lisa and Charley to my father for the last time, I saw with delight the bright quick tears suddenly pour from her eyes. In another moment I was in her arms—both my arms thrown round her neck, and she was weeping without restraint. When a little composed, she said, "My dear Ernest, you must leave me alone for some time. Go into the anti-room, and remain there, and do not let any one disturb me. I am weak, wretchedly weak as to spiritual strength, and I have been very wrong to think so much of myself, and my own loss. I must be alone with God, and ask for pardon and for strength. Leave me, dear child, and shut the door—I will call you when I wish you to come to me again."

The time seemed very long in the anti-room, and at last I began to think my mother had forgotten me, when she opened the door of the inner room, and appeared with a calm, and almost smiling countenance. I sprung towards her, and she returned into the room with me. Again she made me narrate all that had taken place during my last interview with my father, and she listened attentively, and without agitation. When I had done speaking, she said, "I feel the use and benefit of prayer, Ernest. There is but one Being who could help and comfort me, and at length I have sought Him. Remember, Ernest, what I tell you from my experience of the benefit of prayer; given, not for my sake, but for the sake of Him in whose name we pray. He is touched with the feeling of our infirmities, and always more ready to hear than we are to pray. Promise me, as you did your father, that you will seek your God with prayer in all your difficulties."

From this time my dear mother began to devote herself to her children, and to employ her time in giving a diligent attention to all the duties of her widowed state. She retired at times from us, but never, I believe, to give way to selfish grief or lamentation, for she always came forth from the solitude of her closet with the aspect of one who had been listening to glad tidings and receiving comfort.

We soon after left D———n for England, and Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton went with us to Calais, where we found my mother's brother and my godfather, Colonel Nugent, waiting our arrival. He was rather rough in his manners, and very downright and blunt in all his ways; but, with all his outside roughness, he was full of kindly feelings, and gentle-hearted as a woman.

On our return to England, we went to reside with my mother's parents at Overton Hall, in Hampshire. I thought my mother began to look happier, and that the tone of her voice became more cheerful from the time the

heavy old coach turned off the high road, and entered the wide avenue leading to her father's house. She took Charley on her knee, and pointed out to him an old white pony she had been accustomed to ride when a girl, and that stood with his neck thrust over a gate, staring at the coach as it passed along; and she spoke, and smiled as she spoke, to the old servant, who opened the gate of the garden-court before the house. My grandfather was standing in the hall, evidently determined to receive my dear mother cheerfully; yet after he had held her in his arms and kissed her, and she had passed him and my dear aunt, going to the library, where my grandmother was waiting her appearance, I saw him take out his handkerchief, and wipe away the tears that filled his eyes.

My mother's conduct had all that sweet and duteous reverence about it, that a daughter's should have in her father's house. A stranger, seeing her with either of her parents, would have told you at once in what relation she stood to them. She was disposed enough to have been silent and melancholy, for she had lost a husband whom she loved as her own life; but she was graciously enabled to keep up a quiet happiness of look and manner at all times. She felt that it would have been cruel to have brought the gloom of her grief into the dear and hospitable home of her childhood, now again thrown open to her. She gave way to no selfish indulgence, but thought so much of others, of her children, her parents, her brother, and indeed of her poor neighbors, more especially the widows and orphans among them, that little time was left to think of herself, or, I should say, of self.

A few years passed away of calm, peaceful enjoyment, in that quiet, hospitable mansion. My grandfather and grandmother seemed the kindest and happiest old persons I ever met with. My uncle and his sister, though utterly

unlike, were equally beloved by us. My mother lived the life of a modest Christian widow, retired from the world, devoted to her children, as unforgetful of my father as in her early widowhood, but meekly, nay, thankfully resigned, to her separation from him; for walking by faith, and not by sight, she looked forward to the blessed period when she might be again united to him, in that home of the Christian where there is neither marrying nor parting, but where the pure and holy, who have loved as she loved on earth, are as the angels of GOD in heaven.

About a year after our return to England, I was sent to school, and I believe no schoolboy ever suffered more at leaving home than I did. What a mistake, what a downright untruth it is, to say that school days are the happiest period of a person's life! My tutor was a kind and truly excellent man; I liked my schoolfellows very well; but when the day of my leaving home drew nigh, then I began to be miserable. At times, notwithstanding all my endeavors to forget, the subject was forced into my notice. Some one would ask in a pleasant way, "Well, Ernest, when do you go back to school? the holidays are almost over, are they not?" The very ordering of the cake which I was to carry with me, and which was intended to prove a sweet soother of my troubles, put me in a tremble; and when the housekeeper turned to my mother for instruction as to the size and richness of the cake, and when my mother looked at me, and smiled as she replied, the imaginative powers of my appetite had sickened and died within me. I could not smile. What made me still more wretched, was the consciousness that I ought to be ashamed, or rather that I was ashamed of being so very, very sorry, and of weeping like a girl. The morning of my departure brought with it fresh strivings between misery and shame, and the feel of a lump within my throat,

that took away all my appetite at breakfast, and seemed to choke me when I endeavored to speak. I can now hardly persuade myself that childhood was capable of feeling such intense misery as I then suffered.

A circumstance occurred while I was at this school, which I will not pass unnoticed, as it proved to me the truth of that divine proverb; "A word spoken in season, how good it is!" I was one day playing at some game or other, I forget what, in the old walnut-close, which was our play-ground. A very warm discussion took place between another boy and myself. "Upon my soul it was so!" he cried out. I had often heard the same words; nay, once or twice, in my unguarded thoughtlessness, I had also used them. I heard them now with utter unconcern; but on another person they had a very different effect. Our old master was sitting in a little summer-house, not far from the spot where we stood. We had not observed him, but suddenly calling us to him, he said to my companion, "Are you aware, my dear boy, about what you have been speaking in so sinfully light and careless a manner? Is your soul of so little consequence—that part which raises you so infinitely above the beasts that perish—that part of you which cannot cease to exist for ever—that for which your Savior and your God poured out His most precious blood in heart-broken agonies upon the cross? For His blessed sake, and for the sake of that very soul of your's, let this be the last, quite the last time, when out of mere trifling wantonness such an expression shall ever come from your mouth!" The awful, I may almost say holy, seriousness of his voice and manner, and the grave, nay, sorrowful expression of his countenance, as the good man spoke, I have never forgotten; from that moment, the expression stood forth as a sin, a daring impiety, before me. I have never spoken the forbidden

words myself; I have never heard another speak them without shuddering.

When I had been about three years at school, the small-pox suddenly broke out there, and appeared to spread so rapidly that most of the boys, at the desire of the medical men, were sent home. One of my grandfather's servants came for me, and brought me back to Overton Hall, apparently in high health. At the end of a week, however, I began to feel very unwell, and it was soon evident that I was sickening with the dreaded disease. Those who only know the small-pox as it now commonly appears—a disease of rare occurrence, and generally much mitigated, where it is not wholly prevented, by the mild influence of vaccination, or by a proper mode of treatment, would scarcely believe the panic that seized on every one in those days, when the disorder made its appearance in a neighborhood.

My sister and brother were sent away at once with my aunt Lucy, to a small farm of my grandfather's near the sea, and my mother was my constant nurse. For days and nights she did not leave me. No one foresaw any danger to her, except from fatigue and anxiety, for she had had the disorder when a child. Oh, how kind and tender she was to me! I was very ill indeed, and the disease seemed to lengthen and increase instead of leaving me, so that my life was considered in great danger; but, notwithstanding all my suffering, I felt soothed and happy when I could open my heavy eyes, and see before me my mother's sweet face, or hear the sound of her gentle voice.

She had so many ways of showing her affection which none but a mother, and such a mother! could have devised. At length, however, I ceased to notice her or any one. I became delirious, or rather quietly insensible, and continued so for many days. When I began to wake up from

this stupor (for the turn of the disease was over, and my recovery was deemed highly probable,) I saw that my dear mother no longer attended me. Some one was sitting near the fire-place, and when I called out, "Are you there, dear mother?" the face that was turned to me was not my mother's. "Bently," I said, (for I saw that my grandmother's maid was with me,) "will you go to my mother, and tell her I am awake, and should like so very much to see her?" Bently left the room as if to seek my mother, and returning soon after, told me that my mother had not felt herself well, and had gone to lie down: she added, that she was then asleep, and that it would be cruel to disturb her after she had been almost worn out with fatigue;—"My lady will come and see you, master Ernest," she said, "when she wakes." However, my mother did not come. Day after day passed, and she came not. Sometimes my grandmother, or my uncle, and at all other times, Mrs. Bently came to sit with me, bringing very often messages from my mother. They told me she was ill, and that the doctors thought she ought not in her weak state to leave her chamber, and that Charley and Lisa were ill with the small-pox, and that the former was very fretful, and had begged that my mother would go to him; and they told me that it was her wish, and her request to me, that I should be patient, and wait without repining till she could see me again. This last message had great weight with me, it was so delightful to me to obey any desire of hers, that I determined to watch and pray against the impatient yearning of my heart toward her. One more question I asked of my grandmother, and that I believe was the last. As she was leaving the room one evening, I said "Is my mother ill, grandmother?" The old lady stood without seeming to observe me for a little time, and then said quietly, "Your dear mother, Ernest, cannot be better than she now is."

I suppose that my illness in a manner stupified me, for I have often wondered since, how I could remain so long without a suspicion of the real reason why I did not see my mother; at last the truth burst upon me. Mrs. Bently had been sitting with me all the morning, and as I was better than usual, though still confined to my bed, she had consented to read part of the Pilgrim's Progress (a favorite book of mine) to me. She had read but a few pages, when some one tapped softly at the door of the chamber. Mrs. Bently opened the door and spoke in a whisper, and was answered in a whisper. The door was then closed, and she and her companion went down the stairs together. More than an hour seemed to pass away, and no one came near me, the whole house seemed silent as at midnight; then I thought I could hear an indistinct sound of footsteps,—footsteps below, and no other sound, not one voice. Again, a dead silence continued for a time, broken at last by the sound of a carriage moving slowly underneath the window, it seemed to pass on toward the front of the house, and then another slow-moving carriage seemed to pass along in the same direction. I could not resist attempting to discover what was going on. I rose out of bed, but found myself so weak that I at once fell back again. I tried again, dragging a blanket from the bed, and throwing it round me, I staggered to the window—I looked down, and saw nothing but the old white pony, my mother's pony, rolling over and over again in the fresh springing grass of the paddock. I remained at the window some little time, and felt revived and better. The lime trees that skirted the lawn had burst in leaf since I last looked from that window, and the blue bells beneath them were in full flower. There was a soft quick rain falling, but falling through a golden blaze of sunshine, and making every thing look fresh as well as bright. I had half forgotten what brought me to the

window, when suddenly a man ran quickly across the grass-plat immediately beneath me. He was in deep mourning, and as he ran, a long hat-band of black crape streamed upon the air. I cannot describe the effect the sight of that man in black then had upon me. Something is going on below, I thought to myself; something that it will break my heart to know, but I must know it. I went to the door of my room, unclosed it softly, and looked down the passage—no one was in sight—I listened; but heard nothing. A door nearly opposite me stood partly open; it was the door of Bently's room. From the window of that little chamber, which was in a turret jutting out from the front of the house, I knew I could see if what I had guessed was indeed taking place. I saw every thing—a hearse with nodding plumes; and a coffin brought out, and lifted into the hearse. I saw the door of the mourning-coach opened, and two gentlemen in long black cloaks come forth and enter it. The coffin was not that of a child, whose could it be? not that of my grandmother, I had seen her the night before; not that of my grandfather, or of my uncle; I had seen them enter the mourning coach. I felt certain whose funeral was passing before me, but as if I was not to have the wretched happiness of a doubt on the subject, my eyes fell upon a small packet of black silk gloves upon the window seat; the packet was lying open, but the white threads were still in the gloves—the bill was with them.

"John Nugent, Esq.,

"To Christopher Simpson.

"To one dozen pair of black silk gloves for the female servants at the Hall, at the funeral of the Lady Charles Singleton."

They found me in bed; but I know not how I got there. One or two persons entered the room, but I shut my eyes as the door opened, and turned my face to the wall. I had no questions to ask—I wished to be alone and unnoticed, and after a while I was left alone.

Then it was for the first time that I was taught really to lean upon GOD, and to look to him as my only unfailing friend and helper. I had believed in Him, loved Him, sought Him before, but now I felt for the first time, that I was lost without Him. As I lay in such utter wretchedness in that quiet chamber, thinking that the world had become a dreary wilderness to me, and feeling as if the strings of my heart that held me to life, were breaking, I recollected, something seemed to remind me, of my promise to my father, a promise made so solemnly to him, and repeated so often to my dear, dear mother. Ill and weak as I was, I rose up, and kneeled upon my knees on the bed, and poured forth my very soul in prayer! He is my father, I thought within myself, and as a child pours into a tender father's ear all his wishes and complaints, as I had often done to my father and my mother when they were with me, so I prayed unto my GOD. Will he hear me? I thought in the midst of my supplication; I who am so insignificant, and so utterly unworthy! and then a sudden thought brought a flow of comfort over my heart, my tears felt sweet as they flowed more softly over my cheeks. For the sake of JESUS CHRIST, the Son of man who had been also a child, and is touched with the feeling of a child's sorrows and infirmities, for His gentle sake, in His prevailing and most powerful name, I entreated my Father to hear me. I prayed to that kind and compassionate Savior also, and humbly begged them, the Father and the Savior, to send the HOLY SPIRIT to support, to teach, to comfort me. I remembered also the conduct of my mother when

she rose up from her torpid grief, and cried to GOD to help her; the good example she then set, had its full effect upon me.

When I had done praying I smoothed the bed-clothes as well as I could, and lay down again. Great as the exertion had been to my body, it had a blessed effect on my mind. In the midst of sweet and soothing thoughts I gently fell asleep, and slept for seven or eight hours I believe, without stirring, for on awaking, I found myself in the same place and position as when I dropped asleep.

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I do not dwell upon the death of my mother. I will merely mention, that, feeling I should give unnecessary pain if I allowed any of my family to break to me what I already knew, I quietly told Bently that I was well aware of my mother's death, and that I had seen her funeral leave the house.

I found that she had died of the small-pox, having caught it a second time, the disease being, as it generally is, when taken the second time, very virulent, and attended with great danger. The sight of my orphan sister and brother affected me very much at first. They had also been ill with the same fearful disease, but having been attacked less violently, the day I went down stairs they came home from the farm with aunt Lucy. My aunt had always seemed to me a little like my mother, but now, some tones of her voice, some expressions of her countenance seemed to me amazingly like: perhaps this was owing to my having unconsciously dismissed from my mind all hope that I should ever see any one that could be the same as my mother to me on this side the grave. What, therefore, was my delight to be able to account for this strong likeness, by feeling that it was not a mere chance resemblance,

but produced by nearness of relationship, that in the likeness of my mother, I saw her own sister, the child of my mother's own parents. The pure blood that glowed in her gentle lips was the same that had given color to lips often pressed to my cheek, often breathing forth a mother's sweet instruction, a mother's pious, tender blessings.

The same likeness in a stranger could not have thus affected me

One of the most frequent visiters at Overton was Mr. Lovel, the minister of the parish, who was afterwards the husband of my aunt Lucy. He had attended my dear mother during her short and sudden illness; indeed she sent for him, hearing that he had expressed a great desire to visit her. She had spoken to him of her children, and appointed him as guardian in her stead, for my father had left her the option of appointing a guardian in case of her death. Mr. Lovel had always been kind to me, but I began to look upon him from this time, as one of the best and dearest friends I had in the world; and Lisa and Charley were very fond of him: they could not indeed be otherwise, for he was a remarkably pleasing person, and very kind to them.

Mr. Lovel allowed me to be his constant companion; and I may date my first preference to the holy profession I afterwards entered upon, to my intercourse with him.

It was in his society that I began to love and admire the life of a country parson before any other. There I learned the ambition of being a lowly minister in the highest service, and I may say from my heart, after many years passed in that service, there is none like it. I had rather be an unnoticed door-keeper to the house of God, than be honored and distinguished among the wisest and noblest of this world. In the society of Mr. Lovel also, I was won from my deep sorrow by being

drawn away from myself, from brooding over 'self.' I soon discovered by my own close observation, that I was not the only miserable being in the world. I had thought, as a child might think, that no being was so wretched as myself when I first accepted the kind invitation of Mr. Lovel, and went with him a round of visits among his parishioners. I felt interested by many families whom we visited, but I was most interested, nay, I was deeply affected, by a circumstance that occurred while I was waiting for Mr. Lovel at the garden-gate of one of his cottages. He did not wish me to enter with him, because the woman of the house was too ill to bear the disturbance of my presence. Exactly opposite the place where I stood was a small white cottage which had been evidently shut up for some little time. Boards had been nailed over the casements, and the unpruned shoots of the vine had fallen in places from the wall, for want of proper training. There were no crops coming up in the garden; but the dark mould of the beds, and the well gravelled walks were overgrown with rank weeds. At the end of one of the walks, beside which many flowers were still in bright bloom, was an arbor formed entirely of willow-branches, meeting and twining above a bank of turf, shaped like a high step, with a board on the lower shelf of it for a seat. But what gave such an interest to this little desolate spot was the presence of one who seemed to have a great love for every thing about the house and garden: a little boy, perhaps a year older than my brother Charley. He had a pleasant open countenance, though I thought at first he looked very sorrowful when he tried the latch of the door and found it would not open, and peeped between the crevices of the boards that covered the windows, as if he hoped to gain a view of the darkened chambers within. He turned, however, to the garden, and as he sauntered

up and down the walks, and gathered now and then some of the long-neglected flowers, he began singing to himself with pleasure, almost without knowing that he was pleased.

At length he entered the arbor, and laying down his nosegay on the upper ledge of the bank, he threw himself at full length on the seat, and there he remained still humming to himself with his clear voice, till his careless song grew more and more faint, and he dropped fast asleep. I wondered who this little boy could be, and what his story was; and longed for Mr. Lovel to come out of the sick woman's room, and tell me all I wished to know. The dress of the little boy was ill made, and too large for him, and of a dark heavy serge; his hair was cut (I suppose I may use a vulgar word, and say hogged,) close to his head, except that a fringe of bright curls were left by the tasteless barber close round his face.

My attention, however, was soon turned to a stern-looking man that had entered the garden from behind the cottage. He looked about him on all sides, as if searching for some one; and when his eye turned upon the arbor, he hastened toward it. In a moment I heard the quick falling strokes of the cane, and the loud cries of the little boy. I rushed into the garden, leaping over the gate, and was soon at the arbor. Mr. Lovel, who then appeared, followed me, and we were in time to save the boy from receiving any more blows. Mr. Lovel called the man to him, and they turned down the walk together, while I remained in the arbor with the little boy. When the man came back he said to the little fellow. "Well, my man, I suppose I must forgive you this time, but you know it's against all rule to leave the poor-house, and to leave work, without leave."

"But I had done my work," said the boy, "and you were not in the way, sir, and the afternoon was so fine! and

the door was wide open, and I thought I'd just come and take a peep at poor father and mother's old place, and carry back a nosegay out of the garden for Missis." "Ah, well, poor boy!" said the man, and he looked very good-tempered, "'tis very natural—take your flowers to my wife; only remember the next time, to ask leave."

"That little boy," said Mr. Lovel, as we resumed our walk, "is an orphan, without a friend in the world. His father and mother were respectable hard-working persons, but at their death (and they died of a fever in a few days the one of the other,) their only child was obliged to be sent to the workhouse. You see, Ernest, there are persons in the world, even children, more afflicted and unhappy than yourself."

This remark set me thinking, and good Mr. Lovel improved the opportunity thus given him, to point out to me, that in all our troubles we have much to be thankful for; and he told me that even the case of that little friendless orphan was less wretched than that of another person in the parish—a kind, tender mother, whose son had despised all her advice, and was then under sentence of death for a capital offence. The mother, he said, was at that time almost broken-hearted, and must have altogether sunk under her grief, had it not been that she was supported by a hope above this world. And last of all he turned all that he had said to real profit, by reminding me of one who had suffered a weight of heart-breaking anguish beyond all our conception, but who had been, as no other sufferer ever was, all the while perfectly good, and innocent, and undeserving of one slightest sorrow; but who suffered for our iniquities, and the chastisement of our peace was upon him. Who was satisfied to suffer for his enemies, for the guilty, the miserable, and the lost.

A few days afterwards I went with Mr. Lovel to the

workhouse, and there we heard a very good character of Martin Wheeler, the little boy for whom I had begun to feel such an interest, because he was an orphan like myself, but far more destitute and friendless than I had ever been. I had soon after an opportunity of serving my poor little friend. The boy at Overton, who went to F———n for letters on the pony, and was a sort of errand-boy to the housekeeper and the gardener, out-grew his place both by age and self-importance, and I went to my grandfather and begged him to take Martin Wheeler in his stead. "But first tell me" said my grandfather, "who is this Martin Wheeler?" "O, he is very poor, and in the workhouse, his father and mother are both dead. He has no grandfather, no relations, no friends!" "Bless you, my dear boy," he replied, with some agitation, "I can feel with you for the poor orphan child; but perhaps you can tell us, Jones?" he said, turning to his old butler, who was waiting some orders in the room. "Wheeler! Wheeler! I ought to know the name!" "I should not wonder, sir, if he is the grand-son of Jonathan Wheeler," replied Jones, "the steward at Overton some years back. I know his son died some months ago in the village." "The grandson of the man who deceived and ill-treated me—and in distress? Well then, that is an additional reason for befriending the poor child. Love your enemies: that's the right maxim. Jones! go down to the workhouse aud see about hiring the boy at once;" added my grandfather. "And in your way," I said, "pray call upon Mr. Lovel, Jones; and ask him about Martin, for he likes him as well as I do; and, grandfather, when I'm a man, and can have a servant, I'll take Martin off your hands; and thank you, thank you, for being so kind and so good!" "Very well, my little man," he replied, "Martin shall be your servant, and you may give up half an hour every day in teaching him

to read his Bible; but now suppose you order the pony, and my mare, and we'll ride over to F———n."

I give this little narrative because it contains an account of my first meeting with my faithful servant, Martin, now like his master, a grey-headed, aged man. He is an invaluable servant! I have every reason to be grateful for his long tried fidelity and attachment. I know that during his long residence in my family, he has received frequent offers to live in families of wealth and distinction, where his wages would have been double what I paid him; but he is not one of the new sort of gentry who are always seeking to better themselves, as they term it. He never told me of these offers, and his refusals, but the report of them has always got round to me, sometimes years after they were made.

The gladness and fresh beauty of that spring, when all nature seemed to wake up into smiles and songs of delight, seemed to conspire together against my grief. Perhaps hope was never so brightly pictured as in the sights and sounds of a beautiful day in spring, or rather when spring is changing hourly into summer. In the day-time floods of sunshine, from a deep blue sky steeping the vivid and feathery foliage of the trees, the whole earth one carpet of bright embroidery, its glorious freshness still unsullied. The air scented with balmy fragrance, and musical with the warblings of the gay and sportive birds, and all night the nightingale pouring forth her clear loud melodies, as if the day was not long enough or calm enough, or solemn enough, for her deep joy; and the air smelling of lilacs and honeysuckles, the sweeter for not being seen.

The gradual return of health to my enfeebled frame, at that gracious season of the year, that season of returning vigor and freshness to the earth, brought with it a struggle after cheerfulness, that I should not have felt, I think, had

my recovery taken place at a less joyful season of the year, in the autumn for instance; and though I could not at the time have said that I enjoyed any thing, I look back to that period as to a season of enjoyment. The griefs I then experienced were among those that are so finely described by a poet of the present day,* as

> "Griefs that lie in the heart like treasures,
> 'Till time hath turned them to solemn pleasures."

Sometimes I accompanied my grandfather in his slow and quiet rides upon the greensward by the skirts of the old pine woods at Overton, or through the sandy lanes, whose banks rose as high as those of the Devonshire lanes on either side, in some places sloping and green, and thickly set with blue-bell and wood-anemonies and more flowers than I have time to enumerate; in others, abrupt and caverned, and spread over with the old gnarled roots of the trees, that met above our heads.

Sometimes I joined my uncle in his delightful gallop over the Southdowns, and received a lesson from him how to sit gracefully and firmly on horseback; and not unfrequently I remained at home as the companion of my dear venerable grandmother, reading to her and my aunt Lucy, in their favorite room at the end of the long conservatory at Overton. The entrance to this room was from the conservatory itself, a hall of glass enclosing a little grove of myrtles and orange-trees, and other flowering exotics of lofty growth; down the whole length of which, extended a broad walk. At one end were the folding doors of this pleasant sitting-room, at the other a fountain of limpid water, playing in front of a closely

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* Sidney Walker, late Fellow of Trinity College.

clipped hedge of flowering myrtles, as high and almost as solid as a wall. At the end of the summer I was sent to Eton. My uncle Nugent, who was one of my guardians, had been at Eton himself, and he thought there was no school to be compared with it. Mr. Lovel had been at Eton also, and he rather opposed my going; but my other guardian, Lord Eresby, was appealed to; he decided at once in favor of Eton, and to Eton I was sent.

I must always look back with sorrow to the day I was sent to school. Words and things which I had never heard of in my father's house were brought into dangerous familiarity with me; words and things deeply corrupting to the manly, no less than to the Christian character. Such was the case also at Eton. I was made, as schoolboys generally are, wise in what ought to be forbidden knowledge to a child. I cannot say I was disgusted as I ought to have been. My curiosity was awakened, and many seeds of wickedness that might have been destroyed in the germ, were then drawn forth from my heart, and fostered into fatal life.

The very studies of the place, (I do not mean of Eton alone, but of any school where the classics are taught,) have degrading and debasing tendency, and always will have, unless the master is decidedly and avowedly a Christian teacher. All call themselves Christian teachers, but how few show the spirit of a Christian in pointing out what is to be condemned as pernicious in almost every sense. The Christian youth is left to draw his own conclusion. The indecent and even monstrous histories of those who are the only gods of the profane world, have a sort of charm with them from the deep interest of the narrative, or the bright and glowing language in which they are set before him. Thus notions and ideas decidedly injurious to the Christian mind, and to true manliness of character, are insensibly acquired, and the mind

is led to associate lasciviousness and impurity with heroic virtue. It is better to have a manly than a classic tone of mind, if the one is to be acquired at the risk of the other. Often and often before I could read Latin and Greek, have I turned over page after page of the dictionary of classical biography that lay on my desk, or of the English translation (a copy lent me by one of my schoolfellows,) that had its hiding place within the desk, and found much pleasant amusement from histories that never ought to have met the eyes of a Christian boy.

I have naturally a high and impetuous spirit and no lack of false shame, and I met with many trials and many lessons at Eton. I had so much to do, and so much amusement, that I began to shorten the time I had been accustomed to set apart for prayer, and consequently I began to lose many of the supports and comforts of our holy religion. Oh! if we did but feel that when we neglect prayer—if we did but feel, that the injury to ourselves is far greater than the dishonor done to GOD! We are not required to pray merely because prayer is GOD's appointed means by which we are to receive His blessings; but because by prayer a wise and holy sense of our dependence on the LORD is kept up, in hearts naturally disposed to assert a senseless and most fatal independence of Him; and because prayer, or communion with GOD, is the season when man is admitted to an interview with GOD, and converses with GOD; when the child returns to his Father's arms, and speaks to his Father's ear the wants and sorrows of his heavy heart; when the lost wretched sinner sees, with the eye of faith, the clouds and thick darkness pass away from the home he seeks in vain with the eye of mortal sight; when he sees that home in Heaven, and in the midst, as his blessed and holy assurance, a Lamb as it had been slain.

Alas! alas! notwithstanding all the instruction I received, it was long before I could comprehend the real use and comfort of prayer and other blessed means of grace. It was not the teaching of man, but of the SPIRIT, through the experience of my own heart that made these things plain to me, that brought home and as it were applied the holy instruction of my human teacher in religion, and made me exclaim, as I do now, when I neglect prayer—"O LORD! I am the loser when I seek thee not. Thou losest only the homage of a wretched sinner, but I am losing the light of Heaven, the glory of Heavenly converse, the most blessed privilege of the Christian's life on earth."

My thoughts of Eton are always associated with a scene or two that happened soon after my first entrance there.

Among the boys on the foundation was one very unlike the others, named Eden. He was very quiet and humble, and seemed to possess an uncommon share of sweetness of temper, at least whenever any thing occurred to provoke his temper, for he was extremely silent and reserved. Often, when he had been teased and bantered till one would have thought his patience must have been worn out, he would raise his mild gray eyes, and with a smile that was evidently genuine, he would make some remark which showed almost as much of "the wisdom of the serpent, as of the harmlessness of the dove." One afternoon, when I was leaning out an open window, at my dame's, several of the boys came under the window, and Pendarvis, who was one of them, called out in a loud yet listless voice, "I say, old fellow! old Singleton! we are all tired of doing nothing, and we want to go on the water and we want you to steer, for we are one too little. Will you come?" "I don't think I can," I replied, "I have so much to prepare for to-morrow, and I have been leaning here I know not how long in as lazy a humor as yourselves. I

dare say the water is delicious to day, and I have half a mind to go, if I might have an oar instead of being steersman." "You shall have my oar if you'll come," said a good-humored smiling boy of the name of Smith. "Only come down at once," cried a great sleepy fellow called Bolter, who stood leaning against the opposite wall, yawning with his hands in his pockets; "Come at once, and don't stand boring there, for here comes Carter's boy about the boat." "Can't have the boat! all the boats are out!" said Bolter in reply to the boy, (repeating the words of the message,) "You be hanged, sir! but I will have the boat: tell your father that." "But the boat, and all the boats are out of sight by this time, and father can't make a boat, sir." "Father shall, you dolt!" said the lazy Bolter. "Come—Off with you, you young dog, and see that I have a boat ready in ten minutes. I give you ten minutes—d'y'e hear? Don't stand staring there, and be hanged to you;" and the lad ran off, for Bolter here threw his hat with great violence at him. "No boat to day," said Smith, laughing, and giving Bolter his hat, "we may go to the river, but no boat." "I told you so," said Pendarvis, "but it's Bolter's own fault; he would stop cramming at the new pastry-cook's." "Till he made himself sick with stuffing," said Dampier, "and us sick with looking on." "Come, come, Dampier! don't you speak! you got through three sausage rolls, hot, reeking, greasy sausage rolls, in no time," said the merry Smith. "And you look sick, and are sick, you brute," said Bolter, in a coarse, brutal voice. Bolter was the biggest of the party, and the bully of the party; of course not the bravest, for bullies are never brave. He had plenty of money, and was always willing to pay more than any one else, so that he could lay down the law on all occasions. "Ho! Ho!" he cried, suddenly. "Now for some sport. Here comes

the man of meekness! A rare animal, is he not?" As he spoke, Eden turned the corner, and appeared in sight. "Ah! my little Puritan, my real Simon Pure! my Long-face! can't you look up?" and he clapped his hand flat on the crown of Eden's hat, and forced it down over his face: "I can look up if you wish it," said the boy, pushing back his hat, and looking good-humoredly at Bolter, "and I can walk on if you'll let me, for I'm rather in a hurry." "Singleton," said Bolter to me, "I'll show you some rare fun. You have never seen the little Puritan baited. Eden!" he cried out, (vulgarly winking his eye at me as he spoke,) "what do you call yourself?" Eden still smiled good-humoredly. "You know my name, Bolter." "Yes, but another name! Are you a sinner, or a saint?" "More of the first than the last I fear." "You fear!" said Bolter, in his brutal voice: "You like to be called both. Now listen to me, my friend, I say positively that I will thrash you!—Now for the sport, Singleton." Here all the party laughed aloud. "Eden, I have said I'll thrash you," continued Bolter, in a voice of mock kindness and smoothness, "What am I to do?—Am I to break my word, and sin? My word is pledged, and if I do not thrash you, there will be a lie upon my soul. Well, Mr. Cantwell, what am I to do?"

A glow of deep crimson dyed for a moment the pale meek face of Eden, and he looked perplexed and troubled; but in a short time, he replied gravely and firmly, yet rather timidly. "I would rather bear your thrashing, than be the cause of your telling a lie!" Here another shout of laughter burst from the party, at least from all but Pendarvis, who had seated himself on a bench at some distance, and seemed entirely occupied in reading a novel. "Well then, as I must not break my word," said the bully; "how shall I begin? I beg your pardon, Eden!"

but he spoke in a tone of the most heartless taunting, he clutched the shoulder of the quiet little fellow with his large coarse hand, and tripping him up, Eden fell to the ground. "This by way of beginning. We don't call this thrashing, but flooring," said the brute, and again he laid his hand upon the boy. "You great cowardly brute!" I shouted from the window. "Touch him again at your peril: at any rate you shall first prove yourself my master." I dropped from the window in a moment, it was not more than six feet from the ground. "Now, sir!" I cried, hoarse I believe with passion, "touch him, touch but a hair of his head, at your peril!" and I stood before Bolter in an attitude of defiance. With a sneer of pitying scorn the bully surveyed me from head to foot, and then aimed a blow with all his force. I warded off the blow, and rushed in upon him, but he was large and strong, and I weak and in a passion. The fight, however, was stopped in less than a minute. Pendarvis, with his book in his hand, calmly stepped between us. "Hands off that boy, sir! at once," he said. "What a mean bullying fellow you are, Bolter! How can you attack a boy so much younger and smaller than yourself? O, don't look so grand, sir!" he added, shooting out his under lip, and doubling his fist. "You know, sir, what this is! Though I am not quite so tall or quite so old or quite so bulky as yourself; you have felt the force of this argument more than once."

But here, to my astonishment, the quiet little Eden came forward. "Come, come!" he said, in a manly, cheerful voice, and his manliness surprised me, "really I am punished now! A thrashing would have been better for me than all this angry quarrelling among friends! Really, Singleton—Pendarvis—I'm very sorry to see this, and I was not hurt, and if I am so positive and strange in my ways, I must learn to put up with many more troubles than

I have met with in my own person, to day. Come, Bolter, shake hands with me, and Singleton and Pendarvis shake hands with Bolter. Really he did not hurt me much. This is such an old joke, Bolter, that I must outwit you the next time you say you'll thrash me. I suppose it does look odd, and I do look very like a fool, to stand still and be beaten! Let me see? I have thought of a way. I now declare before all, and make my promise first of all, that I will never stand still to be beaten again. I say this before any one has pledged his word to thrash me; and the next time, as I don't fight, (I give out that I don't fight,) the next time I shall do as I do now—be off as fast as I can."

"That's a fine little fellow! with all his religion," said Pendarvis. "One must respect him. I only wish he was not so over-religious. Why could he not stand out and fight as another would have done? I cannot endure a Methodist!"

"He is religious!" I replied; "and he desired to prevent Bolter from telling a lie on Christian principles; but the world might also impute his conduct to mere morality, or to a high sense of honor; for it was not for any religious observance that he stood so meekly and so bravely; but simply for truth, simply to prevent a lie being told. A mere man of honor might have done the same, (so on your own principles of honor he acted nobly,) but none but a Christian could have shown so lowly a spirit, and so sweet a temper." "Well I wish he would fight when necessary," said Pendarvis, "I don't want him to be a boaster, or a forward fighter, but merely to stand his ground, and show some spirit." "He thinks it wrong to do so," I replied, "and though we may not imitate his conduct, we must feel some respect to his principles."

Some days after, Pendarvis came to me, and said,

"Well, Singleton! I've changed my mind about Eden; queer as he is, and mistaken as I still think him in some points, he is no coward, I was coming down the town to day, having been all the morning in the Park, when at the top of a narrow lane, I saw the end of a desperate fight between a gown-boy and a town-boy, I could not think who the gown-boy was, his face being literally disguised with blood and bruises: the little fellow, however, was the conqueror, and as I ran down the lane, I saw, that utterly regardless of himself, he had turned round to bestow his care and attention, on—what do you think?—on the little boy at my dame's, and on my dog; the latter was almost as disfigured with mud as his defender.

"The story, I found out, was this: a common one enough, but uncommon as having such a meek fellow for its hero as Eden. He found the little foot-boy at my dame's vainly pursuing a troop of town-boys that had tied an old sauce-pan to poor Rover's tail, and almost driven him mad. Eden met the whole party, and he knew the dog, and caught him up; and Rover, though inclined to bite at first, soon knew him. With some difficulty, he cut or untied (no matter which he did) the string at Rover's tail. He had scarcely done so, when some one from behind pushed him over as he stooped, and another made a dart to seize poor Rover. Eden, however, held the dog fast, and rising up, he threw his gown over the dog. 'Come,' he cried out, 'the dog can't help himself, and it's a shame to touch him: let him alone, there's good fellows!' He put his hand in his pocket, and threw down all the money he had. There was a scramble for the money, about two shillings; but when the scramble was over several came up, saying, 'Some money for us too, young gown, or we'll have the dog.' 'I've given all I have,' said Eden, but he searched his pocket again.

Here one of the town-boys pushed those that were nearest Eden, and they came with some violence upon him, and Rover growled and got his head from under the gown, and began to bark. 'It's no use going on this way any longer,' said Eden, and (as the little foot-boy described it) he stood as stout and as bold as a lion. 'That dog shall not be touched, while I can stand up to defend him. I have done what I can by fair means; if you want to strike, strike me.' Several sprang forward. 'No, no,' said Eden, calmly. 'One at a time; fair play, if you please!' and, 'Very well! fair play! one at a time!' was the general cry. Eden gave Rover to the foot-boy; he stood prepared for the attack, but determined not to give the first blow. However, the fight began, and the brave little fellow, as I told you before, was the conqueror. There was some more fighting when I came up, but G——, (one of the masters,) passing at that time, peace was restored. G—— is a fine fellow, for though he set us both a long imposition as soon as he spoke to us, when he came to hear the rights of the story from a woman that stood there, he changed his mind, and he has invited us both to his house this evening."

Notwithstanding the account of Eden's valor, I cannot say that I quite made up my mind to like his standing still to be beaten, but I have been relating a simple fact,* and now I am an old man, and have seen through the whole course of Eden's useful, humble, holy life, from the time I became his schoolfellow, until the day I followed his corpse to the grave, and I can bear my testimony to the consistent and manly character he bore among all who knew him. He was the only son of his mother, and she

* The fact was related of the late Rev. A——s G——n when at school.

was a widow. He had been the object of her prayers and her anxious, watchful care from his birth. It might have been said of him as it was of the youthful Timothy—"The unfeigned faith that is in thee, dwelt first in thy mother Eunice," and "from a child thou hast known the holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in CHRIST JESUS."

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I must here insert a letter I received from my other godfather, Mr. Shirley, while at Eton, and I may as well put before it a former letter written to me not long before my mother's death. I have not yet spoken of Mr. Shirley, for I had not seen him since I was an unconscious infant. He had not forgotten, however, to think of me and to pray for me.

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIEND,

I call you my friend, because I was the friend of your dear father and mother before you were born, and because I have loved you from my heart ever since your birth. I must, however, tell you another reason why I look upon you as my beloved friend, a reason you are as well acquainted with. You are my godson; you have been the child of my prayers since I began to look upon myself as your godfather. I hope very often to write to you, and to receive letters from you; but I cannot better begin my conversations with you by letter, than by explaining to you what is meant by being a godson or goddaughter, and a godfather. I hope you will pay attention to what I am going to say, because I don't wish to write any thing dull. Still serious subjects are not play, and we ought to attend quietly and seriously to them without gloom; besides, our

common sense will tell us that it is silly to talk of names (such, for instance, as godfather and godson,) without knowing the meaning of those names. A child loves by nature to have his own will, yet that will is not GOD'S will, but inclined to what is bad; that is, "we are by nature born in sin." If this natural will be not changed and corrected, it will make us very unhappy and bring down upon us the anger of GOD, therefore we are also called by nature, "the children of wrath." This being the case, GOD wishes to make us good and happy and to save us from punishment, and He expects parents to bring their little children to Him to be baptized in the name of the FATHER, and of the SON, and of the HOLY GHOST. At this baptism, He enters into a covenant or sacred agreement with them, and promises to give them help in their hearts to conquer their sinful and stubborn will, and to be as dear children to him.

The LORD also requires the little child to enter into this covenant, and to promise to renounce or give up every kind of wickedness; and to believe GOD'S holy and beautiful book, the Bible, which is full of sweet instruction, and to keep GOD'S holy will and commandments, and to live according to the same all the days of his life. Now you must be convinced that no little baby can make all these promises, for a baby cannot speak or scarcely notice any thing. What is to be done then? for the child is to be brought to GOD, and made good and happy, and to be saved from punishment. The baby is brought—you were brought to GOD—offered up to Him by your father and your mother in GOD'S sacred house, and your godfathers and godmothers (as you were a little helpless baby,) took upon themselves to make these promises for you, not doubting, but when you were able to understand what they had done for you, you would seek to be no longer

the child of sin and wrath, but the child of GOD, a member of CHRIST, and an inheritor of the kingdom of Heaven.

However, I have written enough for one letter. I will tell you in my next what I mean by that last sentence, which you will find in the Church Catechism, particularly what I mean by the words "a member of CHRIST."

Don't rub your eyes, dear little Ernest, and say "Oh, how very serious my godfather is." No, no, you shall often find me very gay; but this is a serious letter; it comes also from a heart that loves you too well, not to try to seek your real happiness; besides the letter is over at last. May GOD bless His child, and my godchild.

Your affectionate godfather,

WILLIAM SHIRLEY.

The next letter, and one or two others are not published, because the subject of them would be a needless repetition of what has been already given in the papers of Mr. Singleton.—ED.

Mr. Shirley was a clergyman. He had been tutor to my father, and to my uncle and other godfather, Colonel Nugent, when at college, and had married rather late in life, to a cousin of my father's not many years younger than himself. Mrs. Shirley was my godmother, and had been much respected and beloved by my mother, though after the Shirleys' marriage and removal to their parsonage in Suffolk, they had seldom met.

The Christian instruction I received from Col. Nugent was chiefly in conversation, and from books that he lent me to read; from Mr. and Mrs. Shirley I received many letters at different times. Here is another of them.

My dear Ernest,

If a large estate had been left you, and coffers full of gold and jewels; and if your father, who left them, had been a nobleman of the highest rank, whose titles descended on his death to his son, and if I had been left his executor, and your guardian—what would you expect of me? Should you think me justified in keeping back from you the knowledge of your descent and calling, and refusing to employ so much of your property as the law might allow and deem sufficient for your education, in order that you might be enabled to move with credit in that sphere to which you belonged? What would your feelings be, when on coming to years of discretion you began to reflect on my unwarranted conduct towards you, when you saw before you the splendid assemblage of riches and honors, your high inheritance, and felt yourself by education and habit, totally unfit to take possession of them?

But what are earthly titles, or riches, or any such distinction among men? They are but for a time, the short time of a human life; they enter not the invisible and eternal world with the departing spirit; they enter not the coffin with the stark corrupting corpse. There is a higher inheritance than that of any earthly kingdom for the toiling laborer, nay, even for the wayside beggar, if they are the children of God. My claim, therefore, upon you, my dear Ernest, is of so far higher importance than that of any guardian to an earthly great man, for your inheritance is described in God's holy Scriptures, as one that is "incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you." *

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* 1 Peter i. 4.

The earthly father takes it for granted that his child would wish to inherit his titles and his property. He has not a doubt on the subject, and it follows as a thing of course that his child is brought up to enter upon the possession of the inheritance by the appointed guardians of that child. We never heard of a young nobleman who had become during his minority well-bred, well-educated, and highly accomplished, turning upon his guardian, and saying, "I did not need the care that you have taken of me, nor the education you have given me"—nor does he refuse to receive all that he considers he has a just claim to on his father's account.

I take it for granted, my Ernest, that if you possess a just sense of the high importance of the great and glorious things that are in reserve for such as love JESUS CHRIST in sincerity, you will heartily thank me for using all means in my power to induce you to enjoy them. There is, alas! this difference between the heir of an earthly, and a heavenly inheritance: the former is naturally disposed to claim, to delight in, and to secure his inheritance; the latter is naturally indisposed to claim, to delight in, and to secure his inheritance. The interest is the same in both cases, but the heir sees his interest in one case, and in the other case the heir is blind, careless, and insensible. Here it is, that, finding our own want of will and power, we need the grace, or favor and help of GOD, from whom all holy desires, and all just works do proceed, to supply our need. Pray to Him, my Ernest, pray from your heart, pray in the name of the only living "Way" to the Father, and I do not fear your prayers will be answered by His blessing.

Your affectionate friend and godfather,

WILLIAM SHIRLEY.

I have but a poor account to give of myself about the time I went up to the University. As I began to neglect walking near my God, religion began to lose its charms to me. I never openly forsook the faith I professed, but I began to know it rather by its restraints, and consequently thetemptations of the world, of sight and sense, began to be looked upon and listened to. When self also was more frequently studied, and the means of gratifying self without risk, the object of my highest love was in a manner dethroned from my heart. My inquiry too often was, 'How far can I indulge in this or that selfish and earthly gratification, without offending God, and disgracing the profession I make?' instead of seeking with all my heart to know His pleasure, and find all true delight in Him; and while I continued in this state, some dark and fearful temptation to ungodliness of living, and unbelief of heart would continually arise within me. All this time did I give up the show of religion?—quite the contrary. I was at times shocked and displeased at the want of religion in others. Lisa I could not find fault with, but I used to lecture Charley, and became remarkably quick-sighted to the faults of others, in proportion as I neglected to look into my own.

The renewal of my baptismal engagement I did not neglect, but it became, alas! little better than a mere form at that time with me. While at school, I was seldom able to read the words of the engagement with my brother and sister, according to my promise; but I generally wrote to Lisa on the subject, and sometimes added a few lines to Charley. I knew also that my aunt Lucy, who was Lisa's godmother, was accustomed to observe the stated times of considering, and renewing their baptismal promises with them. Alas! I well know by experience, what a dangerous state we are in when we are well satisfied with our-

selves, and have an observant eye for the imperfections of others.

Sometimes I received a letter from Mr. Shirley, full of advice and holy instruction, or containing a string of catechetical questions. I did not find much difficulty in writing to him on these questions, which were remarkably plain and simple.

I was not, however, inclined to be benefited by the remonstrances and counsels of my revered and Christian friend; and if I gave heed to him for a time, I soon turned again to my foolish ways. I have since thought, that it might have been said of me at that time, 'He that observes lying vanities, forsaketh his own mercy.'

The following is an extract from a letter I received from him just before I attended at the sacred ordinance of Confirmation. I was not confirmed till I was eighteen years of age:

"Consider very seriously in what you are about to be confirmed, my dear Ernest.

"Are you making a lukewarm, formal, self-satisfied profession? and do you go to confirm yourself as in the presence of GOD, and the Church of CHRIST in such a profession? Are you as one that hath put his hand to the plough, and turned back, and do you go to confirm yourself in so wretched a service? In short, do you wish to be confirmed in any vain, foolish, or sinful way? Now is the time to think upon these things.

"Do you, on the other hand, go to confirm and strengthen a sincere, but feeble faith; to confirm your own utter weakness, in the strength of GOD?—He assures us it is made perfect in our weakness. When we feel that weakness, when we feel assured that without CHRIST we can do nothing, then we 'can do all things through CHRIST which strengtheneth' us. If it be thus with you,

go, and 'lift up the hands which hang down and the feeble knees.'

"The promises made for you, by your sponsors, you have been bound to observe ever since you have been enabled to know right from wrong. It is not attending the rite of Confirmation that first imposes them on you, nor are your sins in any way laid upon your sponsors. There is a deep responsibility attached to their office; but if their counsels are affectionately given to you, and their prayers heartily and constantly offered for you, they have perhaps done their part in a sincere, though imperfect way. Consider those promises, 'Dost thou renounce the devil and all his works, the vain pomp and glory of this world, with all covetous desires of the same, and the carnal desires of the flesh, so that thou wilt not follow, nor be led by them?' 'Dost thou steadfastly believe all the articles of the Christian faith, and if thou dost believe, wilt thou then obediently keep God's holy will and commandments, and walk in the same all the days of thy life?' The sponsor makes these promises, but only in the name of the child. They are really questions put to you. I'll tell you what I feel whenever I see these solemn questions, I feel I have no power to answer them satisfactorily. Who is sufficient for these things? I am sure I am not. I need the Holy Spirit to work in me both to will and to do, according to God's good pleasure. Have I received that Holy Spirit? I know this that if I have not, I have never been enabled to keep those promises. Has baptism been to me the sign and seal of that power, that new, supernatural, spiritual power in the heart? I trust it has; for if I have in any way kept my engagements, I have done so by no natural powers of my own. I would have you ask yourself these questions, and find out what reply you can make to them. If you put in any claim to the

benefits and privileges of the covenant, you must be bound by the holy vows of the covenant. Are you a perjured person with respect to those vows; the vows of a humble, holy, confiding faith? You must answer to this."

Again, he says, "Give much holy meditation to these words, which you have no doubt often heard in the fine form of prayer that we offered for you, when you were brought a little wailing baby to be baptized: 'O merciful GOD, grant that the old Adam in this child may be so buried, that the new man may be raised up in him. Grant that all carnal affections may die in him, and that all things belonging to the SPIRIT may live and grow in him. Grant that he may have power and strength to have victory, and to triumph against the devil, the world, and the flesh. Grant that whosoever is here dedicated to thee by our office and ministry, may also be endued with heavenly virtues, and everlastingly rewarded, through thy mercy, O blessed LORD GOD, who dost live and govern all things, world without end.' 'Common-place expressions!' you may say, if you are well acquainted with the Baptismal Service. 'Inspiriting! glorious expressions!' I call them. Examine yourself by them. Do they describe, do they apply to the life you have been leading? 'No,' you will answer, 'they humble, they abash me.' 'T is fit they should abash and confound every son of man. But do you aim, strive, pray, that the prayer may be accomplished in you, if but in some faint degree? May I not thank GOD that 'to will is present with you'?"

In another letter he says, "Confirmation is the solemn ratification, by the understanding youth, of the vows and the professions made by the unconscious infant. If the Christian hopes that he is receiving any benefit from the covenant of infant baptism, or, if you please, from being dedicated to the LORD from his earliest years, before his

faculties were capable of knowing the privileges of that divine ordinance, it is indispensably to be required, that he should, so soon as he is come to years of discretion, declare before his GOD and his fellow-men, that his infant profession has his full consent, his hearty approval; and indeed, that he does acknowledge it with gratitude. He comes forward, therefore, in public, to make his public profession (fully understanding what he is about) of that engagement made by him when he was too young to comprehend it. He comes not to any new profession, but to confirm the profession made before, in one sense, without his consent; not because he *would* not, but only because he could not, by reason of his tender age, declare it then. You are about to present yourself before the LORD: making this glorious claim upon him,—'LORD I am thine! Thine, not because I have sought thee, not because I am worthy, but because Thou hast sought me, died for me, freely and graciously invited me by thy Gospel, and called me to a state of salvation. Thine, because Thy vows are upon me; because from my early childhood I have been dedicated to Thee, and though already a deserter from thy service, already a prodigal, a traitor and abuser of thy gifts, I would return with the help of thy Spirit, and renew the vows I have so little heeded.

"'I am Thine! can I dare to say so much? Ah LORD! I speak it with trembling; when I look to myself, with trembling, faint, feeble, dismayed—when I look to thee, with boldness; for He is faithful that hath promised. It is His gracious privilege to pardon abundantly, to save to the uttermost. Not in fear, but in faith will I approach thee.'"

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I had been advised by my kind friend and counseller, Mr. Lovel, to keep one object in view during the whole of

my residence at the university, namely, that I went there to prepare myself with GOD'S grace, for the humble office of a country clergyman. "I would have you," he said to me, "pay all due attention to the studies of the place, and endeavor to pass through the examinations there with credit; and, were you to aim at becoming a Tutor, or merely a Fellow of any college, it might be desirable for you to seek the highest honors of the place, for Tutors and Fellows are generally required to direct the studies and discipline of the university. But your future sphere of action is to be perhaps in some quiet unknown country parish, among busy, hardworking, worldly men—you are, as GOD'S minister, to show unto them the corruption of their hearts, the sinfulness of their lives, the value of their immortal souls—the deep and awful responsibility of all men, more especially of professed Christians—the fearful condemnation hanging over them; and above all the free grace and tender mercy of the eternal Godhead in the Gospel—a Father waiting to be gracious, a Savior and Mediator dying on the earth for the ungodly, and ever living in Heaven to make intercession; and a sanctifier and comforter in the HOLY SPIRIT, the great gift to man in the New Covenant of grace. In short you are to preach 'a full Gospel to empty sinners,' you are to preach, 'as a dying man to dying men.'—Alas," he continued, "when we think of this, must we not regret, with a celebrated writer,* 'that so many men become preachers before they are Christians, who are sanctified by dedication to the altar as the priests of GOD, before they are sanctified by hearty dedication as the disciples of CHRIST; and so they worship an unknown GOD, and preach an unknown CHRIST, and pray through an un-

* See 'Baxter's Reformed Pastor.'

known SPIRIT, and recommend a state of holiness and communion with GOD, and a glory and happiness that are all unknown. He is like to be but a heartless preacher, that hath not the CHRIST and grace that he preacheth in his heart,' and he continues, 'O that our students in our universities would well consider this! What a poor business it is to themselves to spend their time in acquiring some little knowledge of the works of GOD, and of some of those names which the divided tongues of the nations have imposed on them, and not to know GOD himself, nor to be acquainted with that one renewing work that should make them happy! They do but walk in a vain show, and spend their lives like dreaming men, while they busy their wits and tongues about abundance of names and notions, and are strangers to GOD and the life of saints.'"

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Alas! it grieves me to consider how much advice I received during my youth, given in the very spirit of holy wisdom and holy love, and to look back and observe how little has been like good seed in an honest heart. I see but the gleanings of the vintage.

I received a lesson which I could never, never forget, from attending, while at college, the close of the life of one of the finest scholars there. How I bless GOD that he has enabled me sometimes to profit by such lessons, and not suffered me to harden my heart against them, for I have often seen that if a warning is neglected or unimproved, the next and the next that come find the heart less and less disposed to profit by them. When the gracious rain falls upon a rock but thinly covered over with earth, the effect of every successive shower, is not to fertilize, but to harden; for every shower that falls with a blessed influence upon a soft and genial soil, is only received to wash

away the thin surface of mould, till at last that slight surface is quite gone and the rain falls upon the bare hard rock; or, according to the apostle's awfully striking remark, "The earth which drinketh in the rain that cometh oft upon it, and bringeth forth herbs meet for them by whom it is dressed, receiveth blessing from GOD; but that which beareth thorns and briers (after the same sweet showers of rain) is rejected, and is nigh unto cursing; whose end is to be burned."

Sutherland was in point of intellect one of the most superior beings I have ever met with. His whole career at college was one of splendid success. He had given himself with the ardor of youthful genius to the studies of the place, and with eager delight, his mind seemed to banquet on the accumulated stores of ages. With all the quiet unwearied devotion of a real enthusiast, he said little, but scarcely ever turned away from his beloved pursuit.

Now and then, for an hour or two, yet very seldom, he would leave his books and come among the few he distinguished with his friendship, with the fresh simple manners of a child. Sutherland was indeed a rare instance of genius and application united. Young as he was in years he had discovered that nothing is to be done to any good purpose without trouble and exertion. He seemed to remember at all times the saying of Newton, "that he owed almost every thing to quiet, patient thought, and unwearied diligence."

The second year of my residence at Cambridge I staid in college during the Christmas vacation. Sutherland was also in college preparatory to the examination for degrees, which takes place at the latter end of that vacation. Our rooms were on the same staircase, and we met every evening as the clock struck nine, generally in my rooms, to drink tea together: sometimes he would linger a little

while after the time that he allowed himself, but generally at half-past ten he started up and returned to his books. I must own that at first I made use of every innocent stratagem to cheat him of a longer time, not merely for the sake of his delightful conversation, but because I saw with deep concern, that his health was secretly giving way beneath his severe and constant studies. I often left a volume of poetry open upon the table, for I knew that he would seize upon it; or I produced a portfolio of engravings, or I turned at times to any subject that I thought likely to interest him. Once I even put back the hands of the little clock that stood on my book-case. However, I soon gave up endeavoring to detain him beyond his allotted time, for I discovered that he was regularly accustomed to pay back the portion of time I had caused him to lose, by taking it out of the few hours he gave to sleep.

There are always several private examinations at Trinity College, before the under-graduates go into the Senate House to be examined for their degrees. At one of these, Sutherland fell from his seat in a kind of fainting-fit, and was carried senseless to his rooms. I was crossing Neville's Court as they bore him along, and went with them to his rooms. I determined at once to remain with him as his nurse, and was not a little gratified when I saw the smile with which he looked on me when he unclosed his eyes. Some medical men of eminence had been summoned They held a consultation on his case, and it was at once agreed that he must give up all idea of entering the Senate House, or undergoing any examination whatever.

"I suppose," he said smiling, "I should at once forfeit all claim to good sense were I to dispute your orders; and I will therefore submit with as good a grace as possible, if I must submit. Only just till the Senate House week is over," he continued, imploringly turning to Dr.

P——, who was looking down on him with a countenance full of compassion, "will you not give me leave till then?" "Not a day, not an hour longer," said the old physician. "I tell you what, my dear fellow, I dare not give you leave, unless you would have me hurry you to your grave." "Well then, I will say no more about it," he replied, "and I will try to forget mathematics altogether for the present. I have had no rest from them all night long for many nights. Instead of sinking to sleep I have generally found myself wide awake and deep in the mazes of some problem or other." "You must not talk now," said Dr. P——, "but to get rid of the haunting presence of which you complain we shall send you a composing draught for to night. You are Mr. Sutherland's friend, sir," he said, with a low voice, turning to me, "will you see that he has a nurse to sit up with him to night?" I sat up with Sutherland myself, and he did not wake during the whole night, his sleep, however, was heavy and troubled, and he awoke but little refreshed. He continued in a doubtful state of health for many days and his case seemed to perplex the doctors.

At last, when I followed Dr. P—— out, after one of his visits, he said to me, "I am afraid, Mr. Singleton, that your friend is in a very dangerous state. You see his amendment makes no progress, and all the while he is losing strength. I suspect that the disorder is gaining secretly upon us, and whatever it may be, will come on speedily in a short time, and then he will sink under it. I frankly confess to you that we are much perplexed, for his symptoms are at times most contradictory. The only conclusion we have come to is, that the disease is some internal derangement of the vital organs brought on by confinement and very sedentary habits. Still this is, after all, but a mere supposition. I would have you write to

some of his relations, for really, sir, we may have but little time to spare."

"What can make you look so grave, my dear Singleton?" said Sutherland. "I have been watching your countenance for the last five minutes. You have heard some bad news, I fear."

Sutherland was lying on the sofa, and I thought had been asleep when I returned to the room, his eyes being then closed. "Has any thing happened to you?" he continued. I was still silent. "No, indeed, nothing," I replied, scarcely knowing what I said, for I was very wretched. "Ah, it is about me that you look so miserable! Is it not, Singleton? and now I remember, you went out with Dr. P——. Come, my kind friend, (and he held out his hand to me,) what is the matter? tell me what he said of me—or shall I tell you what he said? I can guess perhaps; indeed, I am even a better judge than himself in this case, for to tell you the truth, the agonies that I suffer at times are indescribable. He thinks I may recover, but that in all human probability I shall die. Now I hope I may recover, I long to live, but though I cannot give myself up, I feel convinced, in the judgment of my sober sense, I shall not live many weeks."

I felt consoled as he went on speaking in so calm and resigned a manner, but his words pierced to my heart as he looked me in the face, and said in a voice of deep melancholy, "Singleton, I am not prepared to die. It is not the death of this body of mine I am thinking about. I am not frightened about anything that can happen to it; nothing can be much worse than the pain I suffer in it. But I have been wasting youth, strength, and time, for what? for that which appears to me now only too like the fruit of the tree of knowledge—as wretchedly unsatisfying. God grant it may not prove as fatal, as deadly to

me—or I should say, GOD grant in His infinite mercy, for the sake of One whose amazing love, whose inestimable sacrifice I have never valued till now, GOD grant that I may have time."

I was delighted to hear Sutherland speak in this manner, for only the day before, a kind-hearted man, but one of mere worldly views, had been talking to him in a very different strain. I was still more delighted when he added, "I think I can depend on you, Singleton, to help me to make the best use of the time that is left. You will not speak to me as Mr. D—— did yesterday. I do not want to be complimented on the proper use I have made of time, for I have not been wise for eternity."

There had not been a doubt that Sutherland would have been Senior Wrangler had his health permitted him to undergo the examination; and Mr. D——, who was one of the moderators, had called upon him to say so, thinking that praise and commendation would cheer him on his sick bed.

"Perhaps I had better not talk any more at present," he said soon after, "but you will read to me." I rose up at once, and went to the book-case. What book? I asked, turning towards him. "The Bible," he replied at once, "no other book. I've had enough of other books. I never knew the worth of that blessed volume till now." I read to him at his desire, and was reading when Mr. N—— entered the room: he was a fellow of our college, and a man well instructed in Scripture. He was a very holy person, and full of love to the souls of men. He had heard of Sutherland's illness. Though slightly acquainted with him he came to his sick room. "I am very ill, sir," said Sutherland, "and deplorably ignorant." As he spoke, the crimson color mounted even to his forehead. "Will you speak to me, my dear sir, as you would

speak to an ignorant child and to an unhappy sinner. Deal faithfully with me, probe deeply. You shall see how gratefully and how anxiously I will receive your instructions." The healthful spirit of GOD's grace and the continual dew of His blessing seemed to go along with every word he uttered, and in a short time the progress of my friend in the knowledge and love of the divine life was astonishing.

One Saturday, when I had quitted his rooms for a few minutes, I found Sutherland on my return, not where I had left him, lying as usual on the sofa, but standing against one of the mullioned windows, and gazing upon the troops of students in their white surplices, who were flocking across the court in their way to the chapel. To my astonishment, Sutherland was also in his surplice, but before I could speak, he said, with a quiet smile, "Now, I dare say you have a host of objections to urge; but indulge me, and let me go to chapel to-night. I know I am very ill, and I know you might say, I am not strong enough to go, but I have set my heart on going: the night is mild and pleasant, and I feel I shall be all the better for going. How often have I hurried thither half unwillingly as a task, but since I have been confined to these rooms and unable to go, I have learned to feel that I have been all the while slighting a high privilege. It is, perhaps, the last time," he continued, "and I wish once more to be with my fellow students, and to pray for them and for myself in the house of prayer, and in the house of GOD." "Listen," he said; and he threw open the casement: "what a grand, solemn swell from that magnificent organ. Come, Singleton; we shall be too late if we do not go immediately." He took my arm, and I did not oppose his wishes. Once or twice, during divine service, when I looked round at him, I saw the large tears steal-

ing down his face. He was unable to kneel, but his thin hands were clasped together. Even in every pause of the service, he seemed intently occupied in prayer.

We lingered in the anti-chapel till the crowd was gone, and while the chapel-clerk was putting out the tapers in the chapel, Sutherland went and sat at a little distance from the splendid statue of Sir Isaac Newton. The ghost-like whiteness of the statue stood out clear and distinct in the moonlight, and the same soft light fell partially on the upraised countenance of Sutherland, and the loose and flowing folds of his surplice. His shining eyes were turned toward the statue, and he seemed deep in thought. "I have been thinking," he said, "that this" (pointing to the statue) "has been rather the god of my devotion, or I may say of my idolatry, since my coming hither, than the eternal Being to whom this house of prayer is consecrated." Then, after a pause he continued, "the spirit that possessed me lately, would have made me lament, when taking my last look of this glorious statue, that sickness was carrying me to an untimely grave, and that I should die unknown and unnoticed, and be soon forgotten; but GOD has been very merciful, and given me a better spirit, a spirit of content—may I not hope, that sweet spirit of adoption of which you say the old fathers of the Church of England often speak. I have no such desponding feelings now. I lament no longer that I am forbidden to be distinguished in this world. There was not in me the humble mind of the good and great man whose statue is before us. Do not think, dear Singleton, that I would depreciate the mighty efforts of genius, that I underrate the wisdom of man; but I had long forgotten the fountain of all true wisdom. I had been satisfied with the streams. Now, my friend, I thirst for that fountain, the spring-head not only of wisdom, but of happiness and life."

"My friend," he said that night, drawing aside the curtain of his bed, and looking me in the face, "I see clearly how the vilest sinner may be forgiven!" I had been reading aloud to him the fifth of Romans, that chapter in the glorious Epistle, where the remarkable assurance recurs so forcibly, 'when we were yet without strength, in due time CHRIST died for the ungodly.' Again, 'GOD commendeth his love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, CHRIST died for us;' and yet again, 'If when we were enemies we were reconciled to GOD by the death of his Son, much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by his life.'

"He will not surely turn from any one who is willing," said Sutherland; "our utter destitution without CHRIST, is a moving claim: but am I willing? If I might trust to my feelings I should say, 'As the hart panteth for the water-brooks, so longeth my soul after GOD—My soul is athirst for GOD;' but is this feeling of willingness to be depended on?" he added, for he was ever ready to question his own heart, and to go deep into himself.

I only answered, "I think GOD has given you the willingness in the day of his power." "Still," he added, with the simple look and manner of a child, "I will not cease to pray that I may not build on any false confidence, that the word of GOD, and not any frames and feelings of my own, may be my support." "And remember this, dear Sutherland," I continued, "that although we are expressly told—'No man can say that JESUS is the LORD but by the HOLY GHOST,' and that 'no man can come unto CHRIST except the Father draw him,' yet the power and sovereignty of GOD to save sinners never interferes with His willingness. 'What man is there among you,' are the gracious words of JESUS himself, 'whom, if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone? and if men, being

evil, know how to give good gifts unto their children, how much more will my Heavenly Father give his Holy Spirit to them that ask him.' "

The mother of Sutherland and his only brother arrived at Cambridge about a week before he departed. They had a long journey to make to the western Highlands of Scotland, and the heavy snow of that winter, 17**, detained them several days on the road. I was with them all at the last. "Walter," he said, turning to his brother, who was a lad of fifteen at the time, "you are very fond of books; almost as fond as I have been; but my dear Walter, don't follow my example in opening all other books but the Bible. I put it off for a long while; and it is only through the amazing love of Him who so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life—it is only on that account I am now able to rejoice. Take that Bible, my Walter, as my last gift; make it your chief study, nay, 'Let the word of CHRIST dwell in you richly in all wisdom.'—Mother, dear, dear mother," he said, "may I rest my head on your bosom, and there fall asleep—not to sleep either," he added with a faint smile, "but to wake up in light and life. I entreat you," he said, fixing his dim eyes on her face, "not to mourn over me as dead, but as gone a little before yourself to join our dear father. You both took such care to teach me when a child, and the seed has sprung up within the last week or two." He shut his eyes, and remained silent a short time. Then again he spoke, "'Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you, not as the world giveth give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid!' My own mother, I feel the truth of this. The divine Comforter is with me now. The grace of our LORD JESUS CHRIST—" he paused, and seemed to answer

to himself—"Yes!—the love of GOD—GOD my Heavenly Father?—Yes! The fellowship of the HOLY SPIRIT?—Yes! GOD also will comfort you, my mother, my brother, my friend;" and he put out his hand to me—"my kind and faithful friend! Mother," and he gently turned his head as a child when going to sleep, "he fulfils to me that promise—'As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you.'" He did not speak again.

The departure of Sutherland to the unseen world had, as I have said, some effect on me. I should have been strangely insensible had it not. It spoke to my feelings, to my senses, to my imagination. I was deeply impressed for a time. Still I do not know that the Spirit of GOD spoke to me in that event, more than in the ordinary mercies and warnings of my life. I often see that the case of Elijah is illustrated in GOD's dealings with the professors of His religion. GOD is not in the whirlwind, nor in the flame of fire, nor in the earthquake. He comes in the still small voice. I do not date the change that took place in my views, and, I trust, in myself, to the time I sat by the bed-side of my dying friend, or stood over his open grave at the foot of that statue where he had spoken to me of the vanity of earthly wisdom. I was becoming as cold and callous as ever, with the same outward reverence for the faith I professed, when, one evening at a late hour, I knelt down to my evening prayers in a small inner-chamber which I used as a study, beyond my sitting-room. All the doors around me were closed, and a profound stillness prevailed on every side. Nothing unusual had occurred for several weeks. I was, as I had been for a length of time before, rather careless and unconcerned when kneeling down; still I was kneeling, with my Bible open before me, and I was seeking with words and thoughts, though not with the desire of a broken and a contrite

heart, to be heard. After a little while, my thoughts took a different direction from my words. I was not praying with a written form, but according to an arranged form which I had gradually made a dead form. I soon discovered that my heart was occupied with a mere worldly subject, and, vexed and displeased with myself, I endeavored to address myself in truth to the LORD. This had often happened to me before, but I had so often gone back to my usual state of self-approval. This evening I could not. I burst into tears: a deep sense of the forbearance and love of Him whom I had so often slighted, rushed over my whole soul. I felt hopelessly wretched, and without comfort, yet in a more softened state. I did not rise from my knees; but I found neither thoughts nor words for prayer; I could only lay my head on my clasped hands and weep. Gradually, one event after another, in the whole course of what seemed to me a long life, rose up to my recollection and consideration. I was again with my father and my mother, looking up in their faces, listening to their words. I remembered, particularly, one evening when I had been spoken to seriously by my dear mother, after behaving very ill: I had made many promises and professions that same morning. "This is the fruit," she said, "of your ready promises, of your boastful resolutions this morning. I warned you, Ernest, but I saw that you thought yourself very wise and very safe. You seemed to think that you had only to declare your intention of amendment, and that your amendment would follow of course. You have yet to learn, that of yourself you can do nothing. How often have you heard this from your father and from myself: and now again you come to me with promises! You tell me so solemnly that you will become good. Indeed, my child, I have no power to make you good: I can punish you for bad conduct, but GOD alone can make you good."

As it had been with the child, so it had become with the man. I had acted in the spirit that my mother condemned, ever since, without exactly knowing that I did so. I had indeed yet to learn, that of myself I could do nothing! I had sometimes thought, that because I had made some advance in the knowledge of spiritual things, I was become spiritually-minded, and should remain so, resting safe in the progress I had made. Alas! as well might to-day depend upon the light of yesterday, and say to the sun, 'I shall not need thy fresh beams every morning.' I had unconsciously trusted to the often repeated renewal of my baptismal engagement. In short, in many ways I had been resting out of CHRIST, who tells his disciples so plainly, John xv.—'Without me, or, apart from me, ye can do nothing.'

I felt now suddenly driven out of all my strong holds, or I should say, those strong holds seemed all to fall in ruins around me, and to leave me defenceless and unsheltered. In short, I felt more helpless and more wretched than when I was first left a weeping orphan in my childhood. The more I thought, the more utterly wretched I became: but, blessed be GOD! I did not endeavor to escape from thought; I did not rise from my knees; and after some little time I drew my open Bible near to me. "I wonder what passage will meet my eyes?" I said to myself, for I had opened the Bible carelessly; when I knelt down I had not turned to any particular part of the holy volume. However, I checked myself, saying, "This is making GOD's book a mere book of fate." I turned at once to a very searching and convicting page, to the Parable of the Talents; and considered it deeply; and then I hastened with fearful eagerness to that of the Prodigal Son. As I knelt, passage after passage of Scripture came before me: well known they were in one sense, for

I had been instructed in the letter of the Bible. I thought of the son who received his father's command to work in his vineyard, and who answered so readily, making the show and profession of obedience, 'I go, sir,' but went not—and felt how infinitely preferable was the conduct of the other son who refused at first to obey his father, but afterwards repented, and went. "Have I not been early called?" I said to myself: "but, O LORD! mightest not thou say to me, 'If then I be a father, where is my honor? and if I be a master, where is my fear?'"

I felt that I had begun to build a tower, without counting the cost, without being aware that in myself I had no resources to finish the edifice, and that it was likely to turn out a Babel to me, a building of confusion—I felt that I was going to war against a powerful enemy, but that I was going forth as *one* against an army; and yet there was a supernatural power offered to me, whereby one might chase a thousand, and cast down Satan and his armies; and there was the whole armor of GOD to gird on over my exposed and defenceless person—the sword of the SPIRIT for my right hand, the shield of faith for my left—and, notwithstanding, I had been presumptuously trusting to an arm of flesh, to that which had never yet been known to prevail against the adversaries of man. The weapons of our warfare must not be carnal, simply because our adversary is the prince of the powers of darkness, the chief of all spiritual wickedness. It is altogether absurd for man to meet him and his hosts in any strength but that of the LORD of all power and might, before whom Satan has no power but that which he is permitted to have, and which is only for a season. I may date the commencement of a life of holy liberty, from that night of deep and solemn consideration, that night of heart-broken grief and agony of spirit. Without any superstition or

enthusiasm, but in my sober judgment, I look upon that night as the time when GOD began to take me in hand. I must attribute all to Him. I do not mean to make myself out a saint from that night—far from it; I never felt so deeply impressed with the fact that I was a sinner. I do not say I became all at once better—but my aim was at once higher—my natural independence at once more cut down and rooted out—a new dependence upon supernatural help deeply implanted. The end and object of my future life seemed suddenly simplified. I felt in one sense like the ruined man, who, sitting down upon a hill from whence he could behold on every side, the rich and fertile fields that had once been the portion of his forefathers and of himself, at once, but most deliberately resolved, that he would have but one object in view for the rest of his life—that he would never rest till he had regained the whole of those immense possessions; and who, accordingly, from that moment, left no means untried, stopped at nothing, till he had actually regained to himself the whole. The man was a bad man, but his singleness of object, his unwearied perseverance is a fine rebuke to the children of light.

Thus it was that I was enabled to awake out of sleep, and indeed it was high time for me to do so. As I say this, I cannot help remembering Leighton's glorious address,—"Arise betimes, and being risen, put on your beautiful garments. Draw towards you, with the hand of faith, the rich mantle of CHRIST's righteousness. It is time to wake, says the apostle; and presently after, 'Put ye on the LORD JESUS CHRIST.' And it is a wonder how a sinner can rest while he is out of this garment: for there is none other in heaven or in earth can make him shine to GOD, and so shelter him from the stroke of justice. Put him on then, and so shine; being thus clothed, thou shalt shine in justi-

fication, and likewise in sanctity."—"In this state," I said, "let me put my hand to the plough;" and I rose the next morning with a sense of liberty and cheerfulness, such as I had never experienced before: my dull duties seemed suddenly steeped in light, and turned to privileges. I took out the little form of dedication to God which my father had written for me, and in which I had been so long accustomed to renew the solemn and holy engagements of my baptism; and I prayed most earnestly, that those things which should have been for my peace and safety, might be made no longer an occasion of my falling. "Baptism should indeed be," as Archbishop Usher has well said, "of continual use through a Christian's whole life; it is administered but once, but it is always lasting in the virtue and efficacy of it. Baptism loseth not its strength by time. In all thy fears and doubts," he continues, "look back to thy baptism, and the promises of God sealed up unto thee there; lay hold on them by faith, and thou shalt have the actual comfort of thy baptism, and feel the effect of it, though thou never saw it. In thy failings, slips, and revolts, to recover thyself, have recourse to thy baptism. The covenant and seal of God stands firm. He changeth not: only renew thy repentance, renew thy faith in those blessed promises of grace, which were sealed up unto thee in thy baptism!"

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I have said but little of my father's brother, Lord Eresby. I had seen but little of him, or of my aunt; still less of my cousins, till the year before I went up to college. I was at that time invited to pass some weeks at Fontmore, my uncle's seat in W——. I went; but during the whole of my stay the house was full of company, and they were all engaged about the election of my eldest cousin, Lord

Harold, for the county. I was very glad to get away from the company and the bustle and to pass my time in the library, a long old gallery, where every window down the whole length of the room was in a recess, and each recess furnished like a little chamber, with a table and reading desk, and high-backed chairs. There, more than once have I heard my name called at the end of the library, and not wishing to answer the call, have remained undiscovered in one of those receding window-chambers, intently occupied with some delightful volume. I remember being found there not long after my arrival at Fontmore, reading at the top of the library-steps, exactly opposite the lofty shelf from which I had taken the book that interested me so deeply. I did not see my uncle and a party of gentlemen, till they were standing just below me. "And pray what book has such a charm about it," said a venerable looking man, who had been conversing with Lord Eresby, "that you could not wait till you came down the steps to read it?" "The Memoirs of Monsieur de St. Cyran," I replied, coming down the steps, and presenting the book to the stranger. "Ah! very good! very good!" he replied, turning to my uncle, scarcely looking at the volume; "one of the worthies of Port Royal, and the intimate friend and associate of Jansenius; have you more of those edifying memoirs?" "I dare say Ernest can tell you better than I, my lord," replied my uncle; and he introduced me at the same time to the Bishop of N——. "The eldest son of my poor brother Charles," he said, "you remember my brother?—quite an orphan!" "And what, my lord," said the bishop, "is to be your nephew's profession?" "Oh! I suppose the Church," replied my uncle, "at least Ernest tells me so, and I see no objection." During my stay at Fontmore the subject was often mentioned; indeed, before my departure my uncle spoke to

me in private, and told me that he highly approved my predilection for the sacred profession; and said that he should make all the interest he could to obtain a living for me from the Lord Chancellor. "We were at Westminster together," he added; "and so indeed were the Bishop of N—— and myself. The family living will of course go to your cousin Strafford."

I thanked my uncle, but I could not help adding, "I am sure I don't want a living. I ought not to go into the Church for the sake of advancing myself in this world." "I am sure you do not know what you are talking about," he replied.

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During the period of my college life, I sometimes passed a few weeks with the Eresbys. I cannot say that I ever came away the better for my visits. I saw nothing grossly bad; on the contrary, the whole family were amiable, kindhearted, liberal, and in the worldly sense of the words, perfectly moral and virtuous; but had I never heard of religion, I certainly should not have made the discovery that such a thing existed, there. I have the less scruple in saying this since the family at Fontmore have now been for many years distinguished for their unaffected piety. Nothing can, perhaps, better justify the condemnation of what they then were, than the contrast exhibited in what they now are.

My aunt was a remarkably lovely person, very gentle and fascinating in her manners, but at the same time, exceedingly proud. She was not haughty, nor overbearing, nor unbending; but on the contrary, ready to notice every body, and with a voice and look of peculiar courteousness; but, if one, whom the world might have called an inferior, presumed the least upon this condescension,

then there were looks and words too palpable to be misunderstood, to throw the presuming individual into the frigid zone of society, and to show the immeasurable distance which in reality, in her reality I should say, existed between them. Oh the folly of pride! the littleness of mind! the most absurd silliness of pride of rank! how commonly is it condemned in words, yet in how few families will you find the pitiful monster entirely banished! It is awfully sinful in persons who profess to separate themselves from the sins and follies of mankind—yet, what is more common? I know they give it other names: He, who "resisteth the proud, and giveth grace unto the humble," is not to be mocked by the apology of a name. How often, in her later years, have I heard Lady Eresby confess and lament that pride of hers. I have seldom seen a more lovely character than she became when her pride had been converted into lowliness of spirit, and all that was before fair and gentle, had been made far more fair and gentle, by the spirit of Him who had no proud looks, who was altogether lovely. Alas! if we have not the Spirit of CHRIST, we are none of his. We shall be found not only without a legal right, but without a personal fitness for the kingdom which the poor in spirit and the pure in heart inherit, in right of the meekest Son of man, the glorious and covenant Head of His members.

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The time for taking my degree drew near. I had been all the week half stupified by poring over mathematical books, and I hailed with delight a clear Sabbath morning, as I crossed the great court of my college from chapel. "This shall be a day of rest," I said to myself; "all books but one shall be forgotten. Not many years hence,

if it please God to spare me so long, at this hour, on this day, I shall be in the quiet study of a parsonage-house—of my parsonage-house!"

When I entered my rooms, and was sitting down to breakfast, I saw a letter lying on the table. My uncle's coronet and arms were on the seal. Alas! I found it very difficult, after reading his letter, to keep that day as a season of holy rest. He meant kindly toward me, but he set a sharp trial before me.

My dear Ernest,

I'm hurried to day, but I write by this post my good news, that you may have as much time as possible before you. You need feel no more anxiety about the Church, for every thing is settled in a much better way for you. Lord Vallerton takes you as his private secretary to Berlin, and he sets off in a fortnight, so you see there is no time to be lost. He had a great regard for your poor father, and has given you the preference to the Duke of D——'s nephew, Mr. Bellasis. I think you must remember meeting Bellasis at my table last year. Really, Ernest, you are a very lucky fellow! As to the Church, I found there was nothing to be done in that quarter, among friends of my own, and I am not intimate with the new Chancellor. You may draw on me for what money you want above the check I send you, but do not draw for more than a hundred pounds, without letting me know, as I keep but little money at my banker's. You had better devote the rest of this week to winding up all your college affairs, &c.; but I beg you will be in Grosvenor Square before next Tuesday, as Lord and Lady Vallerton, and several of the embassy dine here on that day. Juliana says she wants you to go to the Opera on Saturday, with your aunt and herself, as Gabrielli sings on that night for the first time

this season; therefore you can come if you will. For my part I do not care for the Opera since Millico has left it. 'Tis an odd circumstance, that your father was attached to the English embassy at Berlin at the time you were born, and I've often heard him speak of a Prince and Princess Ernst R——l, after whom you and Lisa were named, at their particular desire. The prince you will not see, for he has been dead, Lord Vallerton tells me, some years; but the princess, who has married again, is a great favorite at court, and a very pleasant, agreeable woman. Farewell, dear Ernest.

Your affectionate uncle,

ERESBY.

P. S. Your German letter is admirably written. It decided Lord Vallerton to take you as his secretary.

I saw at once the decision my own judgment would prompt me to make, but I determined not to write without serious consideration. And I prayed to be guided to a right judgment. I did not expect or pray for any sign or omen, as one is too often tempted to do, but simply for the right and healthful use of those faculties which are given by the Fountain of wisdom to his children; faculties which he offers not to set aside nor to supersede, but to quicken with new life and to sanctify.

I wrote to say, that after a deep and serious consideration, I declined relinquishing that holy profession to which, with the consent of my guardians, I had long dedicated myself. I endeavored to show much respect and gratitude in my letter, and expressed my willingness to receive the advice of all who were so kind as to offer it, declaring at the same time, that I felt I ought to reserve to myself the privilege of deciding according to my own

judgment. I dwelt chiefly, however, on this point, that, as I did not seek any temporal advantage in becoming a minister of CHRIST, so I could not see that I ought to give up holy orders only because temporal advantage was now offered me.

I received this reply from Lord Eresby.

"Really, my dear Ernest, your letter is as pleasant a piece of absurdity as I ever remember to have met with. No doubt you would call it respectful, and so it is, as to words; but it breathes the very spirit of disrespect and disobedience. You tell me most decidedly that you cannot avail yourself of the highly advantageous appointment I have obtained for you; for '*cannot*' I substitute '*will not.*' What on earth makes you so wilfully positive in declaring that you will have your own way?

"Do you think yourself a saint, and too good for fellowship with the common herd of us human creatures? I must own I do not clearly comprehend the merit of disobedience to your elders and guardians. You taunt me with having all along agreed to your being brought up for the Church, but do you not see that circumstances are changed now that I see no prospect of Church preferment? My friend, Lord E——, is no longer Chancellor, and the poor bishop from whom I expected so much has had a fit of the palsy; his family are said to give away the livings as they please; this, however, in confidence, for '*on dits*' are not to be depended on. Who, in your station, would think of going into the Church without some reasonable prospect of obtaining a comfortable living? I think it best to be candid with you, and to say very plainly, that the sooner you give up all hopes in a certain quarter, the better. What I mean, is this. I very much fear and suspect that, knowing the predilection of your cousin

Strafford for the army, you look forward to my offering the family livings of Hatton and Barrowmere to yourself. Now this I most decidedly declare shall never be. Lord Strafford Singleton, and no other person, shall be rector of the aforenamed places, on dread of my unalterable displeasure; indeed, were he to refuse them, you would not be solicited to accept them; there are others—quite as deserving perhaps, though with less pretensions to sanctity.

"Lastly, Ernest, let me tell you, I give you a day longer to consider. Write by the next day's post after you receive this, and write like a sensible young man. If you do not decide as I wish, and *desire* you to do, pray let me have no more of your reasons. Do as you please, but remember I wash my hands of you and your affairs altogether, if you give up this appointment. At any rate, as the head of the family I shall have done my duty by you. If you refuse my favors and set yourself up against me, the blame rests with you. I should very much like to know the use of writing so humbly, and acting with such determined and rebellious obstinacy. Farewell.

"Yours, &c.

"Eresby."

I remained at Cambridge and took my degree, but for years I was out of favor with my uncle. The invitations which had been generally sent to me, were suddenly transferred to my brother, who was then at Eton. Lisa was also in disgrace at Fontmore, because she had expressed her intention of remaining with her other guardian's family, the Lovels, (my aunt Lucy was now the wife of Mr. Lovel.) Her chief reason for not leaving the Lovels was, that her grandmother was then in a declining state; and

she and her aunt Lucy were anxious to be as much at Overton as possible.

Charles was at first a little indignant that no invitation came for me, but it was soon very evident that he preferred the gaiety and splendor in which the Eresbys lived to the sober ways at Overton. We first discovered this from a note in the same envelope with one from Lady Eresby, both to Lisa. Her aunt sent her a pressing invitation to Grosvenor Square, wishing Lisa to be presented at the drawing-room with her eldest daughter, and setting before her, at the same time, the dazzling offer of a season in London.

Charles wrote to his sister in rather a dictatorial tone, and with expostulations and reasonings that were evidently second-hand.

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Three years have passed away since I took my first degree at Cambridge. I have met with many impediments to my entering the ministerial office, but it has pleased the Disposer of all human affairs to permit me to become a servant in His holy temple; at least I hope so; for the time approaches when I am to offer myself as a candidate for holy orders. I have passed most of my time with the Lovels, or at Overton with my venerable grandfather and grandmother, both of whom are enjoying, at this time, excellent health for their advanced age: the latter having wonderfully revived during the last year. My darling Lisa has promised to reside with me at my parsonage when I am settled as a parish priest.

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And now the anxieties of my examinations and ordination are past. With what a rejoicing spirit did I quit the smoke, and the gloom, and the bustle of the town of C——, and the inn, where I remained during the week, and took my way through scenes of pastoral loveliness at the sweetest season of the year. I threw down the windows of the chaise and leaned forward that the fresh and balmly breath of morning might blow over my yet heated face and brow. The trees were fully clothed with their light but luxuriant foliage, then steeped with crystal dew. The fields on either side were spread with verdure of the deepest emerald green. Roses and all the common garden flowers of early summer were blowing in the cottage gardens by the road side, and the doors and windows of every humble dwelling were standing open, all open, it seemed, to admit as much of the soft air and pleasant sunshine as possible. In one place the road crossed over the shallow ford of the river A——, where little shoals of minnows fled merrily away in every direction as we passed, while farther down the river, where the azure of the sky was calmly mirrored in the stream, a herd of cows stood motionless in the middle of the clear cold water. These are but trifling observations, but I love to pause among them and to return to that happy, cheerful morning. During my long and pleasant drive, I had leisure to reflect upon the happiness, and upon the goodness of Him, who had so graciously heard my prayers and accepted me as His minister.

I dined at a little country inn, for my journey was chiefly across a part of the country where there is no high road. At the beginning of a fine glowing evening I reached my secluded village, then seen for the first time. I cannot say with what a deep and tender emotion I looked round upon the cottages of my flock, and felt an interest

rise in my heart for them. All unknown as they then were, I came to pass, perhaps, many years among them, to bring the message of their Savior's love and free salvation to them, to share in their troubles and their joys, to present their young and helpless infants at the baptismal font, praying there that a death unto sin, a new birth unto righteousness might be accomplished in them, to pronounce the blessing of the eternal Godhead over the bride and bridegroom, to kneel beside the bed of the dying, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and (ah! how fervently I prayed that I might be enabled to do so) to keep myself unspotted from the world.

I soon beheld the gray tower of my church, then gilded with a broad flood of sunshine; and farther on, half hidden by the fine old trees which form so useful a skreen from the north-east winds, a low and venerable dwelling, built perchance when those ancient trees were planted. A slight female form was standing near the porch, busily employed in binding up the waving tassels of a luxuriant honeysuckle which spread half over the projecting gable of the house. As the chaise stopped at the gate, a dear and well-known face was turned towards me, and in a moment my darling sister was in my arms.

How sweetly my beloved Lisa had anticipated all my wishes in the arrangement of every thing about our new residence. Much of the well-known furniture of our paternal dwelling which had not been parted with, met my view, and brought a thousand old associations with it into our new residence. The portraits of my father and mother smiled upon me from the walls. The large Bible lay in its old place, upon the study table, the two vases of Sevre porcelain, which I had remembered as long as I could remember any thing, were, as I had often seen them, filled with roses, and stood on the same low ebony cabinet

where I had ever seen them, and beneath it I perceived the little embroidered stool on which I had sat so often at my mother's feet.

I trembled with a deep and thrilling delight, as, for the first time in my new character, I opened the book of God, to read from it at our family devotions. When I was alone that evening, alone in my own chamber, my very happiness made me weep, and I let my tears flow freely. But how few will understand my feelings! only those who have struggled through difficulties and opposition led on by an ardent desire to become a humble unnoticed parish priest, even with that ardent desire in the heart which the Psalmist has so finely expressed,—"I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of the ungodly."

I had retired at an early hour to my chamber, but not to bed. I put out my light, and throwing open the window, I looked out upon the quiet landscape beneath.

As I stood there, I thought of Luther at his devotions. I wondered not that he had loved to stand at his devotions by an open window, as if, it seemed to me, he could not bear to turn from the pure light and the free air of heaven —as if his eyes loved to look beyond the earth, over its distant horizons, and upwards, upwards, into the clear unfathomable depths of the mysterious sky.

The whole earth around me was hushed, and sleeping in the quiet night; no sound but that of the ever-flowing river fell upon the ear; but the wide dome of the heavens was one glitter of radiant stars, so bright and brilliant, that the earth seemed to have dwindled down, or the sky to have descended lower; and every star seemed burning and glowing as intensely as if just lighted with new fires. As I stood there, I felt the utter insignificance of all earthly concerns, as compared with that eternal world in which

the child of eternity measures his existence, and there, on my knees, I turned again to the renewal of my early promises and engagements in my baptism. I hope the form was then a true means of grace to my believing soul.

My sister and I were very well pleased with many of our neighbors, especially with the chief family among them. We found unaffected good sense, and unobtrusive piety in the kind-kearted domestic circle of the Wentworths. Mr. Wentworth had several daughters about Lisa's age, and they were continually endeavoring to draw Lisa away from her brother's quiet parsonage. I must, however, do her the justice to own, that she did refuse more than half their invitations, and, pleased as she was with her new associates, seemed always delighted to return to me. At last there came a brother, and he—but Lisa shall speak for herself. It was about a month after this brother's arrival at Wentworth Hall, and a few hours after he and I had met one another in our morning ride, and that he had turned his horse's head in the same direction with mine, and began a conversation which lasted more than an hour—it was on the evening of that very day—I was sitting in the little summer-house in the hanging wood behind my garden, a book was in my hand, 'Herbert's Country Parson;' I had scarcely turned over a single page, my thoughts were for ever idly wandering; and yet they carried away my senses with them, for I heard not a light foot-fall on the steps of the summer house, I saw not a slender form glide in through the open door-way. I did start, however as a soft hand was placed in mine. "Ah, Lisa! is it you? I thought I left you writing in the house." "Yes, I have been writing," she said, "but I could not please myself, so I tore up my letter, and—" "Are looking at my book?" I asked, observing that she did not well know how to finish her

sentence, "your eyes are fixed upon it! You know the little volume, Lisa?—'Herbert's Country Parson?' I was beginning to read this chapter.—By-the-bye, my love," I said, laying down the book, and smiling as I took her hand and looked steadfastly in her face, "do you remem- a half-formed agreement made between you and me not very long ago?—that we should never marry, but continue to live together in our quiet parsonage, so long as it might please God to let us continue on earth?" Lisa looked very grave, and blushing deeply, confessed that she perfectly recollected the half-formed agreement of which I spoke. "And who made the first proposition, Lisa?" "I did, dear Ernest," she replied, looking not only grave, but thoughtful. "Well, my dear Lisa," I continued, "I have been considering your proposition; I find you a charming house-keeper! what if we were to ratify this agreement?" Lisa threw her arms round my neck, and kissed me, but said nothing. "O yes! I understand you, my dearest girl, but I must have words, as well as kisses from your lips." Lisa blushed again, began to speak, and hesitated: "You know how dearly I love you, my darling brother; I wished to speak to you; I came hither on purpose to do so. I could not say what I wished in the letter I was trying to write." "Answer me one question, Lisa," I said, interrupting her; "do you still wish to live and die an old maid in this old parsonage-house before us?" She sat in silence for some minutes, becoming more and more confused. At last her half-raised glances met mine. A suspicion darted across her mind, I could see it did, for suddenly her brow was slightly contracted, and her eye sparkled, as a smile played round her lips. "Suppose I should answer, 'No, sir,'" she replied, very archly; "suppose I use my woman's privilege, and change my mind, and"—"Marry, Lisa," I said very spitefully;

"that's the word which follows; aye, and I'll finish the sentence for you—'marry John Wentworth.'" For an instant the color forsook even her cheek, and then back came a sudden flood of the richest crimson, suffusing her whole face with its glow, while tears rose as suddenly into her eyes. "Forgive me, my own Lisa," I said tenderly, "I have been too abrupt." "Oh no, no! Ernest," she replied, "what must you think of me? Forgive me—forgive me"—and her head drooped on her bosom. She could not speak for weeping. I was silly enough to weep too, as I drew her nearer to my heart. "And now Lisa," I said, as we wiped our eyes; and I laughed to think what simpletons we both had been to cry, "tell me, Lisa, was it not well done to bring out his name at once, and put an end to all your hesitations and perplexities? To be sure we have not escaped a scene; but that is nearly over now; is it not? you have only to stop that tear which is stealing so slily over your cheek. I will confess to you, dearest girl, that I was prepared to hear all about this affair from yourself, having already listened patiently and attentively to what Mr. Wentworth had to say on the subject this morning. I assure you he talked for more than an hour!" "And you never told me till now that you had met him, Ernest!" "And you never told me, till now, that he loved you, Lisa; and you have not yet told me what reply you have given to his proposals." "Indeed, Ernest, I scarcely know what I said to him." "But, at least, you can answer this question, 'Do you know whether you like him?'" "I do not like to leave you," she replied. "That is no answer; what objections can you bring, first against John Wentworth himself, secondly, against your marriage with John Wentworth? I suppose I ought to say, Major Wentworth."

"Why certainly," she replied, with a gravity highly

amusing to me, "I see nothing objectionable in Major Wentworth himself; but the idea of leaving you, my best and kindest brother!" and here the eyes of the silly girl were again swimming with tears, and her voice began to falter. "The idea of leaving me! suppose I should be pleased to fall in love, and to marry also? more improbable things have come to pass. And how do you know, Miss Lisa, but that I am at this very time as great a simpleton as yourself in some affaire de cœur?" "Ah! I know what I wish," said Lisa, and a sigh escaped her lips with her words. "Is your wish so very unattainable," I asked, "that it brings a sigh with it?" "Oh no, not by any means unattainable," she cried, with much liveliness; "I only fear lest it should never occur to either of you, how suited you are to each other." "Either of you! and pray, Miss Lisa, who may this lady be with whose name you take such unwarrantable liberty, as to join it with mine? I am really astonished at the progress you have made in these subjects. But no! do not tell me, for you know what you wish, and could tell me the person to whom you would fain see me united—I do not quite know what I wish at present, and will choose, as you have done, without consulting any one. I only hope, my own dearest Lisa, that I may choose as well—that is, if I were ever to marry."

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"If I were ever to marry, she is the wife I would choose!" These words I repeated to myself one evening after a long fit of musing. I might call it a brown study, for my desolate feelings plunged me into it; but its deep and dismal brown melted away through many a gradual hue as one fair vision rose in light upon me. I began also to think seriously of a wife. I summoned my coun-

sellors—not my Lisa. Oh no! she had been married, and gone for ages—weeks I should say. I called my counsellors from my head and my heart. First came inclination from my heart, pushing himself forward before all the others. No, no! I said, and shook my head. Stand back, my friend, I must not hear you yet. So I beckoned to an ugly fellow, who spoke very bluntly, but to my surprise, he said, "You might as well marry. You have money enough to support a wife. What's to become of the school which Miss Lisa took such pains with? We want some one to go among the poor women in the parish, and lend out the sets of baby linen, and attend to many duties which a man is not fitted for—I would have you propose for her; you will not easily find another so pious, so humble, and so modest. Marry her, and let us hear you speak again, and see you smile as when Miss Lisa was at home. Marry her, and have done with your deep sighs, and your long faces!" Here, however, the consultation was broken up by the sudden entrance of Mr. Wentworth and two of his daughters. They came to bid me join their evening walk, and to tell me that if I would return to Wentworth Hall with them that evening, I might perhaps find Lisa and her husband there. They had announced, quite unexpectedly, that they were coming to the Wentworths on their way to London.

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As I walked home in the quiet moonlight thinking of the happy faces of my Lisa and her husband, I held another consultation, in which inclination spoke so very reasonably, that I found myself fully disposed to trust him for once.

And now you may suppose very wisely, that I am about to make my proposals to one of the fair sisters-in-law of

my Lisa. To say the truth, I rather guessed that Lisa wished me to do so, and therefore I begged her not to name the object of her choice for me. The daughters of Mr. Wentworth were very charming, and would have made far better men than me, excellent wives; but I had thought of another person.

An Irish lady and her two daughters resided in a large farm-house, situated among the hills about two miles from my own village. They were, it was thought, very poor; but no one except the cottagers seemed to know much about them. My acquaintance with them began through my sister Lisa, who had met them several times before she had an opportunity of introducing me to them.

Mrs. Sulivan was, I soon discovered, quite as poor as report had made her. She had barely sufficient to hire a few rooms at the old farm-house and to live in the most frugal manner. I have no romantic account to give of the first visit which Lisa and I paid to the Sulivans. It was in the depth of winter, a fire of turf and heath was blazing on the hearth, and they were busily employed at the coarsest plainwork. The furniture of the room was of the commonest description, with the exception of a plain bookcase in which were a few volumes, and a portrait very finely painted, of a young man whose expressive countenance bore a striking resemblance to the youngest Miss Sulivan. I soon found that I was in the company of no common-place persons. I do not mean that the Sulivans were very superior in point of intellect, but there was that perfect sweetness and delicacy of manner about the mother and daughters which can alone be called lady-like, and which is the fair fruit of a humble Christian spirit. Mrs. Sulivan and her eldest daughter were apparently as much alike in disposition as in person: they were quiet, and rather grave, but eminently pleasing.

Una Sulivan, the younger daughter, was the most innocent, cheerful person I ever beheld. The instant I saw her Ithought of those two lines of Ben Jonson,

> "Give me an air, give me a face,
> That makes simplicity a grace."

But I may almost say, that humility was the peculiar grace of her character; perhaps no grace is more lovely. There was about her a willingness to bear a rebuke even from the unjust, a desire to learn even from the most ignorant, to see in the kindest, the most charitable point of view, the failings of others. I always think that real humility is a proof of real wisdom. We generally find that where true wisdom is in the mind, deep humility is in the heart. Thus St. James speaks of "the *meekness* of wisdom," in the person who is "wise and endued with knowledge."

Not long after I became first acquainted with Mrs. Sulivan and her daughters, the elder Miss Sulivan married a gentleman of considerable property, a merchant. Una and her mother removed to London, and we heard nothing of them for some years.

I often looked with regret on the little lattice window of the room which had belonged to Mrs. Sulivan and daughter, as I passed the solitary farm-house. The shutters were generally closed, and the little flower-beds beneath the window overgrown with weeds. How was I astonished then, on turning my accustomed wistful look over the low wall which divided the garden from the lane, to observe a young female cleaning away the weeds from the neglected flower-beds. I had stood silently regarding her for some minutes, guessing and doubting whether Una Sulivan was really there, when a face of extreme paleness was turned towards me. Had I not seen her on the very

spot to which my associations had linked her image, I might not have recognized the once blooming girl. She knew me instantly, and came forward at once with all her former frankness and warmth of manner, smiling as she held out her hand. "Mamma will be so very happy to see you." They were come down to the farm for a few weeks, and then intended to go to Ireland and settle there. The husband of the elder daughter had met with some heavy losses, and had gone with his wife to Spain, where the chief part of his property lay.

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"Shall I ask this delightful Una to be my wife?" was a question I soon put to myself. "She is the one whom I have long loved. How often have I regretted that she was gone, and that I could not ask her? Shall I let her go again without at least knowing, that if she is lost to me, it is not because I have neglected to seek her love?"

"She is indeed the very wife I would have," I said, as I turned over the leaves of a book lying upon my study-table, it was 'Beveridge's Private Thoughts.' I found the page I looked for very soon, perhaps because I had so often found it before when thinking of gentle Una Sulivan.

"I shall always endeavor to make choice of a woman for my wife, who hath first made choice of CHRIST as a spouse for herself; that none may be made one flesh with me, who is not also made one Spirit with CHRIST my Savior. For I look upon the image of CHRIST as the best mark of beauty I can behold in her; and the grace of GOD the best portion I can receive with her. These are excellencies, which though not visible to carnal eyes, are nevertheless agreeable to a spiritual heart; and such as all wise and good men cannot but be enamored with. For my own

part, they seem to me such necessary qualifications, that my heart trembles at the thought of ever having a wife without them.

"That this, therefore, may be my portion and felicity, I firmly resolve, never to set upon a design, before I have first solicited the Throne of Grace, and begged of my Heavenly Father, to honor me with the partnership of one of his beloved children; and shall afterwards be as careful and cautious as I can, never to fix my affections on any woman for a wife, till I am thoroughly persuaded of the grounds I have to love her as a true Christian.

"As, therefore, I desire to be happy, I must perform my duty in this particular, and never aim at any other end in the choice of a wife; nor expect any other happiness in the enjoyment of her, but what is founded in the principle of pure and inviolable love. If I should court and marry a woman for riches, then, whensoever they fail, or take their flight, my love and my happiness must drop and vanish together with them. If I choose her for beauty only, I shall love her no longer than while that continues; which is only till age or sickness blasts it; and then farewell at once both duty and delight.

"But, Oh! the happiness of that couple, whose inclinations to each other are as mutual as their duties, whose affections as well as persons are linked together with the same tie." * * * * —

I was reading on, when I heard a loud cough close to me. I looked round and saw my servant standing close by me. "I beg pardon, sir," he said, "but I have knocked once or twice and you didn't hear me—there's a poor person waiting to speak to you, but may-be you would have him wait a bit, for you seem deep in your books just now."

I could not help smiling, for my elbows were on the

table and both my hands supporting my head, which was bent over my book, and my eyes intently fixed upon the open volume. I had sunk, I suppose, into a very deep reverie, but certainly I was not deep in such dry studies as he might have supposed. I shut up my book and shook off my pleasant dream and went to speak to the man.

Afterwards, as there was no time to be lost, I sauntered away to the hills where the old farm-house stood. Una Sulivan was not at home, but her mother was alone, and I took the opportunity to declare my hopes to her.

"You may go, and seek Una," said her mother; "I promised to meet her at the end of the lane, where the heath begins, and this is about the time when I promised to set out. You may tell her, if you please, that you have my consent; but I shall leave to my dear child to decide for herself."—I was not rejected.

Una Sulivan soon recovered her cheerfulness in the bracing air of our healthy country. I saw her often in the cottage of the poor, often in her mother's society, for I had now no idea of shunning one so charming, one whom I began to look upon as my own wife, my friend and companion also, not merely for time, but for eternity. I loved her for being so perfectly womanly. With all her Irish energy of character, her enthusiasm, her glowing warmth of heart, she was humble, meek, and without a thought of display. I knew, from almost every conversation with her, that her chief anxiety was for the spiritual wants of the poor she visited, but I generally *found her* attending with the most delicate and gentle care to their bodily complaints; and she always reminded me of some humble Sœur de la Charite. In fact, she never came out of her sweet and lovely sphere as a Christian woman. She did not usurp the authority of the other sex; she did not set herself up as dictator and censor of ministers and

all, but ever remembered, that as CHRIST is the head of the man, so is the man the head of the woman. How charming she was; I once met her carrying a heavy pail of water for a very old and feeble woman whom she had found half sinking under the burden; her face was covered with blushes when she saw me, and as she stopped to speak to me, and to rest, and push back the rich dishevelled ringlets that half hid her smiling eyes, and stood with her delicate hand upon her hip, I thought her the most graceful creature I had ever seen.

I generally visited the village poor-house at stated hours in the week; but one morning, hearing suddenly that one of the old women there was taken very ill, I set off for the poor-house. I found Una there, and I cannot resist describing the scene that I witnessed.

By the side of the wide kitchen fire-place, the old woman was sitting supported in a large arm-chair by pillows; she looked very ill; and very irritable; her voice was raised in a sort of scolding, wailing tone, and all her scolding was then falling upon the meek head of one who knelt before her: this one was Una, my own gentle Una. She had taken off her bonnet and cloak, and borrowed a large coarse apron from the mistress of the poor-house: her sleeves were tucked up far above her elbows, and she was in the act of detaching a large plaster from a frightfully disgusting sore on the leg of the sick woman. Oh, with what tenderness did those small and delicate fingers perform their loathsome office! How sweetly, and how soothingly did she speak and smile, and assure the impatient woman that she would be very careful and tender with her not to hurt her! and how did she shrink, and seem to suffer herself, when obliged to give pain! and then she would stop, and say coaxingly, "Well, well, Mary! I will wait a little while; I am not in a hurry. You must

pray, my poor Mary, for patience: I know you are very, very ill, and suffer such great pain; for your poor leg is dreadfully inflamed, red, and burning with heat, but I have the sweet cool ointment spread and ready, and when I have cleaned the wounds, I will put on the fresh plaster so very carefully." More than once, as she went on dressing the ulcerated wounds and looked up in the face of the suffering woman, the tears stole down her own angelic face—"After all, dear Mary," she said, when she had bound up the leg of the poor old woman, and she stood beside her and spoke very softly—"after all, the only way to bear pain, or any trouble is to pray for the gentle and heavenly patience of our blessed Lord JESUS CHRIST, to pray that we may be partakers of His spirit, and follow His example; for surely, 'He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows; He was wounded for our transgressions; He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him: and with his stripes we are healed.'"—She did not see me till she turned to wash her hands; but at my request she waited till I had read to poor Mary and prayed with her.

"My Una," I said, as we left the house, "you remind me of the words of my favorite, George Herbert, when he speaks of the wife fit for a country parson. He says, 'Instead of the qualities of the world, he requires only three in her;' one of which I see you possess already,—'a curing and healing of all wounds and sores with her own hands:' tell me, however, to-day, what made you undertake so disgusting an office?" "You do not think I liked it," she said artlessly; "once or twice I felt so ill, that I thought I must have given it up, but the old nurse has grown so blind, that she hurts poor Mary; and the other woman, Jane Mathews, who generally takes nurse's place about Mary, was out for the day; and Mary herself, who

is so very ill, had been very cross to me for not sending her a composing draught last night, which she was sure I forgot, because she sent a message to me, though I am quite sure I had never received her message. In the midst of nurse's bungling, and Mary's impatient scolding, the latter looked up to me, and said, 'Do, there's a darling lady, dress that poor leg yourself; I see you know how it ought to be done, by the directions you give to nurse—leave me alone, nurse. I am sure she will do it for me."

As she said this, and turned her pale wasted face to me, her eyes sunk, and yet heavy for want of sleep, and her cheek flushed in one burning spot with pain and fever: I could not, with any thing like common feeling, refuse her entreaties."

"What a proof it is, my dear Ernest, of the corruption of our nature,"continued Una, (as leaning on my arm, we conversed together of poor Mary,) "that while the disease and corruption of the mortal body is so offensive, so utterly loathsome to us, sin in the immortal soul is so far from being naturally offensive, that it is often pleasing to us, often cherished, and delighted in by us. Nay, we cannot loathe and abhor it as we ought, till we have been made partakers of a new and holy nature. Let us constantly seek to be renewed unto this new nature!"

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We were married. My dear relations, the Lovels, came to the wedding, and Mr. Lovel performed the ceremony. My brother Charles, and Lisa and her husband, and the Wentworths were present also. Mr. Wentworth gave away the bride, and his daughters were the bridemaids.

I soon found that I had indeed a treasure in my lovely

wife. She won the love and admiration of all, wherever she appeared.

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"Well, sir!" said my servant Martin to me, "we begin to get more reconciled to parting with Miss Lisa, since you have brought our new mistress home. We servants love her as if we had known her for years; and the poor people in the village say that they never saw any one to compare with her but Miss Lisa. She has such a kind humble way of speaking, that many say they would rather have her find fault with them, than be praised by others." I soon met with an instance in which the happy effect of her visits among my poor parishioners, was very apparent. One evening when I had been called to visit a dying person at the extremity of my parish, a poor half-naked woman opened the little garden-gate, and came up to the window where my wife was sitting at work; she said nothing, but fixed her large sunken eyes on a great loaf of bread which had been placed with the tea-things on the table beside which Una was sitting. The poor creature was half-starved. Her brutal husband had gone away and left her with two little sickly children. Una put into her hand the very loaf which she had eyed so greedily; and not long after her departure, she followed the woman to her wretched lodging, to judge for herself as to the extent of her distress, and, if necessary, to relieve it. She found the mother and her children in the most deplorable state, and on her return home she took care to send them the relief they were in need of. But on her next visit, and after some inquiries which she made, Una discovered that it was not merely bodily succour that we were called upon to supply. The wretched creature had been brought to such extreme distress by a life of abandoned profligacy,

and was in a fearful state of ignorance and sin. My kind-hearted wife, on hearing this, felt only more deeply interested in the situation of the wretched woman. With my hearty concurrence, she placed the two sickly children under the care of a respectable widow woman, for their mother was now confined to her bed, and quite unable to attend to them. She hired a nurse to wait upon her, and not a day passed in which she did not herself administer to the wants of the dying woman. I say 'dying,' for our medical attendant had given no hopes of her recovery. It was by the bedside of this lost and wretched female, that I first saw the real superiority of my wife's character. I had been occupied during the chief part of the morning in visiting among the cottages at the upper end of the village, and in my way home I determined to call on the dying woman of whom I have been speaking. The room in which she lodged was one among many in a large building, (perhaps some hundred years ago the mansion of a person of some importance in our village,) but they were now let out in separate tenements to the poor. As I walked slowly down the long passage leading to the room I was about to enter, I was surprised to perceive a young woman standing not far from the door, apparently listening to what passed within. She was leaning her head against the wall. As I drew nearer, I heard the deep hollow cough of the sick woman, but the young female in the passage stirred not. Either the cough was louder than the sound of my footsteps, or (which I believe was the fact) she was too deeply absorbed by her own thoughts, to notice my approach. I also paused, and as the coughing ceased, I also stood still to listen, for I recognised the sweet tones of my wife's voice. I was astonished at the clear and simple wisdom with which she spoke. I had often listened with delight to the soft and winning sweet-

ness in which she spoke to the poor and sick of their bodily ailments in my presence; but she was now discoursing of the message of the Redeemer to the lost and hopeless sinner, and surely, faithfulness and truth were scarcely ever tempered with so much of the tenderness of love. The girl who stood before me seemed to listen with serious and profound attention to every word, till at last she covered her eyes with her hand, and her whole frame shook with a sudden burst of grief, and the endeavors she made to restrain it. I thought it best to offer no interruption to what was passing, and withdrew very silently, that the poor girl might not know herself observed. About a fortnight after, Una was a little later than usual in her return home to dinner; she had been sent for in haste to the dying woman of whom I have spoken. When she entered the room she looked very pale and grave, and I could see that she had been weeping. "It is all over," she replied to the inquiry which I made; "the poor creature is at last gone.

"The judgments of God are unsearchable and his ways past finding out, and it is not for me to declare that her death was without hope; but, alas! there was a deadness, a want of anxiety as to all but her bodily comforts, about this wretched woman, that has deeply shocked me. From the time that we first visited her to the moment of her departure, she has seemed utterly careless and unconcerned about her eternal interests. Yet all is—must be right," she added very meekly, after a short pause, in which she seemed to be deep in thought. "God is always wisest and kindest. Perhaps, I was too confident that success must attend my daily pleadings with the poor woman, and that I should see the fruits of my prayers. May it not be so? dear Ernest," she said, gently clasping my hand and bending down her face, over which the

tears had begun again to flow. "The ways of our God are indeed above our ways," I replied, "and perhaps you little think, my humble, pious love, how much encouragement accompanies the humbling lesson of which you speak; for you know not that while your exertions were unheeded by her for whom you designed them, every little word fell with the dew of God's blessing into the heart of one who stood as it were by the way side, unnoticed and unknown by you. A young woman of abandoned character, also a lodger in the house where your poor charge has just expired, was drawn first of all by impertinent curiosity to steal to the door of the chamber which you visited, that she might amuse herself by listening to what passed within. She heard you speak of sins, which she had committed; of a Savior, whom she had rejected; of that change of heart of which she deeply felt her need. Every thing that you said touched her to the quick, and whenever you entered the chamber of that dying woman, she softly took her place by the door, with the faith and repentance of the Magdalene of old, to listen for her Savior's words. One day I found her weeping, as she listened before that door; and this morning she has sought me out, half broken-hearted, to ask for our advice and assistance; to entreat that we will befriend her, and if possible, find some way of enabling her to remove from this neighborhood, where she has little hope of standing firm and faithful among her vile associates. Many of them begin already to jeer at her new habits; and she wisely dreads lest their taunts or their flatteries should join with her own weak heart, to drive her back to the ways of sin and misery."

Many will understand what my feelings were when the birth of my first child was expected, many husbands and fathers will understand the trembling fearfulness with which I longed for the news that my darling wife was safe. Vainly did I reason with myself, vainly did I strive to re-assure myself, that there was no wisdom or love equal to His in whose hands my Una was at that very time. Prayers came naturally to my lips as I slowly paced my study; or sometimes stood still, breathless to catch every least sound from the chamber above. At last the intelligence was brought that my wife was the mother of a boy. I locked the door to commune with my own heart, and to pour out the acknowledgment of my gratitude to Him to whom I had prayed before with such a weak and drooping faith.

From this moment, I said to myself, this infant shall be the child of prayer and watchfulness. I will not fear that God will turn from my prayers for him, or to refuse to bless the watchful exertions that I make. I receive him as a child of promise. He is to be nursed and brought up by us for the Lord his Heavenly Father, and for a heavenly inheritance. "Are you not full of anxiety and fear now you are a father?" I once said to a friend whom I value very highly. He looked at me with an expression of bright cheerfulness on his countenance; "I am full of faith and hope," he replied, "I will not doubt that the grace and the blessing of God will be with me if I neglect neither prayer nor active exertion for my darling child. I trust I shall not cease to pray for him as earnestly as if he needed only my prayers, and I could do nothing for him, and to be as active in the use of all human means as if all depended on what I myself could do." I recalled the wise but simple remark of my friend,

now that I also was become a father; and I determined with GOD's help to act upon it.

"On parent's knee, a naked, new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st, while all around thee smil'd:
So live, that sinking to thy last long sleep,
Calm thou may'st smile, while all around thee weep."

I know not the author of these lines, but I am continually reminded of them when I look upon my little wailing infant.

Having found among the papers of my venerable friend many detached remarks on various subjects, I may occasionally lay them before the reader, sometimes many of them together, sometimes here and there one.—EDITOR.

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You are a father—let me put a case before you. Suppose you had given your child, at an age when he was too young to remember you, to a person in whom you hoped you could repose an entire trust. If for reasons best known to yourself, you had determined to leave your child under that person's care for many years; how would you feel, if, when the appointed time came for you to receive back your child, to receive him to your own cheerful and beautiful abode, you found him utterly without any desire to behold you; his conduct plainly declaring, that your very name was strange to him, that he had never been taught to think of you, or to love you, that he had grown up among ignorant and prejudiced persons; had been the bosom friend and companion of the drunkard, the profligate, and the criminal; that his mind had been so neglected, his heart so corrupted, as to give him no taste for your

own intellectual society, your own pure and honest pleasures. Beware, cruel parent, all this may be the case between your GOD, yourself, and your child. GOD is the rightful Father—your child, His child—yourself, the guardian of that child. Your responsibility is great, for you now stand in GOD's stead to the child he has given you.

My child, my first-born son! helpless and unconscious as thou art, innocent as thou art, the most innocent of all human beings in their natural state, seeking nothing but the sweet food from thy mother's gentle breast. Thou art yet the child of wrath. Thou wert born in sin. Thou art a sinner. "How!" some might exclaim, "this is a monstrous and horrid doctrine!" It is the doctrine of GOD's Holy Bible, and it is borne out by the fact. What makes a man a sinner! Is it the tongue that utters lies? the hand that steals? is it not the heart within that prompts the members to sin? and is the child without this heart? Could we follow too much the devices and desires of our own hearts, if those hearts were naturally pure and holy? My own child! thou art not only the child of wrath, thou art the child of promise also. What are sorrow and disease, but the proof of the ravages of sin upon that fair creation which was once pronounced to be very good, by the lips of GOD himself. My child, what must I do with thee? JESUS answers, "Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not." The Church answers, "There is Holy Baptism,"—Thou must be buried by baptism in CHRIST. Thou must die in thine old nature sacramentally, be buried sacramentally, rise again sacramentally, and all with CHRIST; and we must see, we thy parents and sponsors, we the Church of CHRIST, we must see to it, as Davenant says, that what is done once sacramentally in thy baptism, be always done really in thy life—for as it is written, Galatians iii. 27.

"As many of you as have been baptized into CHRIST, have put on CHRIST."

My child! it is a melancholy thought to me that even if thy parents have received any supernatural grace, they cannot impart it to thee. Thou receivest our natural corruption, and if thy parents are believing parents, thou art, as far as the covenant goes, sanctified; thou wert at thy birth looked upon as in some sort in covenant with GOD; but, the new birth is the sole work of GOD, it is communicated from the very sanctuary of GOD.*

Yet I carry thee in hope to the waters of baptism.

I am taught to look for a blessing on the most simple observance of the ordinances of my holy religion. I will follow the holy directions of the Apostle Peter, when speaking by the SPIRIT of GOD, he said, "Repent and be baptized every one of you in the name of JESUS CHRIST for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the HOLY GHOST." Here the promises of the SPIRIT is promised to all who obey the command and receive the ordinance in godly sincerity, and I trust, thou wilt evidence and follow up thine infantine profession by repentance from dead works to serve the living GOD—my Baptist; for so I name thee. I will bring thee constantly to GOD in prayer. I will pray for the HOLY SPIRIT for thee, and teach thy lisping lips to do the same. The promise, I know, is to as many as the LORD shall call; and, why should I not hope and believe, that by thee the call may be heard; for if I live, I will bring thee up in the use of all the means of grace, and in obedience to all the holy ordinances of GOD. May GOD quicken them and thee—them on thee, and thee by them.

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* Much of this is taken from 'Mathew Henry on Baptism.'

I had not seen my brother Charles for a very long period. At the time of my ordination he was still at Eton; but he left school a few months after, and wrote to me from Lord Eresby's, that his uncle had given him a commission in the same regiment with his cousin Strafford Singleton, and that they were under marching orders for Ireland. I did not see this beloved brother till my marriage was announced to him. He came to Kirkstone about a week before the wedding. Lisa and her husband were staying with me to meet him. He was so altered, we should scarcely have known him: I think I never saw a handsomer creature than he was at that time; we had feared, from the brevity and altered tone of his letters, that he had become strangely altered, but we were forced to confess he was not. For a moment we had doubted, just as he entered the room. There was so much of the fine gentleman about his dress: his voice, figure, and face were so unlike the Charley we had last seen! but when he rushed up to us, and tenderly embraced his sister, and flung his arms round my neck, as he had often done when quite a little fellow, and wept like a child not caring to hide his emotion, we said to ourselves, "He is still all that he ever was to us." He charmed every one that met him. His winning courteousness of manners was quite unaltered, and there was now the high-bred finish and ease which is seldom found out of the highest circles—a finish and ease of little worth, except when joined to humility, and sweetness of temper, but very irresistible when found in such conjunction. My brother fell in at once with all those habits which many fine gentlemen would have winced under; habits which are, or ought to be peculiar (I was going to say, to every clergyman's family,) I ought to say, to the family of every professed Christian; habits

which are not found however, in the generality of families calling themselves Christians.

Lisa and I managed to be alone with him several times, though we both thought he wished to avoid being alone with either of us. We spoke to him with much seriousness, and I believe with as much affection. We questioned him about his habits of life; we confessed to him our doubts and fears about him. He owned at once, that he was no longer what he had once been, that he was careless and unconcerned about the one thing of real importance, that he was worldly-minded, attached to worldly society, guided by worldly maxims, that he seldom prayed, that he had long neglected the study, or even the perusal, of the Holy Scriptures: but he made not one excuse! He agreed to all we said, agreed even with tears, thanked us with tears; made many promises, before we had asked him to make one; and when we told him, as we both did, that we dreaded the stability of resolutions and promises made so readily, he assured us earnestly, that he knew he could not keep them in his own strength. He agreed, in short, to every thing we said. After one of these interviews with me, he left me, as I thought, seriously impressed. He had confessed having lost, long before, the little form of baptismal renewal, which we had promised our beloved parents to consider, at least four times in every year. In the excitement of the moment I could not resist giving him a copy that I always carried with me. It was in the hand-writing of my mother, and since she had written it for me, it had been constantly carried about my person, fixed in some small ivory tablets that I valued very highly, for they had been the gift of my father to his wife when she was yet a bride. Charles refused to take these tablets for some time; at last, with much emotion, he thrust them into his waistcoat pocket, and we

separated. I went to a poor man's house, and he turned down a path that led through a dark copse in the direction of the neighboring village of———. The man whom I had expected to find at home and ill, was gone, his wife told me, to work, much better. After conversing with her a few minutes, I left the cottage, and recollecting that my brother had taken the path through the copse, I thought that by walking fast I should overtake him, and we might finish our walk together. As I entered the village, however, hearing the sounds of laughter and loud voices, and ill-played music; it suddenly occured to me, that a fair was held that day on the village green. "Poor Charles!" I said to myself, "I ought to have warned him of this. How annoyed he would feel in that state of sorrow and thoughtfulness in which he left me, to come at once upon this scene of profane levity and folly! Perhaps he has turned back again, but I should have met or seen him," (for I had stood opposite the window of the cottage I had just quitted.) When I came to the stile at the end of the copse, and was about to descend the steep hill, at the foot of which lay the green where the fair was held, I paused for a moment—in another moment I drew back. In the front of the village alehouse, five or six bold young women were running a race, for the usual prize on such occasions, in vulgar language, a smock. In the midst of the spectators of the immodest sport, laughing as loudly as any, and shouting at the top of his voice, stood the very person who had just left me in such an agitated state.

The race was just concluded, and as soon as it was over, one of the girls, rubbing her heated face with her arm, and glancing with a bold and sidelong look at the men around her, came up to my brother, and said something to him. I saw that he nodded assent, and I understood to what, for I saw the young woman cross the green, to a booth, and

another prize purchased at that booth was soon after elevated, and another race was about to begin; but before the race, a scramble took place, Charles having flung down the change that he received when the master of the booth came to be paid after he had hung up the shift. In this scramble the younger people of the crowd, and indeed many of the elder ones, were seen tumbling and sprawling about, one over the other, the racing girls of course among them. So well pleased, however, was Charles that I saw his hand again thrust into his pocket, and another handful of silver scattered before him. I sprung over the stile, but reflecting before I proceeded, I determined to return home at once. His back had been turned to me; indeed, I had chiefly seen what passed from the darkened pathway of the copse-wood. At any other time, I should have been heartily vexed to have seen the son of my wise and holy parents the promoter of such immodest and senseless levity. Now I was deeply grieved.

That evening, as we were assembling to family prayer, the ringing of the bell called one of the servants out. He came back with the little book of ivory tablets in his hand, and handed it to me, saying that my name was in the book: I colored deeply; but my brother came forward, and said carelessly, "It is mine! I did not know I had lost it. You may give this to the person who found it," he said, putting some money in the servant's hand; then looking to me, he added, "I am very glad we have found it, Ernest! ar'nt you? I suppose I dropped it on Milford Green: there was a fair on the Green to-day."

After Charles left us, I had heard nothing of the Eresby family for a considerable time, when a short, but rather pompous letter was brought me from my uncle Eresby, announcing the approaching union of his house with the Lorimer family, by the marriage of his third daughter, the

Lady Helen Singleton to the Earl of Lorimer. I knew that Lord Lorimer was one of the highest and richest peers of the realm; so I had no doubt that Lord and Lady Eresby were well pleased with their daughter's prospects.

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Una and I were sitting together some evenings after I had received Lord Eresby's letter. I was reading aloud while she worked at her needle work. I laid down my book, for a carriage driving at a furious rate, stopped at the gate of the parsonage, and in a few moments after, a gentleman, whom I soon discovered to be my brother Charles, was seen leading a young and very beautiful woman, almost as tall as himself, along the path that leads to the door. I went out to meet them; and hastening with me at once to the room where I had left my dear wife, Charles closed the door, and presented to us his bride, Lady Helen Singleton, our cousin Helen, who was to have been married on that very day to Lord Lorimer. I was, of course, not a little vexed and astonished at what had happened; but when Charles said, "We come to you for a shelter: however you may condemn us, I know that we are sure to meet with kindness and protection here." I felt that I could not refuse to be kind to them, and to receive them. Charles left the room to discharge the post-boys, and Una and I turned at once to the young bride. She was standing just in the place and position as when she entered, looking melancholy and pale, and quite worn out with fatigue—a large cloak, and several long shawls hanging from her shoulders almost to her feet, but hanging so loosely, that a dress of blue velvet deeply bordered with silver flowers was seen beneath. The only covering on her head was a large black veil, under which her shining hair fell in long, loose clusters, half uncurled

and tangled. Her grace even surpassed her beauty. She sighed deeply, as Una tenderly took her hand, and said very gravely, "You are both ashamed of me, and displeased with me; and you are right to be so. I am ashamed of myself. I have long wished to know you both, but I little thought to make my first appearance as I do now. Still I must entreat you," she added in a trembling voice, the tears trickling down her face, "not to say much to me to-night. I will go up stairs with you, at once, my sister," she said to Una, "if you will permit me. I can sit in your dressing-room till my chamber is ready for me; and you will tell Charley," she said to me, "that I hope to meet him much refreshed and recovered to-morrow."

Lady Helen had been brought up in the common, worldly way of many worldly families. She had received, what the world would call all sorts of advantages: they might have been termed disadvantages, to a young Christian female. But she had naturally a fine mind, and a purity of taste superior to those around her. We found an unworldly simplicity in her quite astonishing; and as this was united to great propriety of manners, and to a remarkable sweetness of temper, she became at once a favorite with my wife and myself. She had been for some years sincerely attached to my brother Charles; indeed, the attachment had been mutual. They had made no secret of their preference the one for the other. Helen had been always looked upon as her cousin's favorite of the three sisters. He had always sought her society, from the time he became an inmate of her father's house. They had never talked about love till Lord Lorimer became avowedly the suitor of Helen. He had been equally attentive to one of her elder sisters, and Lady Mary supposed

herself the object of his affections, when suddenly he proposed for her sister. Lord Eresby, who prided himself on his despotic rule over his whole household, and who managed to inspire all of them with fear, if not with awe, desired his daughter Helen to accept the offer, and when she would have expostulated with him, positively refused to hear any reasonings or objections on the subject. She was simply told a few days after, that consent had been given in her name, and that she was to look upon Lord Lorimer as her future husband. Her father himself assured Lord Lorimer in her presence (when he introduced him as her lover,) that he might consider his daughter's consent as already given; and Helen, timid and almost reckless, from seeing no means of escape, betrayed her disapprobation rather by her manner, than her words. Still she knew her sister's preference for the man who had declared himself her suitor; and she determined, if possible to break off the engagement. She went to her mother, and was in the midst of a serious appeal to her, when Lord Eresby entered. Her mother coldly referred to him. He sat down, and listened to her objections, and overruled them all, telling her that she was highly honored in being the object of Lord Lorimer's preference; that the less said of her sister's attachment the better, as it was not usual for young ladies to declare their choice; and he left her, desiring her mother to settle with her one day in the course of the next month, for her wedding day.

Soon after this, Charles, who had been absent in Ireland, came to Fontmore: he had heard his cousin's intended marriage spoken of. He went straight to Helen, and questioned her as to all that had passed, and then declared his attachment to her. He then went to her father, and many high words passed between them. In short, Lord Eresby acted with great severity, and forbade, as he had

done from the first, all discussion on the proposed marriage in his presence, saying that there neither could, nor should be any appeal from his decision. Charles and Helen sought, and at length found an opportunity, after a splendid entertainment in the neighborhood, of setting off together for Scotland. Lady Helen was not missed till the breakfast-hour the next morning, when she had been some hours the wife of Charles Singleton, and was on her way, with all possible speed, to our quiet parsonage. Helen had written a letter, with a full explanation of her conduct, to Lord Lorimer, before she left her father's house, and the day after her arrival at Kirkstone, she wrote to her father and to her mother; but both her letters were returned unopened by return of post. In the envelope was written in her father's hand, "The writer of the enclosed letters is no longer known at Fontmore."

Helen looked very wretched, but said she had written with little or no hopes to be forgiven so soon. For several months they remained with us; and then (finding himself and his wife still neglected and disowned, and partly at Helen's entreaty, that he would leave the army altogether,) Charles sold his commission. With the money he thus obtained, and with the little property that he inherited from his parents, they were enabled to take a large and very comfortable cottage in the village not far from the parsonage. It was soon fitted up with plain but elegant furniture, and Charles and his servant set to work, and soon brought the garden into good order. Every day added to our affection for Lady Helen, and our admiration of her conduct. She gradually settled down into the most domestic and industrious wife. I say industrious, for she was never unemployed; attending to her little dairy, feeding her poultry, working in the flower-

beds in front of her cottage, or sitting at her needle-work, with a large basket of coarse linen before her.

On one subject I began to feel deeply interested about her: during all the time she had been at Kirkstone, I had never heard her make a remark on religion. She had been a regular attendant at church; she had never omitted, while at the parsonage, attending with great devoutness of manner, our family devotions; she had gone with us occasionally, to the cottages of some of our poor and pious neighbors: still she had not made a single remark that showed approval or dislike about that subject to which alone Una and I attached any pre-eminent importance. At last, her unaccountable reserve and silence gave way. I found Lady Helen alone in our library: she looked up from the book she was reading, and begged me to read aloud a passage there. It was this.

"I prefer an erroneous honest man before the most orthodox knave in the world; and I would rather convince a man that he has a soul to save, and induce him to live up to that belief, than bring him over to my opinion in whatever else beside. Would to God that men were but as holy as they might be in the worst of forms among us."

"And is this your opinion, Ernest, as well as the opinion of your favorite Leighton?" she inquired. I had left a volume of Leighton's works on the table. "This is indeed my opinion, dear Helen," I replied at once, "though that slightly incredulous look would say, you doubt it." "Forgive the look," she said, "forgive it as freely, as I would banish it. I begin to understand your religion in a very different way from what I did. I had imagined that you were dogmatical and unnecessarily strict; I did expect to find you and my sweet sister Una kind, but very gloomy, and I looked forward to a very dull, though hospitable retreat in your family. I must

own that many of the doctrines I have heard from your pulpit were long unpalatable to me, nay utterly incomprehensible." "And are they so at present?" I asked. "No, dear Ernest," she replied. "At least I begin to comprehend them, since I went with Una to a cottage a few days ago, that cottage at the end of the village where the old man lives, who told you he had been a fine scholar in his youth, and who had so much to say about religion, while he had evidently never known what you described to him to be the real, vital spirit of religion, and you referred him to the second chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians, at the fourteenth verse, and bade him read how 'the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God,' and how a spiritual discernment is needed in all who would rightly apprehend spiritual things. I had often heard you urge the absolute necessity of seeking this spiritual discernment from your pulpit, but I can scarcely tell why I had never given the subject any consideration before—I was thinking deeply on what you had said, when we entered another cottage, and there I saw, in a poor unlettered creature, the blessed effect of seeking and possessing that spiritual discernment. There I began to feel for the first time what an ignorant, wretched, sinful creature I was, and am, with all my advantages of station and education.

"I saw then the fruit of earnestness and prayer, and I resolved to follow so holy, so blessed an example. I have begun at last, (I hope I do not deceive myself,) to be in earnest. I have begun also to pray, for I discover, that I have never prayed till now. And you, Ernest, are after all, no bigot, I find. You are not so very anxious to draw every one over to holding your own opinions." "I wish to see every one," I replied, "humble, and pure in heart, and upright in principle, and spiritually minded, and full

of holy love towards his fellow creatures; and those doctrines, which I wish to be the peculiar doctrines of my preaching, simply because they are the peculiar doctrines of the Gospel of CHRIST, nay of the whole sacred volume, are the means appointed by GOD to produce in the heart and conduct of man, the effect of which I speak; that is, to make man humble, pure in heart, and thoroughly furnished unto all good works; in short, to make man happy." "But," said Helen, gravely, "Is such the effect? Surely experience does not always favor such a conclusion. How many sects and parties there are, all differing one from the other, and yet all declaring that they take their opinions from the Bible!" "In the first place," I replied, "the doctrines of which I speak as producing such fruit are not built up from the perversion of particular texts, or even chapters in the Bible. The most deluded fanatic, the merest worldling *may* twist and mangle the blessed words of life to favor their own unscriptural views. Others may in a less degree force the parts of truth to countenance heresy and error, but the scripture doctrines that I speak of, are those of the text and context. They are not the opinions of man interpreting scripture, but of scripture interpreting scripture. They rise not in some obscure corner of the sacred territory as a narrow ill-built hovel of wood, and stubble; or at best, a babel from the confused imagination of man. They rise a broad and glorious edifice of gold and silver and precious gems upon the whole broad surface of that holy ground; and as the magnificent temple of GOD's ancient people, was built under the inspired direction of GOD himself, so are they built up under the same guidance of the same GOD, even the HOLY SPIRIT; and JEHOVAH himself dwelleth in them as in His holy temple of old. In short you recognize in those doctrines, which alone I would preach, not the narrowness of

a party, but the comprehensiveness of Scripture—not the garbled and formal arrangement of a human system, but something far above any human system, bearing the outward impression and the internal evidence of the holy and eternal God-head."

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"Here," said Lady Helen, entering my study with an open letter in her hand, her countenance radiant with smiles, "here my kind brother and sister," (Una was sitting at her needlework in the window of my study,) "here, my beloved friends, is news that will rejoice you. My father and mother are at length reconciled to us. That darling brother Harold said he would never rest till he had prevailed on them to forgive me, and here is a long letter from him, enclosing a few lines, a very few lines, full of affection, from my father. He desires us to meet him and the whole family party at Fontmore next week, and he invites dear Una and yourself to accompany us. His invitation is so pressing, that I hope you will not refuse to go. It would be so kind to me," she said, taking Una's little hand in hers, and covering it with kisses. We all went to Lord Eresby's, and were received with much kindness. It was soon after settled, that Charles and Helen should reside entirely for some years with their parents, and suites of rooms at Fontmore, and in the spacious town-house, were given them.

The evening before the departure of Una and myself from Fontmore, I found Helen in my wife's dressing-room. She was in tears, and had come, as she told us, to ask my advice. "I have returned," were her words, "to my father's house, with very different sentiments from those with which I left it. I tremble to think how soon I may be led into worldliness and folly. Tell me what I

am to do when I am away from you both, for I fear I shall soon fall back." "That fear," I replied, "is in itself a preservative. May He whom you will not fail to seek, keep alive in you a holy fear, a child-like, not a slavish fear. Neither of us, nor any human friend can after all be of much essential service to you. If JESUS CHRIST, himself, when in the flesh, said to his disciples, 'It is expedient for you that I go away that the Comforter may come unto you,' are we not expressly taught that it is not human support, or teaching, or guidance that we need, but spiritual support, spiritual teaching, spiritual guiding. Not that man should say unto us, 'Know ye the LORD,' but that the will of GOD may be put into our minds and written in the heart. This is, in fact, the privilege of those who live under the New and Christian Covenant. Therefore, my dear sister, strive to walk by faith, and not by sight; attend to personal religion, to the state of your heart, and don't be dismayed if you find none who love the LORD as you do, to whom you may speak often. Who is sufficient for the things I am expected to accomplish? you may ask. Not yourself, I answer, but GOD in you. Your sufficiency is of GOD—we are not sufficient of ourselves, to think any thing as of ourselves."

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We returned home, happy to leave Charles and Helen restored to their parents' love. I cannot help hoping that they will both live as the disciples of Him whose name they bear. I have more fears for Charles than for Helen. Yet how delightful his society has lately been; still I fear, from what I have seen at Fontmore, that he is too apt to be what his associates are.

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I am again a father. My sweet Una has presented me with a little girl. I trust we shall be enabled in receiving these children, to nurse and train them up for GOD.

"The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof; but canst not tell whence it cometh, or whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit." It is no argument for our breathing the fresh, free air, that we cannot trace it back to the place whence it cometh; we should faint and die, our lungs would be useless without its circulation.

What a happy quiet life we lived for several years! so happy, so quiet, that the temptation was often present with us to forget that we were pilgrims, and that we had, perhaps, many a weary mile to travel before we entered into our rest. Blessed be GOD! though often tried by this temptation we were enabled to resist, satisfied with daily support, and content to leave the future to Him who maketh all things to work together for good to them that love Him.

My two children, Baptist and Lisa, were with me in the summer-house at the end of the garden. I had turned from my books to converse with Baptist. "What is the meaning of the word 'Baptism?'" he asked, for our conversation had turned to that subject. "Washing is the simple meaning of the word," I replied. "And why was I baptized?" he said. "Why are you washed?" "To make me clean." "Suppose you were never washed, you would be in a very dirty state; but is baptism the same as washing?" I said. Baptist looked very thoughtful: "I don't know," he answered, "but you said it meant washing." "So it does, but first tell me, who washes you every morning?" "I wash myself: Susan used to wash me two years ago." "And did she wash your body, or that part of you with which you think and hope and remember—the part you

cannot see, but which is your very self—can that part of you be washed by water? For instance, were you never out of temper, when washed by Susan; and do you ever remember that the fair, fresh water with which she bathed your skin, washed away that temper from your inward self? Have I not seen you come down stairs after that washing, without a speck of uncleanness on your face, with your hair in smooth and shining order, and yet your spirit full of unkindness and ill temper: would that kind of washing with water, cleanse you inwardly?" "No, indeed it would not," he replied. "And now, my children," I said, for my little Lisa had risen from her stool, and laid down her knitting, and stood on the opposite side of the table, leaning her cheek on her hand, and looking earnestly in my face, "we will try to understand clearly about this washing, by taking the right way of doing so; that is, we will read together what GOD has said in the Holy Bible." But first of all we knelt down together, and asked our Heavenly Father, for the sake of our Lord JESUS CHRIST, to send down the HOLY SPIRIT to teach us in reading the word of GOD. I always accustomed myself and my children to this habit, for we must not read the Bible as we read other books. We read together the first part of the story of JESUS and the woman of Samaria at the well of Jacob: where it is written, that JESUS asked the woman who came to draw water at the well, to give him water to drink; and then we dwelt upon those verses, "JESUS answered and said unto her, If thou knewest the gift of GOD, and who it is that saith to thee, 'Give me to drink,' thou wouldst have asked of him, and He would have given thee living water. The woman saith unto him, 'Sir, thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep; from whence then hast thou that living water? art thou greater than our father Jacob, who gave

us the well, and drank thereof himself, and his children, and his cattle?' JESUS answered, and said unto her, 'Whosoever drinketh of this water, shall thirst again; but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst, but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.'" Here, though *drinking*, and not *washing*, is spoken of, the same element, water, is the subject of discourse. The woman did not understand what He meant by this water: she thought of nothing but quenching the thirst felt in the throat and mouth of the body, and her thoughts were at the bottom of the well of water, beside which she was then standing. Some other water was spoken of by our LORD: water to be drank by the spiritual part of man, and to wash clean the spiritual part of man. Now let us see if the meaning of this water is told us in the Bible. We then turned to the thirty-ninth verse of the ninth chapter of John, where, after speaking of the same living water, St. John says, "This spake He of the SPIRIT, which they that believe on Him should receive." Now, if you look to the third chapter of St. John, you will see that our Savior says in the plainest words, at the third verse, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of GOD." "You have been born once, my children, but what does this verse say?" Baptist answered, "That we must be born again." "But how? read—the fifth verse tells us that we must be born of water, and of the SPIRIT; that is, of earthly water; and of the spiritual water. GOD bids us make use of the water-washing which we can see with our eyes, to show us that there must be a washing or cleansing by the Spirit, whom we cannot see with our eyes: but who is this Spirit? I will tell you, 'GOD is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth.' What I

wish you to understand, then, is this, God tells us in the Bible, that we must be changed by the Holy Spirit, and what he tells us must be done, if we would be his children here, and in heaven, He offers to do. If then we must be changed to what is good by being born again of the Holy Spirit, what does that prove us to have been before that change takes place? Tell me, Lisa!" Lisa only stared. "What is the hand that needs to be made clean by washing, before it is washed?" "It is unclean," replied Lisa. "And if we must be changed to what is good, we must have been before, or by nature, bad. Of this change or washing by the Spirit, washing by water is the sign. God tells us to be baptized, and he promises 'his Holy Spirit to all who ask him.'* We did ask His Holy Spirit for you when we brought you to God in baptism, and now I expect you both to pray constantly for the Spirit."

Lisa seemed as if she could not keep her attention on the stretch all the time. She looked rather wistfully toward the garden. "Dear Lisa," I said, "go to the window, and look out over the flowers; we can smell their sweetness here as the soft pleasant air comes flowing in: but do not forget, Lisa, what we have been talking about."

"Here is my mother coming," cried the merry child soon after, clapping her hands: "she is coming down the broad walk, but very slowly, because every now and then she is gathering flowers, and filling the basket on her arm." We all went to the window, and my gentle Una saw us, and beckoned, as she looked up, holding up her basket of roses, and saying, "My little merry girl

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* Luke xi. 13.

may come to me if she will." Lisa laughed with delight at the call, and was off in a moment. Baptist and I still remained at the window.

I could have stood a long while there, gazing upon her who was always lovely to my heart and to mine eyes; but she passed under the window, and disappeared through the gate in the wall opening to the wood. She looked up again and smiled, but did not speak. We turned to another window. Una was seated under the tall trees, and when she saw us again, she said, "I am waiting here while Lisa carries my roses into the house, and brings my bonnet, for I have promised to take her to the school, and we are going the long way through the wood. As she sat there, in the dark soft gloom of the trees, in her snow white dress, her hair gathered up and knotted with such careless grace, a few of its silken waves hanging lower than the rest, over her fair temples, I remarked to myself that expression of modesty and goodness which makes the plainest features pleasing, and which gave perfect loveliness to her sweet face, and I thought of her whom she resembled in name, the meek and heavenly Una of the poet Spencer. Perhaps he took the name of his 'Holy Ladye' from the native country of my gentle wife; where he resided so long, and where Unah or Una is still a common name.

Baptist was probably struck, as I had been, with the expression of goodness in his mother's lovely face.

"My mother is always good, father," he said; "I wish I could be like her." "I hope she is good," I replied, "I think she is, as far as human and sinful beings can be called good; for there is none good but one, that is GOD!" "And you are good too," he continued; "and so is my aunt Lisa." "Only in the way that I tell you, Baptist. We are all by nature sinful, and we have all constant and

difficult trouble with our own hearts, and we have nothing in us or from ourselves to make or keep us good. The Holy Spirit can alone make us good." That he might understand me more clearly, I led him back again to the window looking over the flower-garden. There was a large bed immediately beneath, filled with roses and white lilies, and many other beautiful and fragrant flowers, then in full bloom. The gardener had been weeding that bed, and putting it in the neatest order the evening before. Not a dead leaf, not a stone was to be seen. "Look at that flower-bed," I said to Baptist. "How did it become so bright with colors? what made it smell so sweet? the little stems and branches of every plant, the very earth beneath them, all is in such order and beauty, that perhaps a bank of flowers in the Garden of Eden, the paradise of our first parents when innocent, was not more lovely. But what is the reason you behold it as it now is? has it been always thus? has it been left to cultivate itself? No, the flowers have been brought from afar; the barren soil has been enriched till it became the dark and fertile mould we see; and even now watchfulness and care are constantly at work, or weeds would choke the ground, and outgrow the flowers; were it left to itself, all would be without order or beauty."

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My children left me, for Baptist begged that he might accompany his mother and sister. I was left alone to think of them, and to pray for them. The thought of them was continually coming before me; and as I turned to the volume I had been reading when Baptist began conversing with me, I found myself continually looking for what might bear some reference to them. My book was Archbishop Usher's "Body of Divinity," and I could

not resist writing out these two passages that I met with there—

"When GOD affordeth means, we must wait upon Him for a blessing in them, and by them; when he doth not afford means, we must not tie the working of His grace to them. Some have the outward sign, and not the inward grace, some have the inward grace, but not the outward sign; we must not commit idolatry by deifying the outward element.

"Infants are brought to the sacrament of baptism in their infancy, but are never by their parents taught the doctrine of baptism when they come to years of understanding: baptism is not made use of as it ought, in the whole course of men's lives."

My one grand odject in the educating of my two children is to make them (GOD helping me) think it a sort of impossibility to be otherwise than worthless, unless their life and conduct agree with their profession. Half the evil in what is called the Christian world, is caused by its being not only possible but common, for vast numbers to go on in a profession, to the principle and practice of which they seldom give a thought.

Into what a lamentable state the tradesmen of this country would soon be thrown, if it were equally common for them to have their callings written over their shop doors, and suppose nothing more was required of them. Sitting down contented with such a state of things, is like sitting down to the dinner of the Barmecide, who led his guest to a bare table and invited him to taste of many rich and rare viands, about which he spoke as if the table had been groaning beneath their weight. But, to effect this, they must be brought to GOD continually; not only brought to GOD at baptism, not only brought to GOD as soon as they

are able to know the meaning of baptism, not only in every ordinance of our holy religion, but the counsel, the example of all who have any thing to do with them, should also breathe of this principle, and the prayers of all who love them should, as it were, constantly bring them before GOD.

Alas! how easy it is to say all this—those are truly blessed who not only know these things, but do them.

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Bradford, the Reformer, says, in one of his letters, "A man that is regenerate and born of GOD, (and that every one of us be so, our baptism, the sacrament of regeneration requires under pain of damnation.)" I like the expression —"the sacrament of regeneration." It so plainly points out what ought to be in the baptized man if he is a sound professor.

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It is strange that so much should be required of the baptized person after receiving the sacrament of baptism, when ordinances which are not sacraments, are not the less worthy in themselves, because they who are bound by them, and might be benefited by them neglect the bond and despise the privilege? Is the ordinance of marriage, for instance, the less holy because too many married persons are faithless to their engagements? Are the ordination vows of a minister of CHRIST the less sacred in themselves, because they are kept so profanely by many? Therefore I agree with Bishop Hopkins, that "so long as we live in a state of sin, we who have received baptism live in perjury."

Mr. Singleton was the most uniformly cheerful person I ever met with. His motto, like that of Bishop Hacket, might have been, "Serve God, and be cheerful." Those who saw his calm pleasant countenance, which, though not handsome in the actual sense of the word, was made so by its happy expression, would have said that he had *no trials.*

They little knew what deep and inward struggles he was exposed to. "I am very much of the opinion of the venerable Bede," he once said to me; "This inward warfare of which we have been speaking, must last through life. In the resurrection every thing shall be perfected. In the mean time it is a great thing to keep the field, and remain unconquered, though not discharged from war." He was a man much given to quiet musings, and deep searchings of heart. He would be away for hours in the woods and fields, and among the heathy hills, with the small Bible that was his constant companion, and come back re-invigorated and refreshed for more active occupations and duties. The eye of faith might have seen that he had been in the armory of the sanctuary, buckling on the whole armor of God.

He would have agreed with the truly philosophical Coleridge that, "An hour of solitude passed in sincere and earnest prayer, or the conflict with and the conquest over a single passion, and subtle bosom sin, will teach us more of thought, will more effectually awaken the faculty, and form the habit of reflection, than a year's study in the schools (of the learned) without them."—Editor.

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The chief of sinners—yes, Lord, I am the chief of sinners. I cannot accuse others, but this I must say of myself. I judge of others by the outward appearance; I judge of

myself by looking into the depth of my own heart. I would not be always declaring my sinfulness to the careless world who would not understand me: the silly and irreverent world are sure to accuse those who make such confessions of committing gross and sinful actions, or of indulging a morbid tone of feeling. The world is apt to prove itself made up of blockheads when such points are touched upon. Where was the gross sinfulness of Job, one of the excellent among the moral and worldly, and yet what was the confession of his deeply impressed spirit? "I have heard of Thee with the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth Thee, wherefore I abhor myself and repent in dust and ashes."

It is the sight of God that brings the man who strictly searches his heart to confess that he is "wretched and miserable, and poor, and blind and naked." Rev. iii. 17.

As a minister, Mr. Singleton was often deeply tried by a sense of sin. Gregory the first, an enlightened and holy man, has left this striking remark. "Generally, those who most excel in divine contemplation are most oppressed with temptation." We need not wonder, then, to find Mr. Singleton exclaiming, "Alas! alas! I cannot pray. I can only lie prostrate on the ground before thee. Why cannot I quit this body of sense, and sin and selfishness? I am tied and bound by the chain of my sin. The heavy links hang, clogging every limb, the galling yoke presses heavily upon my neck; I wince under it, but I cannot get free. I will use a form, as I have no words of my own.

"'I know it is my sin that locks thine eare,
And binds thy hands;
Out-crying my requests, drowning my tears,
Or else the chillness of my faint demands.

But as cold hands are angry with the fire
And mind it still,
So I do lay the want of my desire
Not on my sins or coldness but thy will.
Yet hear, O GOD! only for His blood sake,
Which pleads for me.'

"Luther left a blessed consolation to the minister of CHRIST, when he said, 'Prayer, meditation, and temptation make a minister.'

"It is indeed a great consolation to me under temptation, that I could not speak effectually of temptation to my flock, had I not been deeply tried myself. I now speak of temptation from my own experience. Blessed be GOD for his infinite love. JESUS himself suffered, being tempted, and was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin. He also, as the great captain of our salvation, was made perfect through sufferings. But how may I meet temptation? There is a way to be 'more than a conquerer, and it is through Him that loved us,' through Him that said, 'Without me ye can do nothing!' Yes, LORD! but 'I can do all things through CHRIST, that strengtheneth me.' What true and rare beauty in these lines of the godly George Herbert. I may echo them from the deep recesses of my own breast.

"'Holiness on the head,
Light and perfections on the breast,
Harmonious bells below, raising the dead,
To lead them unto life and rest;
Thus are true Aarons drest.

Profaneness in my head:
Defects and darkness in my breast;
A noise of passions ringing me, for dead,
Unto a place where is no rest;
Poor Priest! thus am I drest.

Only another head
I have; another heart and breast;
Another music making' live not dead;
Without whom I could have no rest;
In him I am well drest.

So, holy in my head;
Perfect and light in my dear breast;
My doctrine tun'd by CHRIST, who is not dead,
But lives in me, while I do rest.
Come people; Aaron's drest.'"

### *A Prayer.*

Blessed LORD! I know, I confess, that my heart consents to sin; if it were not so, I should not need Thy help; but while I own my love to sin, I pray from my heart that thou wilt deliver me from the slightest preference to it. While I own that I love sin, I pray for pardon—for the cleansing blood of CHRIST my Savior—for the pure, strong, forceful sword of the SPIRIT to strike, cut sharply and closely off the sins that beset and would ruin me. If I perish, let it not be in yielding, but in struggling. If I am dragged down away from thy presence, let it be with cries and strong agonies of prayer pouring from my lips. But no—Thou art too gracious. Thou lovest those who seek to be sincere. Thou despisest not the broken heart—and there is one for whose most gracious sake Thou wilt make me, who am in myself a lost and miserable offender, a rich and joyful heir of the inheritance of the saints in light. O grant that He may be made of GOD unto me, wisdom and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.

Sin comes to the heart—but I must not give way to any thing like a morbid feeling of misery; if sin be not encouraged or listened to, but resisted instantly by my being strong in the LORD and the power of his might, it is still sin, but not my sin. It is temptation, and I suffer being tempted, but I am rather to count it all joy, being past, than to make myself miserable. If the fiery darts meet the burnished surface of the shield of faith, a shield of adamant, they fall blunted and powerless.

### *True and false Light.*

There are many false lights in the world. There is but one true light. 'Tis our nature to be drawn forth and dazzled by those false lights, by worldly ambition, carnal pleasure, uncertain riches. We seek the sparkling but fatal deceit, we encircle it, hover nearer and nearer. Warnings are to stop us in our deluded course. A kind hand would there often stop us, often it is thrust between us and the scorching glare, too often with too many, in vain. They reach the object of their desire, but it becomes their destruction. The true light, the source of life, and cheerfulness and peace, has shined in vain for them; has been shunned as if it were some horrible and pestilential meteor. Would you see the parable of this in nature's volume? See the moth drawn forth by the glare of a mean and rank-smelling candle. Its red and glowing flame proves only too attractive; the insect hovers nearer and nearer, and the hand of the observer is often thrust before the treacherous light: how very often is the warning offered in vain, the flame is reached, but with it, death. For the same insect, the bright and glorious sun, the source of health and life, has shined in vain; the moth has shunned it; we seldom see it on the wing till the bright and beautiful sun has come to its setting.

### CHRIST'S *Merits and ours.*

CHRIST died for us, not merely to supply by his merits what was wanting in ours, not merely to patch up a sort of righteousness for us. This is not only a mean, but an unscriptural view of the subject; it not only wants nobleness but truth to support it, though man naturally loves and approves a system which ascribes as much merit and righteousness as possible to himself. The Gospel plan is imperfect on such a system. Such might have been the case had the plan of our redemption stopped at the Cross. At least it might have been a matter of opinion. Even then, methinks he who had any noble idea of the nature of his GOD would not have been contented, with so low and poor an estimate of the great atonement. But the plan of our redemption did not stop at the Cross. CHRIST himself has shown us how his sufferings and his departure in the body were to open upon us a new part of the Gospel dispensation. The atonement had been made for man on GOD's part. It had not been applied to man. Man needed to be made fit on his part to receive it, for the preparation of heart required is also from the LORD. "We have no power of ourselves to *help* ourselves." CHRIST's own words will best declare what I mean. "Marvel not that I say unto you, you must be born again." Be *born* again. Surely this implies not partial work, but something altogether new. We did not merely need some new desires, but a renewed nature, not to be set right in some points, but a new principle. We are not told that our own righteousness will serve to cover us. It is called "filthy rags," by which is meant that it is, however pure among men, altogether defiled before GOD. We are told that we must put on the white robe of CHRIST's righteousness, and robes that have been washed white in the blood of the Saints. In this view it seems clear and plain to me, that

CHRIST came not merely to supply what was wanting in our merits, but wholly to substitute his merits; and then by the in-dwelling and in-working presence of the HOLY SPIRIT, *wholly* to change or convert his children from their natural and sinful state to the image of CHRIST.

*Daily Light and Strength.*

In my blindness to have the light which I receive sent from the very presence of GOD in the glorious courts of Heaven: in my weakness to think that the strength I receive is the very strength of the great GOD. This very morning, the instant before I received it, it was with GOD in Heaven. Day by day he gives it, as it were, fresh and fresh.—Oh, who would mourn, because only for the *one* day before us we receive the grace sufficient?

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I cannot help thinking, that many of the most pious and holy of the present day, want one lovely grace to their edified and edifying characters. They cannot, or do not make allowance for the slow growth of others. They do not see how impossible it is for an individual, who has been brought up among persons of worldly views, and yet of moral and honorable principles, to discover very quickly the radical error of all that is merely moral, merely honorable in the professed disciples of JESUS CHRIST; and how very possible it is for such an individual to have made great advancement, at least in sincerity of purpose and spirituality of mind, without having gained any acquaintance with the conventional terms and usages of the religious world. It is at the same time fearfully easy for one brought up in a religious sect to acquire the language, and indeed *all* that may be taught by man of the religion he professes, and the natural effect and conse-

quence of all such acquirement without the SPIRIT, is to create a feeling of self-approval and of imaginary superiority over more spiritual, but less fluent professors.

Some of the most interesting characters I have ever known, have been those that were brought up away from a religious party; and I have heard a very holy man declare, that he ever felt deeply interested in such persons, in assisting the formation, and developement of their characters, in removing the awkwardness of their spiritual gait, and correcting the blunders of their mode of expressing themselves. Besides, after all, nothing is more charming than to find a very holy and spiritual person without the cant of conventional expressions.

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I wish I could see in religious professors more of the winning kindness that distinguished our only perfect exemplar. How constrained has many an ingenuous and well-disposed person been made to feel, by the manner which can speak as plainly as words, in saying, you are not to be admitted to familiar intercourse with us, for you are not an initiated person! Where is the love and condescension of our blessed Lord, who loved the young ruler, although he could not consent to make the sacrifice that CHRIST required, and follow Him.

How ought we to esteem those who have all the amiable qualities of that young man, and are also ready to give up all for their LORD, but who are, alas! ignorant or inexperienced in the outward expression of the faith of CHRIST.

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A sure proof that the religion of JESUS CHRIST is in the heart, is not only to see a pure, holy, denying spirit where self is concerned, not only to find new views, and new life, and new works; but to find also, a lovely, never-failing charity toward others, toward those even whom we think mistaken in doctrine, or worse than mistaken in practice; to see that their errors and transgressions are used tenderly and compassionately, rather than bitterly, so that by the comparison, if any be unconsciously made, self-approving opinion is never generated, as that of the Pharisee; "LORD, I thank thee that I am not as other men are, or even as this publican." O LORD! enable me to dread a notional religion. We know by many fearful instances it is possible to hold the truth, or something very like the truth, in ungodliness. What, however, is unsanctified knowledge or unsanctified wisdom? The most distinguished among men either in the one or in the other, stands like a babe, nay a very fool beside him, who, though fallen, is an angel fallen, who hath visited the secret chamber of every human heart that ever existed; through whose infernal wiles it was, that the world by wisdom knew not GOD.

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I have often observed the transforming effect of vital religion on a common-place character. It imparts at once, a sort of intellectual originality as well as a moral superiority. Many persons have I met become, by the grace of GOD, holy believers and faithful disciples of our LORD, persons whom I remembered as barely endurable in society, talking of the weather, or politics, or the usages of society, or on literary subjects, in a trite and even tamely wearying manner; the same persons whom I could sit and listen to in delighted silence. Even

humanly speaking, the cause of this change may be easily traced, the intellect has been expanded, the feelings simplified in the man, by the grandeur and simplicity of the new object to which the intellect and the feelings have been directed.—LORD! I would be really wise, rouse me from my luke-warmness, and enable me to seek this wisdom as silver, to search for her as for treasures; for then only shall I understand the fear of the LORD, and find the knowledge of GOD. It is indeed by praying and supplicating with diligence and perseverance, that we attain this wisdom and abide in it, or all other attempts will prove vain. How many poor souls, otherwise weak and simple, have by this means grown exceedingly wise in the mystery of Godliness!

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To be humble before my GOD is, comparatively speaking easy; nay, it seems almost the natural impulse of the heart for the worm, man, to bow down humbly and with lowly reverence before the great Creator of the heavens and the earth. Alas, how many of us are contented to be humble in this way, to say to ourselves and to the world, "Yes, I will allow the great GOD to be more glorious and exalted than myself; I will consent to confess myself inferior to the majesty of heaven, (for that is the humility of too many.) I will be as humble as you please before GOD, but here I stop; I do not see why I am to humble myself before the apostate and insignificant pride of my fellow man." Here begins the difficult task, at least I own, the task difficult to me. O LORD give me a humble, lowly, patient spirit, teach me to be humbled to the dust, not only before thy great and glorious majesty, but before and among my fellow creatures; let me be lowly and meek toward all, make me to bow before all; no, let there be not

one exception of the vilest and most despicable. When I could lift up my head with conscious superiority; when I feel that I could shoot out arrows of keen and piercing sarcasm; when I could merely by words, pierce my insulting adversary through and through; when I am unjustly attacked; when, having studied not to give offence, I am met with cool and systematic impertinence, the cowardly insolence of the low-minded; then, LORD, stand by my side and help me; let me not merely conceal my feelings, for that would be but a refined hypocrisy; let me, with thy grace, stifle them by prayer, till they fall down with all their wicked vitality departed, and in their place, kind, gracious, forgiving, gentle love sit smiling. Silence not merely my tongue, but destroy the evil spirit at the root of that unruly member, and do not merely confine in my throbbing, bursting heart, as in a prison-house, the struggling fiend, but bind and bear away that furious inmate; and may thy dove-like SPIRIT take its place! LORD, in these times of trial lead me forth far from my sinful self. If it be thy blessed will, lead me in spirit to the mountain where these words were heard from thine own gracious lips, "Blessed are the poor in spirit for theirs is the kingdom of heaven;" or lead me in the spirit to that common hall where thou wert bound and scourged and blindfolded and buffeted and spit upon. Let me see thee in the trappings of the purple robe, and the crown of thorns, and the frail, bending reed as the sceptre of thy right hand; let me see thee with the cup of gall and vinegar at thy parched lips, and let me see thy meek forgiving eyes, thy silent lips, thy sweet, but sorrowful countenance; let me see thee fainting beneath the ponderous cross, yet uncomplaining—transfixed and bleeding on the cross—mocked and insulted there, yet uncomplaining; let me bear it ever in mind that when

thy cry of agony burst forth, it rose not against thy persecutors; the horrible burden of our sins, the hidings of thy Father's countenance forced it from thee. The only words that rose from thy breast in answer to the tauntings and insulting cruelties of man, were, "Father, forgive them." Sin drew forth thy complaints, suffering drew forth thy prayers and blessings. O, Son of man! lead me to thy cross, and shame me there, shame me for daring to complain under my light burden. Wherefore should a living man complain, a man for the punishment of his sins? who is it that has added; "a sinner has no right, a sinner has no reason?"

Persons, (some persons, I should say,) wonder that we can be so happy in our little unknown village: they tell me that even a few months spent in such a dull retirement, would make them melancholy. I cannot help smiling at their wonder. I see nothing to make me melancholy in waving woods, and green pastures, and fields all golden with the ripening grain, rejoicing with one consent in the favor of Him who giveth the sweet rain and the warm and genial sunshine, and all the blessed influences of regular and revolving seasons. I see much to make any thinking man melancholy when I enter the streets of a large city. The profligacy of the rich, the vices of the poor are there continually forced upon our notice: but melancholy in my little, happy village! At least I cannot feel so from any thing in the place itself. Every cottage, every lane, every narrow field-path, has to me some association dear to my heart, or pleasurable to my feelings, for I have seen them under many aspects.

Among Mr. Singleton's papers there are many relating merely to circumstances of too common-place a character

to be worth recording. There is, however, an account of a poor woman, which may be thought to possess a more than ordinary interest.

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A funeral came forth from the poor-house. The sexton's man, a poor, lame, wretched-looking creature, limped before, leading the mean procession; then came four lazy listless men, idle inhabitants of the poor-house, bearing on their strong shoulders a rude shell. Two or three women, slatterns in their dress and carriage, followed after, arm in arm, gossipping in whispers together. The bearers put down the coffin with a jerk, and so carelessly, that from the inequality of the ground on which it rested, it nearly turned over. The coffin was smeared with a dark lead-colored water paint: there was no handle; nor even two of those poor little leaden letters which are generally affixed to the coffins of the poor, just the initial letters of the humble name. The men who stood beside the grave, stretched themselves, gaped, or stared about. The women looked on with vacant, heedless faces, silent only from reverence to their minister. I could not help feeling deeply, nor could I restrain a sigh as they let down the coffin into the grave. The group separated, and left the sexton flinging the earth into the grave. I never felt a deeper and drearier sorrow for one whom I did not love, than at the funeral of the poor woman whose corpse I had just buried. She was, by nature, one of those dull, common-place creatures, whom no relative circumstances could have improved. At least, such she seemed. She had no relations, no friends, not an acquaintance who will miss her. I know not her early history. I never felt a sufficient interest in her to inquire into it. I have often spoke to her, but she never seemed to trouble herself with taking much heed of my

words. She would sit with her arms folded together, and her head and bosom huddled up over her knees, staring with a look of perfect unconcern, while I have been reading the fine affecting stories of the New Testament. To my questions, when I appealed to the truth and natural descriptions of those stories, she would assent, but with careless undistinguishable sounds; they were scarcely words. Her feelings and sympathies seemed confined within a narrow circle of petty selfishness. The only time I ever saw any thing like expression upon her countenance, was when she stopped me in the village street, and asked for a few halfpence to buy some snuff with. She died suddenly, dropped from her chair seemingly half asleep, after having eaten a hearty supper.

The grass will soon be green on the little mound which covers her body. None will care to remember the spot. She will be forgotten. I was joined by Lady Helen and my wife, while standing in the church porch, looking at the sexton, as he carelessly threw in the earth to close the grave, and thinking all the while of the wretched old creature whose body had been laid in the grave. I told them how deeply I had been shocked. As I spoke about the poor woman, "There is one," said Helen, pointing to an elderly woman, who was sitting down on a low tombstone, "there is a woman who might sit for the portrait of her whom you have described. Might she not? Did you ever see such a stupid, heartless-looking being?" "That woman!" said Una, "why she is my curate. She is really one of the most active and intelligent creatures in the parish!"

Lady Helen was indeed mistaken. Martha Firman was a real heroine. I have seldom seen a person whose appearance was not disgustingly ugly, so extremely plain: her features were coarse, her eyes dull and gray, her hair

cut short upon her forehead, her figure of rude proportions, her manner rough, her voice loud and coarse as that of a man. Such was the impression of her appearance at first upon the mind; but the respect her conduct inspired, soon associated her character and appearance together, and the eye took a liking to the latter, from the respect which the heart bore to the former. In all she said and did, she was in earnest. She took the plain, straightforward way of truth, and she did so with an unaffected lowliness of spirit and a tenderness of Christian love really extraordinary in one of her rank in life. In her religion she evidently proved that she knew nothing of the way of the world. She seemed to keep the world in its proper place—out of her heart. She did not forget that she had promised and vowed, when early dedicated to GOD, to renounce the world, because it is written,* that "the friendship of the world is enmity with God." Her bodily strength was as surprising as her mental courage and decision. Once, in a fight, she threw herself between the two combatants, and with astonishing dexterity and strength, kept her ground till she forced them to listen to her, and then she spoke to them with such artless and energetic feeling, now, touching on domestic circumstances, well known to each of them; now bringing before them the awful rebukes, and the affecting appeals of the word of GOD with such eloquence, (a by-stander declared, 'a preacher could not have done it better,') that her interference, and perhaps the acknowledged influence of her character prevailed; one of the men half sullenly and half willingly, held out his hand to his antagonist, and the fight was ended. She had sat by the bed-side of one of these

* James iv. 4.

men, and constantly attended to his family, at a time when he was supposed to be dying of a malignant fever, and his house was shunned by every one.

Martha was sometimes of great use to me. She would go quietly with her Bible to those who could not read, and take a great deal of pains with them; indeed, where any office of kindness and assistance was needed, there Martha was sure to be. One day, as I was passing a cottage, the owners of which were persons of notoriously bad character, I saw Martha, to my astonishment, sitting on a rude, low bench, near the open door, and a pretty looking girl beside her. I had frequently called on the inhabitants of that cottage, and met with as many rebuffs; still I had determined to go there again and again, for we should never give up the most erring sheep in our flock. A good opportunity now occurred for another trial.

"How are you employing yourself, here?" I said to Martha. She answered immediately, "I am giving a look to my godchild, Susan. She has been reading to me, and now I was questioning her a bit, which is no more than my duty." The word godchild at once interested my heart.

"I have known Sarah Wickham, this child's mother," she said, "since we were girls together; and when this child was born, nothing would do but I must stand godmother. I refused at first," she added, looking expressively at me: "I had my reason; but Sarah said so much about it, that at last I consented, on condition that I should speak both to child and parents, when, and as it pleased me. It did my heart good, sir," she said, "to hear you go on as you did last Sunday, about the way in which the duties of the godfather and godmother are neglected now-a-days; and your words came home to me, for I was beginning to give it up as a bad job, coming here to tell

this child what a solemn promise and profession she has made by me. But after all, sir," she added, "the duty that GOD requires is generally plainly set before us, and we have just to obey it, and leave the event with GOD."

Martha's godchild grew up a sensible, modest young woman, to the astonishment of every one who knew her parents' characters, and the habits of her family. Her sisters and brothers were bold and lawless; but Martha prevailed on a sister of hers, who kept a little shop in the next village, to take Susan when about fourteen, to help in the house, and sometimes in the shop, and the customers and all the neighbors soon gave the young girl an excellent character. Martha would have taken Susan to live with her, but she had brought up an orphan boy, the son of another sister, and he was the last person she wished Susan to see much of. This lad, James Baker, had been long a source of great grief to her. He had begun to neglect work and go out with the game-keeper in the neighborhood, and from that time (for this game-keeper was a man of very bad character,) James Baker was rather a suspected person. The game-keeper was turned away by his master, for dishonesty, and it was whispered about, that his friend James Baker had been his accomplice in many of his transactions, particularly in carrying a large basket weekly, to meet a London waggon, at the end of a lane which leads to the high road. The waggon had been searched, and the basket, when opened, was found to contain eight or more brace of pheasants. Baker after this discovery, became a sort of careless idler, pretending that he could not get work, though he had been known more than once to refuse work when it was offered to him. He left his aunt's house in a fit of sullen ill-humor, because she objected to his being often out all night, and to his keeping, almost in a secret way, a lurcher, which his friend

the game-keeper had given him, this dog being tied up all day in a shed behind the house, and, as Martha suspected, taken out by his master at night. He took a lodging with the Wickhams. Susan had left home before he went to lodge at her father's house; but Baker had often seen her before with his aunt, and had long thought of making her his wife, and one afternoon, when Susan came to see her parents, he walked back with her to the shop, and proposed to marry her. To his astonishment (for he was a fine looking man, much admired by the damsels of the neighborhood, and much more admired by himself,) Susan refused him at once. He was not to be easily repulsed; but Susan, though kind and gentle in her refusal, was very decided. She told him frankly, that she never would have married so idle a character as himself, or one so ungrateful as he had proved to his aunt, and she added, that even had he been a steady person, he was not the man she should have chosen for her husband. James Baker, though deeply mortified, was not to be discouraged. His pride and vanity were piqued by her refusal, and he determined to obtain her if possible. The first thing he did, was to go at once to his aunt, ask pardon for his ungrateful conduct, and to beg to be received into her house again. Martha forgave him gladly, and received him as a son. She was the better pleased, as nothing was said of the lurcher but that he was given away. He said, as he had often said before, that as soon as he could get work, he should be very steady; and to prove his anxiety to be industrious, he set to work that very evening in his aunt's garden, and in a few days put every part of it in order. He made Martha the confidant of his attachment to her godchild, and earnestly begged her to use her influence with Susan to induce her to accept him. Martha told him at once, that she saw no prospect of success for him with

Susan. It had been once, she said, the first wish of her heart, to see the two beings she loved best in the world, united in marriage, but she had been forced to confess, that he would not be a good husband to her beloved Susan; and she added, that she had even given her advice to Susan to marry another man, who had asked her to become his wife. This accepted suitor was George Woodman, the son of the new game-keeper. Martha preceived that her nephew was very angry when she made this communication to him, but they were sitting in the dull twilight of a cloudy evening, over the embers of the fire, and she did not see the look of deep and deadly rage that came over his countenance. "I thought it best to tell you this about young Woodman," she said, "because, much as I have wished to see you Susan's husband, I know 'tis no use your thinking of the young woman any longer." James made no answer, and soon after Martha went up stairs to bed. She had been in bed nearly an hour, when she heard James come up the stairs and enter his bed-room. He was whistling a merry tune. The next morning he was unusually cheerful and good-humored. He told his aunt he was going to try for some employment; and when he came in at night, for he did not return before, he smiled and said, "You'll be surprised to hear who has given me work for some weeks to come? who do you think, but Mr. Woodman, the new game-keeper at the Priory, for I find he is steward as well as game-keeper, having his two sons under him. Which is it of the two brothers," he said in a tone of affected carelessness, "that is to have Susan for his wife, the light or the dark man? they are both fine young fellows, only not over strong, I should think." "Susan is to marry the light-haired one," said Martha, "George Woodman." "And however steady the light-haired one may be now," he muttered to himself, as he walked away,

"I'll wager my life but mistress Susan shall have as bad a one in George Woodman, as she would have had in James Baker." From this time, James Baker was to all appearance very steady and diligent: he was constantly at his work, and Martha began to think, (so indeed did others,) that he was becoming a reformed character. She spoke to me about him with much satisfaction, saying, the only thing she did not like, was his constant visits to a near neighbor of hers, named Willis. He often passed his evenings with this man, and once or twice had spent the night in his house. "Well," I replied, when I heard it, "I don't like your nephew the worse for that; no doubt he had been sitting up with poor Willis, who we all know seldom quits his bed, for he has lost the use of his limbs." "Not of his limbs," said Martha, bluntly, "for I've seen him walking in his garden this very day, and on other days too." "But any one may see in what a deplorable state the man is," I replied, "his fingers are like those of a dead hand, and were turned the wrong way by his disease." "I know it, sir," said Martha, "and no one felt for the poor creature more than I did; but I begin to suspect all is not right there. I don't want to speak ill of him or any one, but his character is well known to you, sir; and, though ever since he came out of prison last time, he has complained of his limbs, and though his hands are in such a state he cannot button a button of his clothes, or even lift a spoon to his mouth, I fear all is not right there." Martha had more reasons than she gave me for speaking thus. I thought her (though usually remarkably charitable in her opinion of others) very unjust and harsh in her judgment of Willis. "It is awful, sir," she continued, "if that poor wretched creature has not left off his bad practices. Pray speak to him closely, sir, when you visit him, for I know you are often with him. I often

hear your voice in prayer from the open window of his room." "And he always seems very attentive and penitent," I replied, "still nothing very satisfactory has taken place during one of my visits. His wife generally holds him up in bed, and he joins in a low voice in my prayers, and thanks me over and over again for my visits."

"His wife is a cousin of Susan Wickham's," said Martha, "and both Susan and I have offered scores of times to sit up with Willis, but though they have told me very often they would rather have me than any one to be with them at their death-bed, to close their eyes, they wont let me sit up one night with him. I wonder at their preferring a young man in a sick chamber! Other young men too, and those not improving ones (as I hope my nephew now is) are often there, there at all hours,—bad company, sir, for James, just as he's leaving off his idle habits."

A few weeks after this conversation George Woodman and Susan were married; and Martha and James her nephew, went with the party to church, and afterwards to dine at the steward's. Susan and her husband went to live in a small but pretty lodge at the end of a large wood full of pheasants, which being in rather a desolate part of our neighborhood was often visited by poachers. James continued constant to his work, still more frequently however passing the evening with Willis, and often sitting up all night with the sick man.

A circumstance happened about this time, which I did not hear of till afterwards. Martha Firman had received a message from her sister, to beg that she would come and take charge of her shop for a few days, as she was obliged to be absent; and as Martha had often done so before, she promised to be with her sister that afternoon.

It happened after Martha's arrival, that her sister put off her leaving home for a few days.

She pressed Martha however to stay a short time with her, but, always wishing to be as much at home as possible to attend to her nephew's comforts, Martha declined the invitation; saying at the same time, that she would spend the evening with them, and walk home at night. The family were brewing that evening, and Martha, who was famous for her skill in brewing, insisted on lending a helping hand. "It matters not," she said, "at what hour I get home to-night, though I should wish to be ready to get James his breakfast to-morrow." "Shall one of the lads walk with you?" asked her sister, as Martha shut the little gate in front of her sister's house. "O dear! no," she replied, "I need no guard, for you know, Mary I have walked this way at all hours. Well, God bless you all." "God bless you, kind, good sister," said Mary, "I am sure," she said, turning into the house, and speaking to her husband, "with all her rough ways, there is no one like sister Martha, so kind, and thoughtful-like for every one! How well she thinks of that scape-grace James! I wish I could think as well of him. I only know I am glad he does'nt take to our lads. I saw him only yesterday as drunk as ever, about the streets at F———, though I did not like to tell Martha about him; and Mr. Coates told me those two villains, Clarke and Collier, had been drinking with him all the morning at the Dragon tap. Poor Martha thinks he was at his work yesterday at the Priory." "Martha is a downright good woman," replied the husband, "and she loves the book of God, and strives to live to it. How well she put in a word or two when we were reading our chapter to-night! I don't know that the parson could have made better sense of it." "Ah well! she has the holy angels to bear her company of a

dark night, and the HOLY SPIRIT in her heart, I trust (for to tell you the truth, master,) I did not like her going alone that dreary way to-night. If I mistake not, there's a tempest coming up from the south, it looks so black there." "Bless you, child," said the husband, "Martha will be home before the tempest; but if you please, William and I can go after her." "No, no," said Mary, after standing in silence some minutes, "I think the storm is blowing over to the other side, and if it reaches her at all, it will be as she enters her own door."

The storm, however, did overtake Martha, but just as a shelter was nigh: she was crossing over the hill on which Milsey church stands, and she quickened her pace and reached the old wooden porch just before the violence of the storm came on. There Martha remained, while the blast roared and the rain rushed down in torrents and peal after peal of thunder seemed to rend the heavens above her. Deeply impressed, yet in the midst of her awe, and perhaps dread, wondering at the sublimity of His power who rules the storm, there she continued during a considerable time, for the storm seemed to increase in fury. Once or twice, as she sat calm and yet almost breathless, she heard the shrill sound of a whistle in the pause of the storm. She might have been mistaken, but she was not mistaken when, guided by a broad and vivid flash of lightning, her eye fell on several dark forms, all huddled together under the thick boughs of the yew-trees opposite. The storm abated, and as it abated, two or three persons rushed across from the yew-trees and entered the porch, stamping with their wet boots on the pavement, as if to shake out some of the water, and then calling, "Come over to the porch, there's a better shelter here, and a bench to sit down on."

The rest of the party came; one of them, a large heavy

man, limping slowly along, and as he entered, crying in a drawling whining voice, "Let me rest myself, pray let me sit down, this will be the death of me, you said the night would be fine." A hoarse and brutal laugh burst from the rest of the party. "Come sit down, old palsy," said one, "but down at once on the floor, if you will, only don't bundle your fat carcase on me." While another slapped him with no little force on the back, and said, mimicking the drawl of the man's voice, "Game to the last, old buck! the game bird does not fear a wetting." "Very true, very true," he replied with a chuckling laugh, "The game bird, as you say, does not fear a sousing! Well, well! this is a comfortable place! We'll muster here another night instead of meeting in the open air. I find it cold enough, I can tell you, sometimes, boys!" "No, no, the yard, not the porch," said another in a loud whisper, "for who is to see from the porch if any one is coming? now in the yard you may tell a hundred yards off." "I say the porch," cried the old man in his whining voice, "but now boys! what has been done to night? How did you get on at the green?—at the white house there? they say the old man's warm! and the cheese-room window!—you said there was no bar there!" He had not said more, when voices were heard on the hill. Several of the party hurried out of the porch, and returned saying, "There are a party of men with lanterns shouting at the top of their voices." The whole party stole out of the porch, the heavy, limping man managing to get out as soon as any, groaning as he went, for which he got a blow from one of his comrades, and an oath. They crept silently round to the other side of the church, and in a few minutes two men, each bearing a lantern, climbed over the rails of the churchyard. Martha, by an extraordinary providence, had either not

been seen, or in the darkness she had been mistaken for one of the party, most of whom were in dark smock frocks. Her presence of mind had not forsaken her for a moment, and now as she saw the men advance with the lanterns, and heard the voices of her brother-in-law and nephew, she ran to meet them as fast, but as cautiously as she could; "I am here," she wispered to both of them, "only don't speak now, and get back into the lane. Never mind me, I will be over the railings as quickly as you can be." When they were over, she said, (taking the arm of her brother-in-law, who had come with his son to seek her,) "Walk on fast, walk back to your house, but ask me nothing now, and if you please, put out your lanterns; I'm sure we all know the way, and the darker it is the better." There was indeed no danger to be feared that night; all the party that she had seen enter the porch after crawling round the church, had hastened instantly to a little dell in a field not far from the churchyard, where they had often fled for safety before. One person only beheld the meeting of Martha with her two relations, the limping heavy man had fallen over the graves, and he lay weeping like an infant there till his attention was roused by the gleam of the lanterns. He saw instead of a party of pursuers, two men only, who seemed to know nothing of the gang. He checked his lamentation, and listened with his chin raised above the mound, to catch, if possible, some sound of words. As he looked and listened, some one passed close to him, and he saw distinctly three forms where two had been. He trembled with fear long after they were gone, till life almost forsook his diseased frame. Martha had made, that night, a discovery that almost broke her heart, but she was silent—they all walked slowly along without speaking till they reached her sister's where she remained all night. She had time

to recover from the fear that she had felt on being so suddenly surrounded by daring and wicked men.

"The white house on the green," she said to herself, "and the old man who is warm, or as they mean, rich. It is farmer Hotham they meant, on Stoke Green." His house had been entered that night, and some property had been stolen, but no life taken; this was the news that Martha heard in the morning.

There had been many robberies in the neighborhood, and the existence of a desperate gang was known. A few days afterward, a reward of some hundred pounds was offered by the county to any one who would bring the party of robbers to justice. Martha Firman knew that it was in her power to claim the reward, but the mere thought of money obtained at such a price was sickening to her. Still she might not have hesitated to make a disclosure of all she had witnessed in the porch of Milsey church, refusing at the same time any reward, but one circumstance sealed up her lips.

Martha knew not whether she had been discovered or not as she left the churchyard; but she had so firm a trust in God, and so much personal courage, that after laying all her perplexities before the only wise God, our Savior, she determined to make the best use of her own good sense. After some consideration, it occurred to her that she ought to have seen, before, the only wise and right way of acting. She saw her nephew go as usual that evening to Willis, soon after the hours of work were over in the village. She soon followed him into the cottage and up stairs into the sick man's room: she walked up to the window, which was open, and taking her station there, she turned and looked calmly and gravely at the two men. They had evidently expected no visiter. Willis was sitting up in bed intently occupied in showing her nephew

how to make, what Martha saw instantly was a gin for taking game; an air-gun was lying on the bed, and in a corner of the room, with a ballad on the chair before her, and a pheasant which she was quietly picking for her husband's supper, sat Mrs. Willis, alternately looking over the ballad before her and giving an eye to the pheasant. "I am come," said Martha, looking Willis in the face, "as a friend. I shan't mince matters, but tell you at once, and in a plain, downright way, what I'm come for. I am not the least afraid," she said, for she saw that Willis's eyes, which were always very winking and restless in their glances, fell on the gun. "I am come without fear; one scream of mine would call John Mason, the constable over the way, and Dick Truman next door, and a whole possy of neighbors to my help. Remember that while I speak, and remember I'm no coward, and could master you, and your wife too, and perhaps Mister James also, if he was to meddle with me. I thought it best to be resolute," she said, "not that I could have touched a hair of Jem's head to hurt him," and as Martha spoke, for I heard part of this from her own lips, the tears streamed down her brown cheeks. "I'm not afraid of you, or any man or men I ever met with, but what I have to say is this. I have known a long while that you were poachers; but a few nights ago I was in the porch in Milsey church during the storm, and I found out that you, both of you, and some others, I knew you all, were robbers also, part of the gang that has been for the last few years about these parts. I might have gone to the magistrate the next morning, (for I got safe home) and given in the names of you all, and had every one of you taken up, and claimed the reward that is offered for you, or I might have kept my secret safe, for I don't know that any of you saw me quit the porch." Here Willis made an exclamation that betrayed

him, though he checked himself immediately. "You need not check yourself," said Martha, "you saw me, did you? Well, it matters not; there I was, and could swear to any, and all of you; and here I now am, ready to promise, that if you will, with God's help, leave off your bad practices, and break up your gang, and try to get your bread in an honest way, nothing shall ever force me to say a word to any creature of what I saw or heard."

During the time that Martha was speaking, her nephew looked very fierce and gloomy, and Mrs. Willis seemed very uncomfortable; but Willis composed his face, and said, in a demure voice, yet with a manner that was meant to look frank, "My good Mrs. Firman, I see 'tis useless to have any concealments from you, or as you say, to mince matters: and we might make it worth your while, my good friend, to hold your tongue; and as you are like me, Mrs. Firman, not so young as you once were, there are many little comforts—many a bit of game—"

"I had no patience to hear the old villain speak," said Martha, "I could not help crying out, Get thee hence, Satan!" "Don't pretend to misunderstand and wheedle me, you bad old man," she cried out, "You it is, who have been the misery of half the young men in these parts, and a black account you will have to give after death, unless you pray God to change your heart. But answer me at once, both of you—Do you promise? or do you not? that's what I am come to ask." The promise was made

One evening, Martha having waited some time for her nephew to return home, was raking out her fire and going to bed, when a quick knocking sounded on the door. She opened it immediately, and George Woodman came in. He had been running, and was breathless, and he said; "I'm so very sorry to disturb you. Mrs. Firman, but my poor wife is monstrous bad to-night—taken with

such a faintness and a trembling-like, and I'm afraid she may be put to bed before any one can get to her. There is nobody at home but my little sister Jane, and so I promised to come for you; indeed, she has often told me you were so good as to say, that should she be taken bad, you would come to her at any hour in the night." "Of course I would," replied Martha, putting on her bonnet and shawl as she spoke, and in a few minutes they were on their way to the lodge in the wood. The path was narrow through the fields, and they walked quickly forward one after the other. Martha asked one or two questions, to which the replies of George were short and vague, and she thought he had not clearly understood what she said. At length they entered a lane which wound up the side of a steep hill, and here George offered his arm to Martha, and they began to converse. "And how was she taken, George?" said his companion, "about what hour?" "I really cannot exactly say." "Cannot exactly say!" replied Martha, "and yet you tell me you came from her!" George did not like to own that he had not been at home since he left off work, but had been sitting with a set of very bad and idle fellows over their cups at the alehouse. "To tell you the truth," he said, at last, with some hesitation, "I have not seen Susan since the morning, when she was pretty well; but my little sister it seems met your nephew, James Baker, as she was on her way to you, (this is what James tells me,) and he sent Jane back at once to her sister, and very good naturedly he came to me himself—nay, he would have gone on to you with the message, only he had an engagement just at that time, and he said that I should be sure to find you at home, and ready to go with me to the lodge." Martha was silent for a short time; then she clasped George's arm tightly, and said, "George, I don't know what to make of this. I don't

think Susan is ill—are you telling the truth?" "I am, indeed," he answered very simply, "for what I know to the contrary. You have been the kindest of friends, Mrs. Firman, to my wife and me, and I would not deceive you for any one. I'll own to you, I am not so steady as I was. I have got into bad company, and I have had something to do with the poachers in our woods and elsewhere. I feel that I have been led step by step into what is wrong, and they are still leading me, for I am very weak." "George," said Martha again, "is there nothing else to tell me? Have you nothing worse than this to say of yourself?" "I have," said he, "I sold a sack of corn, that father sent me down from the granaries for the pheasants only yesterday, to your nephew, who found that I was out of money, and over-persuaded me." "And is that all?" still inquired Martha. "Is it not bad enough?" he answered. "Yes, it is bad enough, but is there worse to tell?" "No, not worse," he added, "and now that I have told you this;"—"You will confess to God, and ask pardon," said Martha, "and I will help you to pay back all the corn to man. George, I tremble for you, if you do not ask God's help, and stop at once. You are in slippery ways. But again I ask you—have you told me the worst? are you in a gang with others?" "I am in no gang—I don't know what you mean!"—"and Susan!" continued Martha, "my Susan, does she know of your keeping bad company, and of your bad ways?" "She knows little, but she fears a great deal, and she has spoken to me more than once, and warned me in her sweet mild way." Martha sighed deeply, and then she stopped, and turned to George, (the night was not dark, but dull and gray and cloudy,) she said, "Listen! surely I hear voices, George!" and then after a pause, in which they both listened, she said, "They are on the opposite hill behind us,

and that's the reason I hear them so plainly. They are not so near as I thought; they have the meadow in the bottom, and the copse to cross before they come into this lane; and now, one word more. George!" she said, as they again went forward, and she spoke almost in a whisper, "Did James Baker say any thing about the path you should bring me?" "He did," said George, "and I wondered he should tell me about the path to my own house: but he is always fond of laying down the law and having every thing done in his way. He said, 'If you follow my advice, you will take my aunt through the lane and the farm-yard. She prefers that way, and you will have her as cross as may be, if you take her straight across the downs with the wind in her face.'" "I had rather go over the downs," said Martha, in a faint voice, "and there is no wind to-night." "But we have passed the turning," said George, "and there are persons behind us whom you seem to fear." "I do fear them," she whispered. "My heart misgives me about those voices, and about James Baker, and his telling you that he wished you to take this path." "Why should you fear anything?" he replied, for he felt her hand shaking on his arm. "You don't know all—you don't know what cause I have to fear," she said in a low voice, but soon after, she added, "George, I was foolish to shake as I did just now, and to be so fearful.—Run on as fast as you can to Susan; if she is really ill, and perhaps she is, come back to meet me. If she is not, and we have been told a lie, take her and your sister that instant with you, and leave them at your father's; and then come back into this path where we now are, with your father, and your brother, and any one else you like, and see after me.—Go now, for Susan is of the first consequence in her state, and I shall only flurry and frighten her if she sees me, and has not sent for me; besides, in

that case, I would not have any of us found at that lone lodge to-night." "But all this is so strange!" said George.—"I know what I am about," she said sharply, "I know what I fear: go at once if you love your wife; I can take care of myself." George obeyed her. All this Martha had spoken in a whisper, or in an under-tone, and she had walked at a brisk rate. She now went on even faster, till she reached the farm-yard just spoken of. It was merely a barn and some hay-stacks, and stood far away from any house; the lodge where George Woodman lived being the nearest habitation, and nearly a mile further. She stood still and listened. The air was perfectly still, and the same gray dusky light still prevailed. Again she heard voices and even footsteps sounding on the dry clay of the lane. Scarcely knowing why, she looked around her, determined to find some hiding-place if possible. She hurried to the hay-stacks, thinking she might stand unobserved in the dark shadow close under one of them, but when she reached it, and stood in the shadow, and saw every thing so plainly, she felt that she might be discovered there, and crept quietly round to the other side. It happened that a short ladder had been left against this side of the stack, great part of which had been cut away. A sort of little platform was left on the top of the side against which the ladder was placed. Martha did not hesitate a moment. She climbed up the ladder to this little platform, and then drew the ladder up after her. Then quickly, and without any noise, she managed to hide herself and the ladder under the loose hay.—"They are gone on quicker than I thought," were the first words Martha distinguished, as the persons whose voices she had heard, entered the farm-yard. "It's owing to you, you palsied fool! You must always force yourself along with us." "Not always; but to-night I am wanted," said

Willis, puffing and speaking with difficulty; "'tis but a little way to-night, and you want an old hand among you, boys!—Here's a comfortable place," he said, "I shall sit down here;" and he seated himself under the hay-stack, pulling out some of the hay to sit upon, and resting his back against the stack. "Well! what is to be done, since we have missed them?" "Let me see," continued Willis. "Two of you must go straight towards the lodge, and two must go back, and take the turning, and cross the downs to the lodge, and you may meet them there, and let my friend James and another stay with me." "And leave the young woman," cried a voice, which Martha knew to be the voice of her nephew. "Leave her," he said, in a careless tone. "Tie her hand and foot, if you choose. I'll go and see about her afterwards; but don't let the other two slip." "And now," said Willis, "let us consider how the thing may be best hid. One tongue must be silenced to-night, or 'tis all over with us. We have no time to lose, eh, James!—Do as I tell you; the others will give you a helping hand when they come back. I wish I could handle a mattock or a spade, I would soon show you. Get the water out of part of that pool—you said you found it shallow near the barn—some of the clay will do it, with a few stones, and here and there a bit of hay—don't forget to slope the ground, and then set to work and dig as deep as you can." There was a silence of perhaps a quarter of an hour broken only by the sound of the pickaxe and spade, which were in the hands of the two men.

All this time Martha lay in a state of intense anxiety and dread. Her own situation was trying enough, but her chief fears were for Susan and her husband. Had George disregarded her, or had Susan hesitated to leave the lodge, or had they in any way been delayed in their departure? She trembled to think what might have been

the event when they were in the midst of such lawless wretches! Martha, as I have said, possessed extraordinary courage—the determined energy of a brave man, combined with the calm enduring patience of a courageous woman. She knew herself to be almost within the grasp of wretches who, it was very evident, thirsted for her blood. She had not a doubt that the pit then digging was intended for the grave of herself, and perhaps of another. She was aware how soon the horrible work of death might be done, and even the spot where her body was buried might be undiscovered till generations had passed away. But in the midst of her gloom, the sudden thought came like light, she said, into her spirit. "My heavenly Father is looking on all this dreary while, and without his permission they cannot touch a hair of our heads. I am called upon to walk by faith and not by sight: to mere sight nothing can be more alarming than the prospect around me; but faith sees holy angels near at hand, and Him, by whom the lions' mouths were shut, and whose presence in the fiery furnace prevented even the smell of fire from coming upon those who put their trust in him." And thus, with her eyes upturned every now and then to the heavens above, where a few pale stars began to appear, as the clouds cleared away; and with deep forceful strivings in prayer, Martha became composed and prepared with all her faculties and powers of mind and body, for whatever might come to pass. "Praise the LORD, O my soul!" she said to herself, "and forget not, at this time, forget not all his benefits! There are streams in the wilderness for the parched with thirst—there is the shadow of a great rock in the scorching heat—there is a shelter and a refuge from the storm!"—Footsteps at length were heard, and two of the men that had gone to the lodge returned. "The old jade," said one of them,

"has been too deep for us, and for once has given us the start; and her blabbing tongue, instead of being at rest for ever, is, no doubt, giving its information somewhere at this moment. There's not a soul in the lodge. Nothing but the old hound that goes about with George Woodman; and when we burst open the door I thought he would have torn us to pieces; but Collier has a way of coaxing dogs, and we left the brute quiet enough." "I tell you what," said James Baker, throwing down his spade, and hurrying on his coat which he had thrown off, "I have no objection to a scuffle if you have all a mind to stay, for I am no coward; at the same time, I'd have you remember, that the old dame may have found out that we are a strong party, and she wont send *one* or *two* after us We run a fair chance of being taken if more than our number should come; and, therefore, I think our best plan to-night would be to get quietly, one by one, to our own homes. If they find us at home, and a-bed, they'll have a hard matter to prove we have been out to-night—and as for that old blabbing wench! there are ways nearer home of stopping her tongue." As he said this, two other men rushed into the farm-yard. Willis cried out in a fright, and the others were about to run, fancying at first that their pursuers were near. The men, however, were the other two of the party. "We stole along toward old Woodman, the steward's house," said one, gasping for breath as he spoke from the swiftness with which he had been running; "there were lights moving about, and the door opened and shut, and several men seemed to be coming." "Home, then, at once," said Collier; and they were hastening away when Willis cried —"Stop one moment, and hear what I have to say." Several stopped, but with impatience. "What I have to say is this—Wait for me—help me up, or I am a lost

man." "What! is that all?" said Clarke—"Do you stop us for that? Why you managed to get as far as this place, and you must get back again." "To be sure," said Baker, "we are not going to hazard our lives for you; you *would* come, you old villain; and 'twas your halting and dawdling that has thrown us out to-night. Get up yourself," and off he hurried. "Only help me up, help me up," he roared out "for my limbs seem stiff; the hay was damp—I can't stir—only just help me up, and I shall do well enough."

One of them came back, and with some difficulty, assisted the man to rise. "I can't walk," he cried, holding the arm of his companion; "my limbs are quite gone: help me on, for mercy sake," and he grasped the arm of the man as well as he could, making a violent effort to do so. The man tried to shake him off, but Willis still held him, and then they fell together. "You shall not leave me," he said; and darting forward his head, he caught the man's clothes with his teeth, and for almost a minute, held him fast. In a fury of passion, the man at last struck him down, and rushed away. Willis began to moan and sob; but his grief was soon turned into muttered curses of revenge. For a considerable time Martha heard him endeavoring to rise up, but his efforts were all in vain; and now other persons approached. Willis uttered a low moan, and Martha ventured to lift up her head. She saw three men, only three—Woodman and his two sons; and she blessed GOD, that in his providence, the six ruffians had been led to hasten away, for had they stayed, they would have been more than a match for the Woodmans. Martha heard them speak; but it was evident they saw no one, for after looking about for a few minutes, they were passing on. Willis sat all the while under the stack perfectly motionless, for though the sky was now clear,

and star-lit, the shadow thrown by the hay-stack was even deeper than it had been. Martha rose up, and let the ladder fall heavily. The Woodmans came back from the gate, against which they had been leaning, to listen ; they had heard the sound of the ladder in the dead stillness of the air. One of them walked round the stack. "Holloa! —who are you?" he said, as he nearly stumbled over Willis. He opened a dark lantern that he had in his hand, and turning the light full in the man's face, "What! old Willis?" he cried, "why, I thought you were too ill even to leave your bed—your wife came to the parish officers only yesterday, for relief for you, and told a miserable tale about your helpless state." Martha was astonished at the readiness with which the man replied, in a whining voice, "Yes, indeed sir, indeed Mr. Woodman, I am very ill! very helpless! I cannot even raise myself for the life of me. I was just going a little way to see a friend, a dear sister, on the heath, over the downs, and we got a lift in a neighbor's cart, you see, at this early hour—this late hour, I mean. The cart, you see—the cart came up for some sacks of corn in the barn, here. Farmer King's an early man! not like one of the new school, Mr. Wood man! always manages to be early with his corn in the market; and we—that is, my wife and I, thought I might crawl, with her help, the rest of the way ; but I found I could not. I found how wrong it was to leave a comfortable bed, even to see a dying sister—a dying sister, Mr. Woodman! and as they set me down here—the carter did —and as I found I could not stir—she, that's my wife, hastened back to get another cart to carry me home again, if not to my sister's. I hope she'll be here soon, for I'm suffering fearfully from the damp; the hay is damp, you see, Mr. Woodman! and I've been asleep I suppose. Well! I hope—Mrs. Willis has been long enough! I hope

she'll come, for I shall perish here if she does not. Perhaps, however, one of you gentlemen would call and tell her how you found me; and that I'm waiting for her to bring some cart or other—or perhaps," he said, with a wheedling tone, "perhaps one, or both of you younger men, would give me an arm, and help me to get home, for I can't tell what is come to my mistress."

"Strange, indeed!" said George Woodman, (his brother and father were at the same time helping the wretched Willis to rise,) "have you seen nothing of Martha Firman?—of Mrs. Firman?" he inquired. "I? O no!" replied Willis instantly, in a lively voice. "What! have not you seen her?" "She is here, safe and well," said Martha, who had softly descended the ladder on the other side, and now came forward. "I am, blessed be God! unharmed; and you are preserved also, my dear friends. Had you been here half an hour ago, the number might have been too much for you."—At this moment, George Woodman was struck to the earth with a bludgeon, and a voice exclaimed, "Not so safe either!" while two men, James Baker, and Collier, rushed upon the elder Woodman and his son. They had stolen back to see if they could manage to get Willis home in safety, for they dreaded his tongue, and then they found the mistake made by their party in separating. At first they had thought of going back to their comrades, but they were strong and full of animal courage, and they dreaded losing the opportunity which now offered, in which they had at least a chance of getting the mastery, as they could rush upon the Woodmans unsuspected and unseen. Martha stopped for a few seconds, and looked around her. With her usual presence of mind, she saw at once that only two of the ruffians had come back. Hastening to George Woodman, she lifted him away in her arms, chafed his temples, loosened his

neckcloth, and all this in less than a minute. "Come, if possible," she said, and flew back to the encounter herself. She found the contest still doubtful; but soon the elder Woodman fell, and Collier (she knew him by his height, as being a remarkably short, thick-set man,) rushed down upon him. She hesitated no longer. Her strength was, perhaps, little inferior to that of any one present. By main force she dragged back the murderous man, and the elder Woodman being released, they succeeded, after a severe struggle, in mastering, and even binding Collier. In the mean time George had come to his brother's assistance, who had already proved an overmatch for Baker, and the two brothers secured the violent man. Leaving Willis in the farm-yard, the Woodmans and Martha set off instantly with their prisoners to Mr. Wentworth, who is a magistrate, and, notwithstanding the difficulty they had with them, they at last brought Baker and Collier to the Hall. A cart was then sent instantly for Willis. The instant he arrived, he entreated hard to have a private interview with the magistrate before any examinations were entered upon. The request was complied with. Soon after, the other four men were seized, and brought to Wentworth Hall, but they had arrived there some little time before the conference between Willis and Mr. Wentworth was over.

When the six prisoners were summoned to appear, the evidence against them was of course called. George Woodman bore witness to all he knew of the events of the night, so did his father and brother; but even to the astonishment of the prisoners, nothing could be proved against them, but a violent assault, (and that not on the king's high-way,) on the part of Baker and Collier, against the three Woodmans. There was abundant room for suspicion, but no evidence in law against the other five. "I

fear," said the magistrate, "though suspicion is very strong as to what was intended to have been done last night, if only from the half-dug open grave, which still remains in the farm-yard with the water of the pool there dammed up, that had I no further accusation against those four prisoners, I should be obliged to let them be held to bail and dismissed." He stopped a moment, and looked toward Martha. The countenance of the poor woman, which is usually without any expression, was now marked with such strong workings, that Mr. Wentworth said he had seldom seen deep grief more expressive, particularly when she began to speak. Her rough voice tremulous at first, but very slow, gradually became firm, and then its solemn slowness was almost awful. "I dare not trust myself," she said, "to look round upon one whose wickedness has almost broken my heart. No woman in her worst agonies of labor, has suffered, I think, even in bodily writhings, what I have suffered this last night; but were the sufferings of my body, or I may say, of my soul to be endured again—aye, again and again, so that I might save that young man even from the eyes of men, I would rejoice to bear them. But I am not to be led astray by any such weakness as mine would be were I to screen him. I would rather see him punished by the severe hand of the law here; even if mine were the only voice to witness against him, and to condemn him. I see that his heart is set upon one dreadful crime; nay, more perhaps than one, though one is enough to name. I speak, therefore, without reserve. I speak to save him from the crime of murder, the murder of one who has been almost as a mother to him, for he was brought to me when a babe, from his dead mother's breast; and he used to say his little prayer at my knee, and he has fondled me as a child does his mother, with his baby-arms round my neck,

and his mouth covering my lips with kisses. I have worked, slaved for him, hungered for him, passed many, many a sleepless night with him wailing in my arms. I have prayed for him. Blessed be God!" and here, as she spoke, her eyes and all her face was lighted up—"I *can* still pray for him, *do* still pray for him; and yet I stand here to accuse him.—I have yet hope for him; could I hope as I do now, had that murder been committed?" Here she stopped, and seemed to shudder, as if at the recollection of some dreadful things that she had lately witnessed. Some one came forward to support her. "No," she said calmly, "I am not used to fits or faintings. I shall be able to give my evidence presently, but I beg for a little water first, for my throat is dry, and my words seem stopped, and dry in my throat." Some water was brought her, but as she was about to speak, Mr. Wentworth stopped her. "My good friend," he said, "I have been considering deeply upon all I know, as to the evidence you can give. I think I am well aware how far it goes; and I relinquish it the more readily because though it goes to criminate deeply all the prisoners now present, little has been carried into effect that was evidently proposed against you, and I fear against Mr. George Woodman. However, I have full evidence that will convict and condemn all. Isaac Willis, at his own anxious demand, has given me that proof. I warned him as to what might possibly make his evidence useless to himself; in fact, I set before him the law on the subject. He still insisted on making a full confession of the doings of the present gang; and I have been for two hours, nay more, employed in writing down his confession, to which his mark, as he cannot write, has been affixed in the presence of proper witnesses. In this written account, three of the prisoners, (not James Baker among them," he said, turn-

ing his eye towards Martha Firman) "are accused of a murder committed lately, on an old man of large property at Haterleigh, in this county; and all are accused of housebreaking on several occasions in the neighborhood, within the last few months."

Willis, with all his cunning, had over-reached himself, and given evidence against his party. They could not otherwsie have received the sentence afterward pronounced against them. He had been as deeply implicated as any one else; but though it was evident to common sense, that he had been the prime plotter and contriver of every offence, he had managed, when the circumstances were related, to save himself from the last punishment of the law. It happened, however, that the wretched man was soon cut off, for he died in the car that was bearing him and several other prisoners to the transport-ship, in which he was to have been taken to New South Wales, his sentence being transportation for life.

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I had been, for some years, a minister in the Church of England. I was reading in an old copy of "Baxter's Reformed Pastor," when I found these words written in pencil on the margin of the book. The volume had been taken, with several others, from a trunk that was lying at a farm-house near Southbrook, left there on the last visit of my father to the Continent. The words were very few, but they were full of delightful assurance and comfort to me, after the opposition that had been made to my becoming a minister of CHRIST.

"It was ever my first wish and choice to take holy orders; but my honored father did not consent to my doing so. Still my heart often yearns to that holy and honorable profession. I do not like to put any con-

straint upon the wishes of my son Ernest, but were I to point out a path of happiness to him, I should say, 'Be a shepherd, even in the most secluded valley, to guide the sheep of the great Shepherd to the green pastures and still waters of spiritual peace. Seek not great things in a little and despicable world: they are but vanity and vexation of spirit. Do you consult my experience? Do you ask my advice? Lay aside the occupations of worldly ambition, and desire rather to be made the pastor of a few sheep in the wilderness.'"

I did not look for this; I could not have supposed that I should ever have received the approval of my departed father; but now, after years had passed away, his counsel, his recommendation, his approval, suddenly met my sight.

I knelt down with the book in my hands, to thank GOD that he had permitted me to be a servant in the sanctuary. I kissed the well-known handwriting of my honored father, and have since gone forward rejoicing with new joy.

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Doubtless we may hope that our prayers, when offered through the only way, JESUS the Mediator, will have their weight with our heavenly Father; but we have the comfort of knowing, that the strongest appeal which can be made, is made by our lost and wretched state, our exceeding sinfulness, our inability to feel and know our need of His mercies, or to ask for His favor. Man had not offered a single prayer, when the tender love of GOD moved the Godhead to unite in their counsel and in their performances. The same power which said, "Let us make man," the same wisdom which foresaw that man would be a sinner, the same love which said, "Let us save man," is now watching over us, and caring for us. And though prayer is the appointed means of man's obtaining the favor

of his God, yet the same mercy which saved before prayer was appointed, is ready to supply out of its own fulness, all that is imperfect in our prayers.

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O Lord, teach me to remember with a serious and lowly spirit, that I am come even into Thy presence, and let there be no thoughtlessness, no levity, no hardness of heart, no self-conceit within me now that I kneel down to pray. Fill my whole soul with a holy reverence of thy presence, and restrain me in every natural inclination which is contrary to thy will, that I may not be such a fool or such a wretch as to come before thee only to mock thee by my careless words. Lord, while I kneel before Thee, at least during that short season, make me in thought, in word and in spirit, Thine. How awful, that even when I seek Thee, I pray as one that prayeth not, praise Thee as one that praiseth not.

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Oh, blessed Lord! hear me now when sin is hateful to me, when I feel that I am thine in every desire; when thy servant is holy in heart and purpose. Hear me now, and grant that the prayers which I now humbly offer up, which are the ardent and sincere breathings of a contrite soul, of a spirit which is covered with shame and confusion at its past wickedness, and seems almost too weighed down by its shame and its pollution, to dare to rise and worship, to dare to hope. Let these prayers still linger in thine ears; still remain in thy presence when I am not as now, prostrate at thy feet, in all the anguish of a contrite spirit. Hear these prayers when my own natural infirmities, when the vain and sinful world have lifted me up to presumption and forgetfulness of Thee. When I join in the

laughter of fools, and stand up in the insolence of self-conceit: or when Satan hath flung a girdle of winning loveliness over the loathsome form of vice; when the mask is on her hideous features, and I am listening to her syren voice, hear the prayers I now offer. Hear me *then*, when I have neither the wish, nor the power to help myself. Hear me, for my Savior's sake, who hath been tempted like as we are, yet without sin.

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In my prayers I would simply *speak* to GOD. I remember how easily my words flow when I speak to man, and I would speak to GOD: making that difference, I hope, that I ought, between GOD and man. How often have I wearied myself, and wondered at my weariness in prayer. I do think because my thoughts and words have always had to undergo a sort of double process to become prayers, instead of using my common sense, and plainly speaking my natural feelings to the LORD. How often have I given advice to others, saying, "You have no difficulty in finding words when you speak to a fellow-creature; think of your wants, and simply lay them before GOD, and in that manner pray." But it is one thing to know this, and to feel it, and apply it, as, GOD be praised, I have at last been taught. I feel that no power but the SPIRIT Himself could so have cleared my perception, and enlightened my understanding, and so sanctified my natural faculties, as to make me practice as I have done, this simple *speaking* to GOD. Who would understand this that had not been taught to feel it? Persons would say, "Why, all this is plain, any one could understand it." They little know that the difficulty lies in the simplicity, in the very plainness of the duty.

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In praying for others, I have often found the enumerating so many names with thoughtful remembrance, wearying, till I thought within myself, what a comfort it was even to be able to call around me by the power of thought and memory, the absent objects of my love, many of whom I may not meet for many long, long years. What a delight to know, that I can follow them even to the most remote corners of the world, with a daily remembrance, with an unforgetting affection, and that, whatever they may be employed about at that time when they are summoned by memory before me, I am on my knees, praying to our heavenly and common Father for them all. Every day I see their dear faces as they rise before me, and one after one, I beg the blessing of GOD upon their heads. What can I do to serve them so well, as every day to add a humble claim to the many which every human being has upon the Father of Mercies, the blessed Mediator, the Sanctifier and Comforter, to add a humble claim for more mercy, and more pardon, and more holiness and peace to rest upon them.

*Do I go on?*

O LORD, teach me to ask myself, "Do I go on daily in the paths of holiness and peace?" Where am I, in the course of this earthly pilgrimage? Can I believe myself humbler, and holier, and happier, *to-day*, than I was *yesterday?* shall I have made any improvement to-morrow? will any fruit on the tree of my faith have been ripened with a ray of thy glorious light? Has any bud become a blossom? has any blossom turned to fruit? I can only tremble and weep as I inquire. Ah, LORD! it is not for me to say that I have advanced in holiness. It is only for me to seek to do so, to press forward. O LORD! I count not myself to have apprehended. O teach me to reach

forth to those things which are before me; to press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. My sinfulness is my *own*, and *his* who is the enemy to all human souls. My righteousness! I would not have it my own even if that were possible. O let it be felt deeply by me, that it is "of Thee," my Savior. (Isaiah liv. 17.) O bring me more and more entirely under the guidance of that power which worketh in thy children, both to will and to do of Thy good pleasure. O let me never strive to work out that work which thou hast given unto all of us to be employed about, even to work out our own salvation, without feeling that fear and trembling which is with *me*, my great safeguard against temptation. Every day teach me to pray for a clean heart. Oh, how natural is it, if we did but consider, that a clean heart should daily be required, and daily sought. Our outward man requires daily washings, or it becomes unclean and offensive even to ourselves; and can the inward man go on from day to day, without needing also its daily cleansings. Alas! the carnal and deceitful mind can perceive the one, and forget to notice the other. The outside of the cup and platter must be cleansed, but the vessel may daily become more defiled within, and man heedeth it not. O wash and cleanse me with thy Spirit! Sprinkle me daily with thy hyssop, and I shall be whiter than snow. Let me feel restless and polluted daily, till on my knees I have sought to be made "all glorious within," by thy Spirit. O my Savior, I come unto Thee; leave me not comfortless; sanctify me, purify me wholly in body, soul, and spirit.

One of my flock has spoken against me; how must I reconcile my spirit to what I would fain believe an undeserved reproach? perhaps I do not deserve it: deserve reproach, I certainly do. Could he but see my sinfulness, as thou GOD seest me, the reproaches of my enemy might then indeed be heavy.

O LORD, there is good in this, both to myself, and him who is an enemy to me. It has brought me on my knees the oftener, to pray for him; it has added the prayers of *another* individual to those prayers which are, I hope, offered up by his own friends for him. O my GOD, if my conduct has justly offended him in any point, pardon me, and do Thou change me in that point. If his malice or unkindness are chiefly at fault, change that disposition in him. If he has mistaken me in any thing, clear Thy minister, his shepherd, in his sight. Let not this be laid to his charge. Bless him with a softer heart, and a more kind and Christian spirit.

*Unwillingness to pray.*

The carnal mind is at enmity with GOD. Carnal and worldly thoughts came crowding thick upon me and I could not pray. Oh! if this were the beginning of the last hour I should live in time. Would not my fearful spirit sweep away at once the multitude of vain imaginations which now cumber my soul? Should I not perforce be fixed in every thought to one absorbing thought of judgment to come? Why should it not be so now? Why should this not be my last hour? O LORD, let it be as my last hour to me? Let me not quench the little light of thy Spirit which has struggled through my foolish thoughts to whisper what I now feel to my bewildered soul. O let my heart be ready. O let my heart be fixed. Awake up in thy splendor before me, my glory.

Fill all my soul with thy grace, Spirit of Heavenly love! Brood over the dark chaos of my soul, Spirit of peace! Say, Let there be light, and all will be light. Make my heart and mine eye single. Send Thy glory to this polluted temple. Come, O blessed JESUS, even with thy scourge, and drive away the thoughts of money changers and worldliness and sin; and teach in the temple of my body: I am too unworthy to ask this, but through Thy merits. But Thou dost never turn from the prayer of the poor destitute. Be in me, and let me be in Thee. Ah! LORD GOD, if I might but touch the hem of thy garment, I should be whole. Thy servant is not worthy that thou shouldst enter into His house. Speak but the word, and I shall be healed.

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I am very deficient in the arrangement of my time, and I have not sufficiently considered the right employment of it as a religious duty.—"Let every thing be done decently and in order." I must remember to make this a subject of daily prayer, and vigorous exertion. I am naturally averse to regular employment; my constitution seems to me lethargic and indisposed to constant active occupation.

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Thy glorious face is never turned from thy poor child; some grief may intervene and seem to hide it, even as some passing cloud will for a little time veil from our sight the radiant moon, yet still upon the heavens the orb is shining as before, and it never hides itself, the cloud alone is the cause of the darkness, and the cloud rises from the earth.

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Walking in the country on an autumnal day is like conversing with a friend whom we are about to lose, whose death we know to be near. Every falling leaf is like the last words of those who will soon speak to us no more.

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"This feeling of his own weakness was not weakness, but strength. For it comes not from our corruption that we feel our corruption, but from God's grace. Though God doth find many things in us that he likes not, yet he even loves and likes this thing in us, that we do dislike and loathe that in ourselves, which God dislikes."

*From Funeral Sermon on Lord William Russell.*

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The sin of Adam in stealing the apple, seems to me a picture to us of the small beginning by which sin works in my heart. That act of disobedience, which many look upon as a trifle, opened the gate by which the enemy came in like a flood upon the world. The temptation was slight, but principle to God was concerned. Ah! could we but remember this in our daily thoughts and doings. By what a trifle (as men deem it) sin entered the world; by what a slight beginning sin also enters the heart.

*Prayer.*

O! Lord, shut out the world from me, so that no thoughts may rise in my heart which are not a subject for prayer.

Give me grace to remember, bring now to my mind all those scriptures which are suited to my wants and temptations.

Let me be assured not only of Thy power, but of Thy willingness to grant what I pray for, but let the purport of my prayer be, "Thy will be done." O make that will my law in thought and word and deed.

O HOLY SPIRIT! take of the things of GOD and apply them to my soul.

O HOLY SPIRIT! accept my prayers and thanksgivings, and apply to them the purifying blood of CHRIST, and so washed and purified from the stains and defilements of my sinful lips, and of my corrupt heart, present them at the mercy seat of my Heavenly Father, the LORD GOD ALMIGHTY.

Should you rejoice to be rich in this way? Suppose if for an hour, nay I will say, a day, riches of every sort were to be poured down around you, the crown of a mighty monarchy placed upon your brow, the sceptre of dominion given to your grasp, and every pomp and pleasure, all that could gratify the sense and kindle the imagination of the natural man, were spread in lavish profusion about you—but only for a day—only one, single day.

Yet what on earth is ours by a more sure and certain right of tenure? Who that holds such possession of the things of time and sense can prove and keep them his: perhaps the moment he deems himself most possessed of them, they slip for ever away, and he finds the truth, though he chooses to despise the warning of that sentence. "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee!"

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It is a well-known fact, that the pagan system of religion among the wisest Heathens, was to leave the fables of the gods and goddesses for the poor and ignorant, while the higher classes deemed their religion as merely of political importance, and looked upon it with scorn.

It seems to me that our holy Gospel is considered in the same light by many who are reckoned wise men, and that they tolerate the Christian religion as being of some political use, but fit only to be despised by themselves.

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Some characters are mere walking dictionaries, they know nothing but words. Such is L——, what does he not know? but can he apply or make use of what he knows? No, his knowledge stands in his mind as the words do in a dictionary, in regular rows of letters and words useful as reference, nonsense if read one after the other; L——, is a dull companion; for who sits down to read a dictionary? we use it as a book of reference, and then throw it aside. The dullest book which is not a dictionary is preferable. "But, surely B—— is no human dictionary. He is full of quotation and anecdote!" Have you never seen the quarto edition of Johnson's dictionary, with the quotations given after every word? And is there nothing of the dictionary with the quotations given, about B——?

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The lowliness of the Christian is utterly different from the mean and grovelling lowness of those who live in the indulgence of any base or sordid gratification. It is a lowliness born of glorious parentage, growing, not like a sickly weed at the bottom of some dark and filthy dungeon, but rather like some fresh unnoticed herb upon a mountain's brow, cherished by the sun-beams and the free airs of heaven, and the pure and shining dew. It has no enjoyment in low and degrading attachments, but it delights to lean meekly and confidingly upon His love, who "dwelleth not only in the high and holy place, but with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive

the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones."

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I love sometimes, in prayer, to remember even the meanest stranger I have met on the public road, with whom, perhaps, I have not exchanged a word; or to be urgent in my intercessions for some common acquaintance for whom I have otherwise never felt any interest.

It is delightful to remain longer upon my bended knees, and to recal every individual to my thoughts, every individual without exception, seen during the past day, and to pray for them, then to go still farther, and pray for all connected with them, but unknown to me. It seems to me, that our love ought sometimes to take such extended sweeps as these, or rather such extended embracings. Is there one we would wish unsaved? How can we tell, but some for whom we prayed, were in a state to need the anxious prayers of all their brethren? What a safe act it is! Who is there that our prayers can injure? What a blessed act! Who is there our prayers may not benefit? I know there is no merit in a sinner's prayers; but I am sure my Heavenly Father will look down with tender forgiving approval upon those who love to bring him, as it were, many needy creatures like themselves, asking no blessings, no notice even, but for the sake of Him who died for the friendless and the vile, as much as for the happy and the holy.

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Baptist had a favorite dog that used to follow him every where, and was one of the most faithful and sagacious creatures I ever met with. He usually accompanied us to S——, and though the town is large, and was often

crowded, we never felt any fear of losing poor Sweetheart. At last, however, we lost him. His fidelity was not in fault, but we had every reason to believe he had been stolen.

The streets were unusually crowded on one of our walks to S——, and we did not miss the dog till after our return home. It was then too late to recover him, but I heard that he had been seen dragged along by some tramping beggars, with a muzzle on his mouth and his poor tail between his legs. Of course I gave him up for lost. Two or three years passed away, yet Sweetheart was not forgotten by either of my children. I often heard conversations between them, at which I could not resist smiling; for in the simplicity of their hearts, they always spoke of the great probability of recovering poor Sweetheart, and of bringing the thieves to justice.

During a visit that we paid to my brother and the Eresby family in London, Baptist and I were walking in one of the streets near Soho, when our path was stopped for a while by one of those crowds often collected in the streets when anything is to be seen or heard. I was pushing my way forward, but as I found Baptist was in no hurry, I also stopped. A man was turning the handle of an organ, and puffing and blowing with a rapidly moving chin at the pan-pipes that were stuck just below within his waistcoat, and in the midst of a circle that had been cleared by the mob were two dogs dancing. One was attired as a lady, in a petticoat of scarlet cloth ornamented with tarnished spangles, and a cap and feather; the other as a soldier, with a cocked hat, and a very short-waisted jacket of blue cloth, faced with red, and a pair of pantaloons, through the back of which, his tail turned up. While the organ was playing the dance continued, but when it stopped, the dog in the soldier's dress took what

seemed to be the crown of an old beaver hat cut into a sort of shallow dish from the organ-man, and holding it in his mouth, went round the crowd to beg. A few half-pence were thrown into it. The dog came up to Baptist, who had managed to get among the foremost within the circle. He also put some half-pence into the hat, and as he did so, said poor fellow! poor fellow! The first sound of his voice had a magical effect on the dog, the hat and its contents dropped at once, and with a short joyful bark, the poor little disguised dog leaped upon him and licked his hand, and seemed unable to express with sufficient liveliness the joy he felt. "Father," cried the boy, in a loud voice; "It is my dog, my own lost faithful Sweetheart, and he knows me, 'tis my dog that was stolen by the trampers at S——." The organ-man came forward to seize the dog, but Sweetheart—for it was indeed the very lost Sweetheart—snarled and growled, and even snapped at the man. "He is my own dog," said Baptist, stooping down and caressing poor Sweetheart, "indeed he is, and no one shall take him away from me. Judge between us," said the boy, with an energy that surprised me, turning and appealing to the mob, but holding Sweetheart fast under his arm all the while. The by-standers seemed almost as much interested as we were in all that passed, and many of them came between the angry man (who seemed still determined to seize the dog) and Baptist. Indeed, the fellow had slung his organ behind him, and was coming forward with a small whip that he produced from his pocket, the sight of which seemed to dash at once all the spirit of poor Sweetheart. After much expostulation, and some threats, and at last on the offer of a piece of gold, the man seemed to think that his best plan was to give up the dog, and the whip was pocketed again, while Baptist released his old favorite from his military attire.

Once, several years after, Sweetheart was missed by his young master at Oxford, and on turning the corner of the street to seek him (which he did instantly) he found the dog on his hind legs, turning round and round, and making a sort of slow pirouette before an old man, who was very slowly grinding an organ.

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Baptist is ill—very ill. He came home from Oxford with a cold, at least we thought it no more. I find that on his journey he was put in a damp bed at W——, and that he rose with aches and stiffness in all his limbs the next morning. However, he endeavored to shake off the illness that seemed to have seized him, and did not like, in his joy at seeing us all and returning to Kirkstone, to say much about what he felt. Martin Wheler, my excellent servant first suspected how ill he was on going to his chamber the morning after his return home.

I cannot say the state of stupefied agony in which I first heard the opinion of the medical man who came to visit Baptist. He begged that he might call in a physician, and Dr. L——, whom we were slightly acquainted with, came with him the next day. They soothed and pleased me, by the deep interest they seemed to take in my poor boy; but after asking him a few questions, they begged to be allowed to retire into an adjoining room, that they might consult together. They remained away a long time, so long a time that at last I determined to go to them to see if anything had happened to detain them. When I reached the door, I stopped a moment, they were speaking in tones of deep loud earnestness !—they were evidently not agreed. I thought it better to wait, as my appearance just then might be unpleasant. I did not wish to let them see me a witness of their not agreeing

"I am convinced there can be but one safe way," said the apothecary, (I listened more attentively,) "such corruptions must be cut off," (his phraseology might be accounted for by his profession.) "Cut off!"—"corruptions!" I said to myself, with horror. I knew not of any such disease about my darling boy. What horrid operation do they meditate? The physician continued. "I tell you, my good sir, I decidedly differ from you; the ministers are very right. I had a letter the other day from my friend, Mr. Shorter; he is at the chancery bar, and he tells me that the king will certainly give up the point—that Mr. P—— was with him three hours and" * * * *

"This then," said I to myself, "is the anxiety of these gentlemen! this is the deep consideration of my poor son's case!" I withdrew softly and instantly, sick at heart at what some might call very natural, but what seemed very heartless to me. They soon after entered with the same long faces they wore on leaving the room. "Your son, my dear sir," said the physician, (Baptist and his mother had left the room,) "your son is, I am grieved to say, in a state of great danger, we have considered his case long and attentively, and I heartily wish we had better news to give you. My dear sir, you must prepare to lose him."—

After years of calm domestic happiness, the storm has burst upon us. Ah! now I find it is one thing to talk of sorrow, and another thing to be almost overwhelmed by it. Still I am not to walk by sight, but by faith. I am to look with the adoring gaze of faith upon things not seen, and not upon things that are seen; for the things that are seen are temporal, but the things that are not seen are eternal. It hath pleased thee, LORD, to take from me my first-born child, my son. 'Tis no dream: he, that for the last twenty years was my companion, my sweet

familiar friend, is departed. Well! my answer must be—"It is well!" I know it is; and by and by, I shall be enabled to feel it. I must not repine. Are others to be sufferers by death and grief, and am I to be exempt? Are the sheep of the flock to suffer, and shall not their shepherd suffer also. I will rather rejoice that he was so long lent to me; and thank GOD, thank GOD, I have returned him.—To GOD alone be the glory!—I have returned him as far as human knowledge can say, 'washed,' sanctified, justified. The thought of his child-like love to me and to his mother, even to the last, how exquisitely tender, but how agonizing it is. His arms round my neck: his blessed patient head on my bosom; the smile from under those heavy eye-lids, so languidly fixed upon my face; and then***** Why do I talk of him as dead? I might write on his tomb—"Gone before." He departed: he did not die. The second death hath no power over him. He is gone to live and reign in glory. I remember a letter of Jeremy Taylor's, in which, when speaking consolation to a friend, he asks him, if he would have been very mournful had his child been called to reign as a great prince in some foreign land on earth? Shall we grieve when the inheritance and the kingdom are not earthly but heavenly?

While we sat in the chamber of death, and the sound of weeping was heard on every side, I could not help thinking of those lines that occurred to me when my child sat wailing on his mother's knee.

Then I little thought that I should survive him, to see them again exemplified in the same beloved child.

"On parent's knee, a naked, new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st, while all around thee smil'd:
So live, that sinking to thy last long sleep,
Calm thou may'st smile, while all around thee weep."

To my astonishment, she who I thought would have sunk at once under the blow, rose up from her grief to comfort me. She pointed to the expression of beautiful and almost holy peace which remained upon the lifeless face; the same thought had risen in her mind: "Calm thou may'st smile," she said, "while all around thee weep." "How much have we to bless GOD for! If it were possible to receive him back to that pallid form, after GOD has declared his will in taking him; if he is with the Savior whom he loved on earth, I am sure you think as I do, it would be wrong to murmur, wrong to wish him even in our arms again. He will not return to us, but we shall go to him."

Her wretchedness during the illness of her son, and the trembling anxiety with which she watched every look of his, and started at the sound of his deep hollow cough, led me to expect that she would have been even worse after his departure.

How well I remember one night, not long before he was called away, I was sitting up with Baptist, and she had left the room some time before, at his desire; he had entreated her to take a few hours' rest, and she was obliged to retire to please and quiet him. Not a sound was to be heard in the perfect stillness of the house, and I began to hope that my poor Una was in a quiet sleep.

About three o'clock in the morning, the door of the room, which was not shut, opened more widely, and Una glided into the room, glided I may well say, for the noiseless footfall with which she entered was not heard by the quick ear of my suffering child, who was at that time disturbed by the faintest sound. My first impulse was to rise and go to her, and entreat her to retire to rest; but I had not the heart to do so when I saw her raise her hands as if in prayer to me, and beheld by the lamp-light, a look of

such meek and piteous wretchedness appealing to me, and imploring me to let her remain. Pale and thin, and changed she was indeed, in the short time that had passed since the return of Baptist, and though I was miserable at permitting her to stay, looking so ill and worn out as she did, it would almost have broken my heart to have prevented her from remaining.

She sat motionless, with neither grief nor hope nor any other expression but that of lost thought and lost feeling on her face; and when daylight had fully dawned, she rose up and departed as noiselessly as she had entered. I followed her to her chamber, and there I found her in the same lost state, sitting near the door, on the first chair she found, the door open, and when I spoke to her, and drew her to my bosom, she shivered, and her hands and cheek were very cold. However, she awoke up at the sound of my voice, and threw her arms round me, and wept long on my bosom, and blessed me and said, "Oh! you are indeed kind, my Ernest! so very kind! How happy you have made me! Perhaps another night, and there will be only a cold, cold corpse in my child's chamber;—but then," she added, seeing how sorrowful I was, "then his spirit—himself my Ernest—he will be in those blessed abodes, where the weary are at rest."

We prayed together, and I returned to Baptist. My poor wife consented to go to bed.

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My sweet Una soon recovered her cheerfulness, at least, a resignation so full of hope, that it might be almost called cheerfulness. She was always making some exertion to win me from my deep sorrow; and she neglected no employment, no effort to fulfil as before all the duties of her calling. I thought her resignation extraordinary; and

had I not seen that every thought and feeling was evidently referred to the only spring of peace and happiness, I should have been almost displeased to see her so soon reconciled to our loss. How little did I know the struggle that went on within or the sacrifice that was so soon to be paid for such extraordinary exertion. The slight and delicate frame was gradually sinking, and it gave way at last. Yet to the last, the spirit was at peace, resigned, cheerful, nay, rejoicing through faith and in hope. "We shall meet again," she said, as, placing her little wasted hand in mine, she closed her eyes, I thought, even then, only in sleep, and a smile played round her lips. "You have always taught me, Ernest, that we must walk by faith, and not by sight. I have learnt the sweet but once difficult lesson. I see that path of faith opening up to glory now —now it is like the shining light that shineth on toward the perfect day."

I cannot write more about this.—O LORD! thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. I cannot write more.—I would rather lie prostrate and silent in the dust. Thou hast cut off the desire of mine eyes with a stroke. Thy rod, as well as thy staff, it comforteth me—I will kiss it. I am sure that Thou art love.

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This morning, the first after my loss, when kneeling at my regular morning prayers, I was surprised into a burst of agony by the simplest occurrence. Among the names of many loved ones, and among the foremost of those names, my thoughts and lips from a long sweet usage rested on two names, belonging now not to disembodied spirits, but to the realm of memory. I rose from my knees comforted and resigned, for I do not sorrow, blessed be GOD! as one without hope.

There is no inscription but this on the one grave-stone which marks the spot where the bodies of the two beloved rest in hope. It is written under their names, and the date of their departure.

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"They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided."

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Mr. Singleton's narrative breaks off here.

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"My mistress will be glad to see you in her dressing-room." Mr. Singleton was shown into a small sitting-room, very plainly furnished, so plainly, that he was struck with the absence of all those ornaments which are so common in a lady's boudoir. Helen sprung up to meet him with eager and affectionate delight: she had become extremely thin and delicate, and was evidently much affected. He could not then guess on what account. She was sitting on a low sofa, and her little girl was with her. "I wished so very much to see you, dear Ernest," said she, "and almost at the wish you appear." "Mother," whispered her little girl, "may I stay up a little longer to-night?" and then she looked round and smiled on him. "Not to-night," replied Helen, stroking down the bright hair of the little girl, and kissing her clear open forehead. "You may kneel down to your evening prayer, Fanny. Do not go, Ernest," she said, as he rose up.—"We need not ask your uncle to leave us while you pray, as he is a minister of God." However, he took up a little Bible which lay open on the table, for Fanny had been reading in it to her mother, and retired to another end of

the room. He was much gratified by the way in which the little girl prayed, according to a plan he had recommended to Helen, he heard her say, "Well, my Fanny, what particular grace do you feel your need of to-day?"

"Humility, mother." "Well, then, will you not ask for the meek and lowly spirit of our blessed LORD?" She did not pray by rote, or according to any set form; she tried to recollect the particular faults, as well as the general faultiness of the day, and then the confession of that faultiness in untutored words followed; prayer and praise were preceded by the same quiet self-recollection, so that the child, on rising up, found that she had not been performing a dull, unsatisfying duty. When she came to words that were, however, often repeated, and never by rote, "Pray, bless my dear father—" Helen gently and quietly knelt beside her—

"Now, Ernest," said Lady Helen, after the door had closed upon the child, and she spoke in a voice faint from agitation and alarm, "Read this note," (she had kept it in her hand all the time.) "Here is the envelope," (she took it from the table,) directed and meant for me, but the note intended for me has been sent as I conclude, by a most providential mistake in the other envelope, while this was intended for I know not whom. Still you see its fearful purport, and you will tell me what we can do." How wretched she looked. Mr. Singleton had thought her looking pale and unwell as he entered, and he found afterwards, that she had long been so; but now, the state of nervous alarm in which she was, the expression of wildness that he had observed was accounted for. The note was this: the acceptance of a challenge to fight a duel on the following morning, in the handwriting of her husband; and it concluded with these words, "according

to the time and place appointed—" not stating particulars, name, or date, but referring to the note before received.

"Do you know where this note was written?" he inquired. "In his dressing-room, not an hour ago," she said. "I am told that he wrote two letters, one of which he took with him, telling his servant to join him as usual —but I know not where—unless at—" here she hesitated "the other he left for me." "I should like to go to his dressing-room," he said; "on such an occasion as the present, I should not scruple to search for that other note."

The contrast of Colonel Singleton's dressing-room to that of Lady Helen's was striking. Poor Charles had indeed thought too much of himself.

The toilet was covered with the ornaments and baubles of a dressing-case; some of silver, not a few of gold. On the table was a row of superb snuff-boxes, all indicated no common extravagance and profusion of expense.

Charles and Helen were not then residing in Grosvenor Square; the former having quarrelled with the Marquis of Eresby, they were living in a small house of their own in Spring-gardens.

The room may be seen to this day, in which Mr. Singleton found his brother. Colonel Singleton, better known in these pages as Charley, showed that room, or I may say, the suite of rooms to me, not many months ago. The door of a small private house in Pall Mall was the entrance to these halls of splendid wretchedness, and beyond them two passages communicated with several houses in some of the back streets, now pulled down, but then leading into the Haymarket. The rooms were then magnificently fitted up, the furniture was very costly, and every thing seemed calculated to hide, even from the constant inmates of those rooms, the purpose to which they were devoted.

The walls were covered with mirrors and paintings. One thing alone was remarkable, there were no windows, except in the ceiling, and those of ground glass. We could not imagine how Mr. Singleton gained an entrance into a gambling-house. He told me once, when describing a gambling-house that he had been in, (he made no allusion to his brother,) that he was most struck with finding that the men whom he saw had so little the look of gamblers, that many of them were high-bred young men, with a careless unconcerned manner, utterly at variance with their real feelings within.

Mr. Singleton, on entering, went up straight to his brother, who was engaged in play, and requested a private interview with him. "It is not possible," exclaimed a young man, who was sitting at the same table with him. "It must be possible," he replied calmly, and soon after the brothers retired. "I come," said Mr. Singleton, "to stop if possible, a duel which you mean to fight to-morrow morning." His brother was thrown off his guard. "It cannot be stopped," he said, and then recovering himself, he said with a careless look, and even with a smile, "but my good fellow, who in the world told you any thing about a duel?" "Circumstances sometimes occur in real day life," replied Mr. Singleton, "that would seem improbable in a novel. One of such circumstances has happened to-day. You wrote two notes in your dressing-room, and perhaps, Charles! though you may not like to confess it now, perhaps you were agitated and confused when writing them. But true enough it is, that the note to your antagonist has been sent by you in an envelope, to your wife, and the former has doubtless received the note intended for Lady Helen. I found her this evening in a state of terror and anxiety that I cannot describe to you. She will not only have to receive perhaps a corpse, perhaps a mur-

derer to-morrow morning, but all this dreary night she is suffering agonies, the agonies of doubt, suspense, and of what is far worse, a deep conviction that guilt and blood will be on the head of her beloved husband, or that he will be hurried away to the judgment bar of One whose mercy he has disregarded and despised." Charles answered nothing, but felt quite confounded, and smiting his forehead, muttered to himself, "Dolt, fool that I was, not to avoid such a mistake!" "I entreat you," said his brother, "to endeavor to see all this in its proper light. The mistake is to be blessed, instead of cursed. It is the means used by the wise and merciful One, to save you from guilt and misery. You might have perished without again seeing your wife, your children, and me, the friend of your whole life." He did not reply at once, but after a long pause, he came up to his brother (he had been pacing the room in silence and thoughtfulness.) "My own kind Ernest," he said, and the tears were in his eyes, "I see at once that you are right; I have known all the time that I am wrong. I have been rushing into sin with my eyes wide open; but I am sorry to say, the thing cannot be avoided: the duel must be fought." "What is it grounded on?" asked his brother. "Insults and insolence most insufferable." "Must blood be paid as the price of the mere insolence of man to man?" "No, no," replied Charles; "we all know that we would willingly not have blood: but society could not exist in any right state, if men were not obliged to be guarded in their words, if such impertinence as that I complain of were to pass unnoticed." "Society," said Mr. Singleton, "what society do you speak of, Charles?" "The society of gentlemen." "The gentlemen, then," said the other very gravely, "set aside the higher calling of Christians!" "My dear brother," said Charles, laying his hand on the arm of his brother, "I

am no hand at arguing. I have no reasons and words to match you parsons with, I am well aware of that; 'tis all very right in you to cry shame, and sin too upon duels and duellists: you ought to do so. But we men of the world, we must follow other rules; and as I told you, he that moves in the society of gentlemen and soldiers, is disgraced if he refuses to fight a duel. Now, I own to you, I decidedly disapprove of duels when I think upon you and my father, and your odd, but right notions; but I tell you very plainly, I should be set down and scouted as a coward, if I were to hang back in this instance." "And you are afraid of being set down as a coward?" "I am!" "And so you yield to one kind of fear, to avoid another. Do not mistake me. I do not wish to use the common cant of those who attack duellists and say, that the man who fights a duel, is a greater coward than he who fears to fight. I think and allow that the man who fights a duel is in one sense very brave, horribly brave; brave passively, and brave in daring action. He bears all the inward tumults, and all the heart-sicknesses of waiting hour after hour, with one thought lying like a lump of lead upon his heart. I am perhaps looking for the last time, (he thinks to himself,) on all this busy world, on the faces of those I love. His memory runs back with him during the whole course of a life marked with many delights, many calls for thankfulness, many, many mercies, which are perhaps about to be blotted out in blood, at least till he wakes in that place, which if he thinks at all, he must also fear to visit, the place where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched. He braves also all the active preparation for the encounter, he composes a countenance paled by reflection, into a sort of stern cheerfulness: he calls up all the mere physical man within him, and steadies limbs and a frame that are, at least, naturally disposed to tremble.

He takes in a hand so steadied, the murderous pistol, and opposes a breast so steadied, to a murderous fire. All this calls for courage, and a sort of courage is found for it; and not merely physical courage, but mental also; for after all, if only the pain of the wound was to be encountered, I don't see what there would be so very dreadful to the physical man in a duel. I dare say it is more painful to the bodily senses, to have a double tooth wrenched out."

Here he paused, and then taking the hand of his brother, and looking in his face with a look, grave, and yet affectionate beyond all description, he said, "My own brother, my younger brother, it is not by the cant of any of those arguments that are commonly brought forward against duelling, that I entreat you to stop. We must not talk of the constitution of society; we must not stumble at any notions of expediency.—Are we professed Christians, or are we not! that is the simple question. We must give up every claim, even to the mere name of Christian, or to any, the least outward privileges of a Christian, if we openly and daringly set ourselves against one of the plainest of God's laws. And as for the constitution of society, or any notion whatever of expediency, they all fall at once to the ground. Men in this christian country are professed Christians, or they are not. If they are not professed Christians, they may defend duelling; if they are professed Christians, there is nothing to be said, they cannot defend duelling according to the plain rules of common sense, and common honesty; but habit, and the foolish laws of society are apt to set aside and supersede both honesty and common sense."

"It is all true," said Charles, who had listened attentively to every word his brother spoke. "And you will give up this senseless duel, Charley! You will dare to be

called a coward, rather than break Helen's heart and mine, and destroy your own soul."

"It is all true, and yet I must and will fight," said Charles, bursting into loud and convulsive weeping as he spoke. "I wish to die—to be cut off from this hateful life. I would rather be brought home a corpse to my Helen and give her a burst of grief at once, than go on as I do, making her daily more miserable, and becoming daily more guilty. I shall break your hearts at last I know. I shall destroy my own soul at last. I'd better die now before I get worse, for worse I must get." "You may live to repent, my brother," said Ernest. "You might be cut off to perish eternally."

At last the entreaties of Ernest prevailed: Charles made the promise his brother required. "Go to my wife," he said, "and tell her not to fear; I will be at home in an hour." Ernest, however, determined not to leave his brother till he had seen him with Lady Helen. "I will sit down to write to the man I was to meet," said Charles. "I will explain all the mistake about the notes, and—" "And you will tell him that you decline fighting. and wish to be his friend." Charles hesitated, but at last, he said, "I will. I have said I would; indeed I will." Ernest was, after all, still uneasy, for he found that his brother still made several propositions to persuade him to go first to Lady Helen. All these were over-ruled; Charles wrote his note, and as they went down stairs, he said to one of the waiters, "Is my servant here?" "He is, sir." "I want him to take a note for me," he added, "You may call him, or, no—I will go with you, and speak to him myself: he is in the farther lobby, I suppose." "He is, sir." "Wait a minute, Ernest. Step into this room near the door. I will be with you directly." Ernest waited several minutes—half an hour—an hour.

Charles did not return. He rang violently. The same waiter came. "Where is Colonel Singleton?" "Colonel Singleton, sir: is he not here? I will go and inquire." He returned; "Colonel Singleton, sir, is not within." "Not within! why I have been standing here before the open door of this room the last hour, and he has not passed; I am quite certain he is within; I insist on seeing him." "You can look for him yourself, sir, if you please," said the waiter coolly, "but I am sure he is not in this house. One of the servants saw him speaking to a gentleman, who came in about an hour and a half ago, and they went out arm in arm together by one of the other entrances. You did not know, perhaps, that there were other entrances." Charles did not return. Ernest and Lady Helen passed the night in a state of agonizing suspense, the burden of which they could only remove by continual prayer. They were watching together when the gray morning began to dawn, and one hour, two hours after. At last a carriage drove up furiously, and a loud knocking was heard at the door. Charles appeared, gay, laughing, springing forward to meet them. They forgot the strangeness and levity of his manner at first in the joy of meeting him. "Well," said Ernest at length, "this duel! You have got rid of it altogether." Helen raised her head from her husband's shoulder, and looked with tender earnestness in his face. "I have indeed got rid of it altogether," and he laughed. "We fought this morning, and by a strange good luck, we were both untouched, and are now as good friends as ever." Helen withdrew her hands, and covered her face with them both. "Dear Helen, what's the matter: are you not glad to see me safe?" "I am indeed; a whole life devoted to God could not tell him half my gratitude." "But what *is* the matter, and with you, too, Ernest; you look as grave as you did last night?" "Be-

cause," said Ernest, "though your life is safe, your sin is the same. As far as you are concerned, all is as bad as if blood was on that hand, or that now healthy frame had been brought in lifeless. Our hearts may overflow with gratitude, as waters set free from the ice of winter, but we must mourn and lament the sin of one who is, I fear, not only unstable as water, but who has joined himself to those whose feet are swift to shed blood." "And my brother was very right in his judgment of me," said Colonel Singleton. "I was never more careless, nor more full of levity than on that morning—for months, nay years, that levity continued. It is now, I hope, put to shame, and my whole soul has been humbled and sobered within me."

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Many parts of Mr. Singleton's history, which reflected the greatest credit on his character, or, he would have said, show the effect of God's grace in his unworthy creature, are scarcely glanced at in the papers before me. It would not be possible indeed for me to give a detailed history of his life.

Indeed, I became acquainted with him at a late period, and knew little of his early history, beyond what he has written in these papers. One circumstance, however, is so much a part of his history, that if I do not give some explanation, the memoir of his life, imperfect as it must still remain, would be unintelligible. The only account he gives of this portion of his life, is a careless mention of a change of circumstances.

And here, I might as well mention, that he came first of all a curate to the parish of Kirkstone; but the incumbent, a son-in-law of Mr. Wentworth's, coming into the possession of a large fortune, gave up the living, and then Mr. Wentworth, in whose gift it was, presented it to my

venerable friend. This took place a few years after the marriage of his sister Lisa to Mr. Wentworth's son. Not long after the death of the two beings so tenderly beloved by Mr. Singleton, his daughter Lisa received a message from him, as she was waiting his appearance in the breakfast-room. He sent Martin to request that she would assemble the servants to family prayers, and read and pray that morning in his place.—He begged also that she would breakfast for once without him, and come to him as soon after as she pleased. "He desired me to tell you," continued Martin, "that he is not ill, but finds it necessary to be alone with his God for a short time." "Has any one been with him this morning? has anything happened?" inquired Lisa.—"Has he received any letter?" "He had a letter brought him by the post," replied Martin, "Nay, there were several letters, but I was not with my master at the time he opened them. When he sent that message, he was standing with his back towards me, turning over the leaves of his large Bible, and I thought his hand seemed to shake a little, and to make a rustling with the book, but his voice though low, was very calm."

Lisa obeyed her father's request; she did not go up to him till after the breakfast things were removed. She found that the door of his study was bolted from within when she was about to enter, but at the sound of her voice, he opened it immediately. She guessed, from a slight mark of dust upon his knees, that he had been kneeling in prayer; and his countenance, calm as it then was, betrayed that he had been suffering from some deep and recent trial.

"I have often suffered, and suffered very lately," he said, at length, "and perhaps on that account I feel a little broken now. My heart is very heavy, dear child, for I think I can bear any thing better than sin in those I love,

and that, alas! that," he exclaimed solemnly, yet with a look of vacancy, "I have been called upon to suffer very lately, and must suffer now, though not without strong cries for pardon and grace for my dear and guilty one." He put a packet of letters into her hands. "Poor Charles," he said, "how I pity him; after all his promises, still to go on in this wicked infatuation. I see how it is; he has returned to his habits of gambling." The letters were from the lawyer of a man, another gambler, I believe, to whom Colonel Singleton had lost a large sum of money. The bills were drawn on Mr. Singleton, and they were little short of fraudulent. Indeed, it was evident, that the claim must be acknowledged and satisfied, or the character of his brother lost.

By the next post, came a letter from Colonel Singleton, full of self accusation, but giving a miserable account of his affairs. An execution was in his house, and he was in the King's Bench.

Mr. Singleton had no disposable fortune, but the proceeds of his living, for the little property he inherited from his parents, had been settled at his marriage upon his wife, to revert after her death to his children. Lisa, who was now the sole inheritor, offered to give up the whole towards discharging the claim, but this Mr. Singleton positively forbad. The Eresby family had already advanced large sums, but were no longer on terms with Colonel Singleton. It was found, also, that he had a second time sold his commission. His brother saw but one way of assisting him; and silently and secretly he set to work to do so. He at once made arrangements for giving up the income of his living into the hands of trustees, reserving for himself only the salary of a curate. The whole of what remained was to be paid towards discharging the debt of Colonel Singleton.

It was soon known in the neighborhood that a change was about to take place in the establishment of Mr Singleton. The dismissal of several servants, and the printed bills and catalogues of the furniture, books, and live and dead stock at Kirkstone Rectory, affixed to the doors of the principal inns of the neighborhood, and on the walls and palings, set the whole neighborhood, wondering to what cause such events were attributed. Many of the friends of Mr. Singleton called on him to ask for some explanation, and to offer to assist him in his difficulties. He begged to be excused declaring the cause of his difficulties, and said, that he believed he was adopting the only practicable way of removing them. He declined receiving assistance in money, which he should not be able to repay; and he told them, that after the inconvenience, and the little unpleasantness of the sale, &c., were over, he had no doubt that Lisa and himself would be as happy as ever: "And we were as happy, nay, much happier than before," said Lisa. "He had been always kind, his society always delightful to me, but at times, after the death of my mother and Baptist, I had seen him lay down his book, or his pen, and sink into a fit of melancholy abstraction; or I had heard a very deep sigh steal unconsciously from his lips; but when our days of privation began, he became cheerful, and even gay. He would often rise up to perform some little attention to me, with such an elegant courteousness, that I could hardly believe I was his daughter, and accustomed, when we had many servants, to wait upon him." He even gave up the constant habit of retiring to his study, except when his daughter could spend her morning with him there. In short, he not only did every thing in his power to prevent her feeling their change of circumstances, but he endea-

vored to prove to her, that he himself was not affected by the change.

There was a sale at the rectory. Every thing that could be spared was sold: the carriage and horses, the furniture of the chief rooms, the valuable library of books, all was sold but a few volumes which, as a minister of religion, Mr. Singleton could not well do without, and even these he had decided to part with. He said that if they went, he should never look into any book but the Bible, and that a necessity of opening no other book would be both sweet and blessed to him. Lisa knew, however, that he had long laid aside the *study* of any book but the Bible, and her playful threat to be for once disobedient, and spend all her pocket-money in buying his favorite works, induced him to consent that they should not be put into the sale. Several of his friends, however, who attended the sale for that purpose, bought all the books he valued most, and those pictures and pieces of furniture which they said it would grieve them to see taken away from the rectory in his lifetime. On his return home, after the sale, having passed the week at Wentworth Hall, he found his study almost as he left it; and all the furniture that was really needed for the comfort of his daughter and himself—much more than they had thought necessary. "We have much to be grateful for," he said: "I did not expect—I did not wish to find all this. However, I will receive the bounty of my kind, my indulgent friends, and with as much gladness as they have given." There was, indeed, no gloom about the rectory. It seemed with Mr. Singleton, throughout the whole course of his life, as if no earthly troubles could ever keep down, for more than a short time, his determination to be happy—but he possessed that peace which the world can-

not give, that hope which maketh not ashamed, that joy with which the stranger intermeddleth not.

Some years after Mr. Singleton had given up the proceeds of his living to pay the claim of his brother, his cousin, the Marquis of Eresby, having succeeded his father, who died at an advanced age, offered him the two family livings which his uncle had accused him of looking forward to. With little or no hesitation he declined them. "I wish to end my days," he said, "in this beloved spot. I wish to finish my course among my children," for so he often called his parishioners. "It has taken many years for us to understand one another. Many of my plans for their true happiness are now taking effect. When God, who has graciously blessed me in them, and perhaps I may say, them in me; when God calls me to another place (I do not mean to another earthly parish,) I must depart, but not, I trust, till then." It was against his principles, also, to hold two livings, or indeed to hold any, (when health permitted a residence,) where he should not reside. The instructions of the good pastor became more valuable to his flock as he advanced in years. It is a homely comparison, but as it is said that all the cream is in the last drops that are pressed in milking from the udder of the cow, so it might have been said of him, that the sincere milk of the word which flowed from his lips was blessed with an increasing richness of spiritual unction, as he drew near the finishing of his course, and the time of his departure was at hand.

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Soon after he had declined accepting the two livings I spoke of, I find among his papers these remarks; "We must not trust to uncertain riches. If I had accepted those livings, I could have done so only to improve my

worldly riches, I might have been trifling with the spiritual interests of my children and myself. How I love that fine passage in Baxter's Reformed Pastor:

"'I seldom see ministers strive so furiously who shall go first to a poor man's cottage, to teach him and his family the way to heaven; or who shall first endeavor the conversion of a sinner, or first become the servant of all! Strange, that notwithstanding all the plain expressions of CHRIST, men will not understand the nature of their office! If they did, would they strive who should be the pastor of a whole county and more, when there are so many thousand poor sinners in it that cry for help; and they are neither able nor willing to engage for their relief? Nay, when they can patiently live in the house with profane persons, and not follow them seriously and incessantly for their conversion! And that they would have the name and honor of the work of a county, who are unable to do all the work of a parish, when the honor is but the appendage of the work! Is it names and honor, or the work and end that they desire? Oh! if they would faithfully, humbly, and self-denyingly, lay out themselves for CHRIST and his Church, and never think of titles and reputations, they should then have honor whether they would or not; but by gaping after it they lose it: for this is the case of virtue's shadow! 'Quod sequitur fugio, quod fugit ipse sequor.'

"'What an excellent privilege is it, to live in studying and preaching CHRIST!—to be continually searching into his mysteries or feeding on them!—to be daily employed in the consideration of the blessed nature, works, and ways of GOD! Others are glad of the leisure of the Lord's day, and now and then of an hour besides, when they can lay hold upon it. But *we* may keep a continual sabbath. We may do almost nothing else, but study and

talk of God and glory, and engage in acts of prayer and praise, and drink in his sacred saving truths. Our employment is all high and spiritual. Whether we be alone or in company, our business is for another world. O that our hearts were more turned to this work! What a blessed, joyful life, should we then live! How pleasant the pulpit! and what delight would our conference about spiritual and eternal things afford us! To live among such excellent helps as our libraries afford—to have so many silent, wise companions, whenever we please—all these, and many other similar privileges of the ministry bespeak our unwearied diligence in the work.'"

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Often in my seasons of deep distress have I comforted myself with these words: "If there be therefore any consolation in Christ, if any comfort of love, if any fellowship of the spirit, if any bowels and mercies." (Phil. ii. 1.) O blessed words! *If* there be any consolation! Can I dare doubt the word of Truth? Rebellious, presumptuous, thankless creature that I am! If there be *any!*

Oh! what a tender strain of most persuasive appealing.

Look to Christ, O my soul! to the inexhaustible riches of glory in Christ Jesus! I mourn; I can scarce hold up my head. It is thy privilege, O foolish soul! O thou of little faith! look again to that lovely passage of Scripture. A few verses before the holy apostle assures his beloved Philippians that "unto them is given, in behalf of Christ, not only to believe in Him, but also to suffer for His sake." And is it a privilege you ask to suffer for Him, and with Him? Judge for yourself. Suppose you were to find your own mother in some foreign land sitting a wretched, houseless creature by the way-side, forbidden to quit the miserable spot, would you not count it

a privilege to sit down beside her, and to support her drooping head, and wipe away her fast-falling tears; and when you find CHRIST despised, CHRIST rejected, by bad and shameless men, will you not deem it a privilege gladly to suffer here with CHRIST? His love exceedeth even the affection of a tender mother. The mother may forget the sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb; yea, they may forget; yet will not I forget thee. Let me seek, therefore, not merely to know Him, and the power of His resurrection, but the fellowship of His sufferings; and this is our consolation that "if we suffer with Him we shall also reign with Him."

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What a cold, dull, senseless heart is mine, what a dishonoring faith, what a mocking profession. I do not boldly, joyfully, confess CHRIST. Do I dread to be called Puritan, Methodist, Calvinist? The world's Christ must not do for me. The world's Christ is an Antichrist. CHRIST must be the sun of the system to me, or I had better deny him at once. To make Him other than what He is, —'tis insulting Him, 'tis little less than asking the world to say how much of the work of salvation may be given up to CHRIST, how much reverence may be shown to Him by man.

*Thy Will be done.*

We should learn to make our prayer, not that our own desires may be granted, but that GOD'S will may be done. It is very difficult to push aside all our own thick coming hopes, all our own whispering and restless fears, and to feel that GOD is sure to arrange every event in the best and happiest way. No chastening for the present time seemeth joyous, but grievous. A man who is submitting

to some painful operation, cannot feel the trial, while it continues, to be pleasant; but he is assured that the rest of his life will be gladdened by it, and in faith he endures the unjoyous chastening, 'rejoicing in hope.'

For thus saith the LORD, "Like as I have brought all this great evil upon this people, so will I bring upon them all the good I have promised them." (Jerem. xxxii. 42.)

The testimony of the LORD is sure.

And we may know the truth of that word by our own experience of it in part. The old man for instance, feels that this word is truth. "Yet is their strength then but labor and sorrow;" and having felt that painful part of GOD'S will and word to be true, has he not a sure evidence that its joyous promises are also truth, for as the predictions of what old age is, are fulfilled in this life, so will the promises of what the peace and the glory of Heaven are, be fulfilled in another world.

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We begin to love the Bible, and know its value, when we find we cannot do without it. When under temptation from any or either of our great adversaries, we hasten to look into the armory of our spiritual weapons for some sword of the Spirit, in and from that word of GOD, which may be found all powerful though in our feeble grasp. We know its value, when, at the sight of some blessed assurance, or rich promise, till then unheeded, if not unknown, our heart leaps within us, or is deeply melted with subduing comfort; and tears of gratitude rise into our eyes. We know its value when our path appears in its pages, plain and straight before us, after many doubts and difficulties in ourselves.

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It is not enough to talk in general terms of renouncing the world. We must go into particulars, and then inquire, do I, as I have engaged and vowed at my baptism, do I renounce the world? Do I renounce worldly honors and distinctions and worldly riches? worldly wisdom—worldly society if not altogether, yet as much as possible, and always enter and leave it with thoughts and feelings in a higher, holier, and yet *humbler* frame? Do I strive to live and move in a higher atmosphere?

*Our Weakness—Our Help.*

Is it true that all my exertions are useless, unless I have assistance from above, for of myself I can do nothing? I will answer that question, not by a positive yes or no, which I might do, but I will put the case to you thus;—you have a great work to do, an important end to attain, to work out your own salvation, to enter into the kingdom of Heaven. That blessed and merciful Being who gave His life to redeem your soul and body from the power of Satan, sees your weakness; sees that with the legal right through His blood, you would be left desolate and cheerless, with that right in your hand—the kingdom of Heaven opened—but you, a poor, frail hopeless wanderer on earth: He pities your condition, and feeling that your happiness must be but half gained, if you are left to your own strength, He offers you the all-powerful help of his HOLY SPIRIT: seek that help freely, use it largely, never consent to let it go; he gives, as it were such counsel. The fellowship of the HOLY SPIRIT comes to your heart. Your fellowship or union with your idols is broken asunder. Ephraim is no more joined to his idols, but you are joined to CHRIST, as a living branch to a life-giving stem.

Must I turn to GOD if I would be saved? Yes. Can I turn to GOD by my own strength? No.

Why, then, you leave me in a sad condition, indeed. I must turn or die; but I have no power to turn.

Far from it; the teacher who tells you you must turn or die, and that in yourself you *have* the power—*he* leaves you in a sad condition.

He who informs you from GOD's word of this want of power in yourself, is your true friend; because, first, He shows you your real state, and would have you sit down and weigh the cost before you attempt to build your tower: because, secondly, He will not fail to add that though GOD forewarns you, the power to turn is not in yourself. He does not leave you despairing or deluded, but teaches you where to seek and find all the help you need. More than even you desire or deserve is to be obtained from the fulness of CHRIST: grace for grace; grace freely offered and given, as fast as grace may be needed.

*To a minister of* CHRIST *in the Church of England.*

Think that while you pray—while you read the Scriptures—while you preach—your Savior JESUS CHRIST stands beside you, and that he looks even into your heart.

Imagine that in the midst of your coldness and carelessness, you see his face turned upon you, even with such a look as that which he turned upon Peter, when his confident disciple denied him.

Before every prayer in the rubric, before every chapter you read, before the delivering of your text and sermon, offer up a short and silent prayer, that you may not wander in attention or spirit.

It is not enough to attend to every word in prayers, nor to feel every word, but you must offer up every word as a prayer.

Again, think upon yourself as the mouth of the whole

assembly around you, and remember that the cause of every one with GOD is given into your hands to plead, that when you are cold, your thoughts distracted, then their cause is neglected.

The great secret of pulpit eloquence is, to be thoroughly in earnest, and to be sincere according to the truth. When you enter the pulpit and look around you, think within yourself, "Am I? are they all come hither, as a solemn mockery of GOD? But if they are not come to worship in spirit and truth, their worship is mockery." Pray, also, that no feeling of display, no affectation, no fear of man, no love of praise, no temptation of any kind; nothing but the love of CHRIST, and the love of the best interests of your flock, may move you.

Look to the common sense of every thing—to the meaning of every word. Do nothing "*of course*," or "*by rote*."

In worldly affairs, you cannot *think* of two things at the same time, and pay a *proper* attention to one of them. Remember this in the church, and do not get into a habit of thinking of two things there. Be assured that there, of all places, GOD will not consent to share the heart, the thoughts with Mammon.

It is often a good plan, from the moment you enter the *reading-desk*, to seal up your eyes to every object but the books before you—not to look once upon the congregation.

### *The Mediator.*

On my knees it is that I so greatly feel the necessity and the blessing of a Mediator. Remembering there all my provocations, my repeated, daily repeated sins against my GOD, how should I have the face to insult him by prayers against sins into which I am again and again fall-

ing, did I not know and feel that there is one who is touched with the feeling of my infirmities, who has been tempted in all points like as I am, yet without sin. My great work and struggle is within. There it is that I am ever, with GOD's grace, at work to keep innocence, purity, love, faith—and as temptations are constantly arising against me on all these points, there it is that I feel my need of one, who is man to feel for me and with me, and GOD, to help, and forgive, and reassure me.

LORD! LORD! Physician! Shepherd! Take me as I am. I cannot wait till I get better—till I am healed. Thou art the physician—there is none but thee. Whom have I but thee? whom can I desire in preference to thee? I am a wandering sheep; thou art the good shepherd: seek me when I stray—gently lead me back. I cannot doubt thy willingness to seek and save: thou hast given thy life for the sheep. I have hitherto taken, shall I not call it, a wrong way for a minister of "the glad tidings of great joy," when visiting the cottages of my parishioners. I have talked to them of duties; I have made every thing seem a duty. Ah! how natural it was for me to do so; religion has seemed to me too much a dry, solemn, and yet glorious weight of duties, I now see it in a far lovelier light. I now see that I should have used a far holier, sweeter, far more winning way. I should have spoken of privileges, and shown that every Christian's duty is a happy privilege. There is weariness and heaviness in every earthly yoke; sin is a hard master.

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There seems to be an error in the faith of some. I speak of it not as a mere point of doctrine, but as a point that concerns their spiritual and practical advancement,

their vital comfort and joy. They believe it expedient for them, that the HOLY SPIRIT should come unto them, and dwell in them, but there they rest, and as it were, lose CHRIST. They have as indefinite an apprehension and view of GOD the SPIRIT, as of GOD the FATHER, out of CHRIST. He applies CHRIST, brings CHRIST into the soul. Of Him, CHRIST is made unto us wisdom, and right eousness, and sanctification, and redemption. They that are temples of the HOLY SPIRIT, are also members of that body of which CHRIST is the head, branches of that vine, which is CHRIST, living stones of that building of which CHRIST is the foundation and chief corner-stone. CHRIST indeed is in us, or we are reprobates. CHRIST is the Alpha and Omega: the Author and Finisher of our faith. O LORD! give us grace to receive the truth in the love of the truth—in no other way.

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"Suffer the little children to come unto me." O yes, it is my firm belief, if little children were brought to Him early, if prayed over, watched over, instructed by degrees, as they are able to bear it, before the seeds of sin in the heart have sprouted and blossomed, and the fruit has been formed in the plant; if sin was pointed out to the child in its proper character, as a noxious weed to be rooted up and cast away; if the rising and perplexing visions of this world were thrust afar on this side and on that, and the Savior was shown in his real form and character, as altogether lovely; then, I cannot help believing, that our children would grow up as olive branches, and be fair and graceful (with Christian graces,) as the polished corners of the temple.

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Why is the gate straight? Why is the path narrow? It is not that the fault, the unpleasantness lies in the gate, or in the way. By the holy, humble, upright man the straightness, the narrowness are not noticed; but we are so cumbered with vanities, so puffed up with self and with sin, that there is no room for us to enter full swing. God does not ask me to repent in my strength, to find out a way of escape by my own wisdom. "Without me ye can do nothing," is His positive assurance. "I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me," was the experience of Paul, who had proved and tried the experience of that weakness without Christ.

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Lord! I do not say, draw mine enemies to love me,—let there be no presumption, no self-seeking in any of my prayers;—but draw them to love Thee, *first*, *above all*, and then they will not fail to feel kindness and love to all their brethren, and to me amongst them.

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Lord! I feel that it is of thy free grace, not on account of any desert of mine, that I am brought to Thee; that I now lie at the foot of thy cross in tears. I know not if this be what men call Calvinism, but I know that it is the experience of my heart, and I find that experience borne out by thy Holy Scriptures. I know this also, I feel it, that if thou shouldst leave me for a moment, I must fall away from thee. I cannot first be raised to stand without thee. Is there presumption in saying, that I feel this, when I feel also that I cannot continue standing without thine arms are round me, and supporting me? Man, since the fall, is like a statue thrown from its base, the balance of which has been destroyed. He must lie in the dust, till

one (a mighty one) raise him. He cannot stand, (his balance being lost,) unless one, (a never-forsaking one, one, never quitting his hold,) uphold and support him upright.

JESUS CHRIST came to seek and to save, *to seek*, as well as *to save*. This I simply believe, that GOD first called me, or I should not have sought Him: that He keeps me faithful to Him, or I should yet forsake Him.

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We do not look upon temptation as we ought; it is not a sign and proof that GOD is displeased with us, and would forsake us; but that GOD loves us, and would suffer us to be tried, that we may know more clearly the insufficiency of our own strength, the insecurity of our strong holds, and more clearly also, the source of all power and might; he would weary us with temptation to lead us to drink like one exhausted, at the crystal fountain-head of living water. He would cut away every human support, that the soul may cling for life to him.

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I do not wish to puzzle myself or others with my opinions of predestination and election. I have been a sinner from my earliest infancy: (who has not?)—there is no health in me. My heart has been opened to religious impressions. CHRIST is my only hope of salvation. I pray without ceasing for an interest in His atonement—for a renewed nature by the indwelling grace of the HOLY SPIRIT, that I may walk religiously in good works, through a union with CHRIST: thus as a branch in the vine, the believer lives and grows, and bears fruit. In this faith, this life, this gradual sanctification I find my happiness. Now to whom do I owe this change in my views, my heart, my action, my own very self?—to myself?—Oh no,—not

to myself, to no power of man. What says the Scripture? let it answer.—"Without me (CHRIST,) ye can do nothing." The change, then, is GOD's effecting; and if GOD worked it, was it at my seeking? Let me look back? no, —His warnings, promises, and encouragements, (insensibly, if you will, though I could almost say *sensibly*,) fell so powerfully upon me, that I am sure He might say of me, "I was found of one who sought me not." And not only while yet a sinner, CHRIST died for me, but while yet careless, CHRIST revealed this to my heart so impressively, that his love constrained me to love him. Thus, I cannot dare to glory in myself, or my *happy*, though too imperfect change,—the praise, the glory is his,—and his let it be; the exceeding happiness and privilege is mine. Nay, were the glory mine, I could not be so happy; for the sweet spring of gratitude to him, who came to seek and save me, would then be sealed. Are these doctrines dangerous! I would say with the holy Bradford. "There is no reprobation but in sin. There is no election but in CHRIST. Sanctification is the seal of election."

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Give me grace, Blessed, Enlightening, and Assisting GOD! to live in one way out of the world, to have part of myself ever in thy presence, ever in such communication with thee, that I may live to thee, and with thee, as if every worldly business or amusement was an interruption to me; an interruption cheerfully and sweetly borne with, and scarcely perceived to be so by those around me; but felt by myself, and seen to be such by thee. I, as thy minister must minister or wait upon thee with more readiness than any priest in a Heathen temple. Let me be ever ready to attend to others, to these in the world, but

ever as if listening for a call to my service, to the immediate presence.

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May I come before thee, daily as a pilgrim! LORD! for such I am, who, every morning before he girds himself up for his journey through the wilderness, turns aside into some little quiet valley, and there thinks of his father's house to which he journeys, there strengthens his resolutions against every false and detaining pleasure on the way, by bringing full before his view the joys, the blessings that await him; there opens his heart to the full tide of pure and sacred affections towards his dear, dear home.

Thou that wakenest morning by morning, waken mine ear to hear as one learned in thy testimonies.

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Oh! for an Ithuriel's spear, that I might touch with it all my best and holiest virtues, and motives, and endeavors, and see them not as I do too often with self-approval, not as they seem to me, but as they are, that in every one the thought, the mixed up, polluting thought of sin might start forth and shame me, and humble me before Him, who is altogether lovely, pure, and holy. Blessed be GOD! that weapon is mine; the sword of the SPIRIT can match with an Ithuriel's spear, piercing even to the dividing asunder of the joints and the marrow, and showing the exceeding sinfulness of sin; and, blessed be GOD! He not only discovers the presence of sin; but taking another form, He descends like a dove into the heart, to bring purity and peace from the sanctuary, where He dwells in glory.

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When I have given license, or hearing to an evil thought or feeling, then would the tempter clothe himself as an honest scruple, and say, "You must not seek GOD; you cannot be easy in His presence after yielding to sin." It is true—and there is no grief or heaviness of heart like that felt after having *yielded* even to the power of sin; but I would guard against weak scruples, indeed, against anything, as seen and coming from the great author of sin, that might keep me from my Father's presence and the foot of my Savior's cross. I would seek Thee, LORD! even then, with my forehead in the dust, with my heart broken by my own ingratitude, and Thy melting compassion! O Thou friend of sinners! The great misery of sin is, that it is the only thing that can keep me from seeking communion with my GOD. But, no—no, it must not do so—it must cast me at His feet; or rather, I must implore my Savior to empty me of self, and lay me there.

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The man who deems sorrow for past sin, without a newness of life following, to be repentance, is like one who takes medicine for a disease without caring to be restored to new health by it.

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There may be a cloud without a rainbow, but there cannot be a rainbow without a cloud.

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Though deeply impressed with the awful responsibility of the holy office of a minister of CHRIST from the hour that I entered upon it, I had been many years in holy orders before I was enabled to discover, what no clergyman can learn too early, that the only way to bring my

flock to Christian morality, was to preach CHRIST in the simplest, plainest, most scriptural manner.

The reason for this appears to me, not because we may think it the wisest or best way; but because it is the way that GOD blesses; for it is also the way that GOD has appointed. And the most simple, and what the world may deem the most foolish way, must be better than what man may look upon as the wisest, if unattended by GOD's blessing. Indeed the great proof of the wisdom of this simple way is, the success that invariably bears witness to the blessing. It is Cecil's fine remark, that "CHRIST is GOD's Grand Ordinance."

### *Corrupt Nature.*

I need no stronger proof of the corruption of my nature than the consideration of the privileges that I have despised, that I am still neglecting. I may hold communion with the LORD of life and death, and am often utterly unconcerned to do so. I may be saved from sin here, and hell hereafter, through the death of GOD's dear Son! and I hesitate!—Where is the hindrance to all that is best and most blessed for me?—where?—in myself.

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Every grace of the Christian character, every right and holy temper is supernatural, and must be sought by humble prayer. I must not look to my natural self, for one inherent virtue or one good disposition. I must pray to Him "from whom all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed." I would forgive an unkind unjust person, and be at peace in myself under a continuance of evident unkindness and dislike. I wish to do so. I think I do so; but some little soreness, some disposition to resent, or at least to show I despise such conduct, ran-

kles in my heart and disquiets me. I bring that person before my GOD in prayer, beg for blessings and mercies on that person. While I kneel, my disquietude passes away, I can forgive from my heart, and bear the continued annoyance cheerfully and kindly without the little pitiable feeling of resentment.

*A prayer.*

Blessed LORD, I know, I confess that my heart consents to sin. If it were not so, I should not need thy help.

But while I own my love to sin, I pray from my heart that Thou wilt deliver me from the slightest preference to it.

While I own that I love it, I pray for pardon, for the cleansing blood of CHRIST my Savior, for the pure, strong, forceful sword of the SPIRIT to strike, cut sharply and clearly off, the sin that besets and would ruin me.

If I perish let it not be in yielding, but in struggling. If I am dragged down, away from Thee, let it be with prayer, and strong agonies of prayer, pouring from my lips.

But, no, Thou art too gracious. Thou lovest those who seek to be sincere. Thou despisest not the broken and contrite spirit. And there is One for whose sake Thou will make me who am in myself a poor sinner, a rich and joyful heir of the inheritance of Thy saints in light. May He be indeed made "of GOD," to me and *not to me alone*, "wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption."

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You say that it is hard you should suffer for Adam's sin; now in one sense, as far as the condemnation of GOD is concerned, Adam and Eve, the then actual sinners, were

the only sufferers, and, only for a few moments condemnation hung over them, for 'twas only while GOD was pronouncing their sentence, that they could sink utterly hopeless under their condemnation; the next words that flowed from THE ALMIGHTY'S lips, were curses on their worst enemy, and a prophesy, which, coming as it did from GOD'S mouth, was also a promise: ("The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head.") Thus it was plainly declared that the condemnation is in one sense, taken away, even before any of that seed is born into the world, taken from any who will seek salvation in GOD'S way. Thus the only hindrance to our seeking salvation, is not in GOD'S curse and condemnation, but in the corruption of man's nature, the corruption of which was not according to GOD'S will, but owing to man's wilfulness. Therefore, the origin of evil to man and in man, was not from GOD'S design, but from man's thwarting the will of GOD. Of course, GOD being omniscient, foreknew what would happen, that man would sin; and in case of that sin, He declared that he was at once ready to secure his salvation by a holier way, through humility, and repentance, and faith. No sooner was one way of happiness closed by man, than GOD opened another, wiser and better and happier.

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LORD, I thank Thee, not that I am better, holier than others. Alas! alas! Thou knowest all my heart, and *I*, (from what *I know*, which is more than any of my fellows know of this heart of mine,) I can only smite upon my breast and confess, that I am less than the least of Thy saints, less than the least of Thy mercies, a worm and no man, that of myself, am not worthy to be called thy son! I may well say with the apostle, "I am the chief of sinners;" for of others I know the outward character; of

myself I know my heart; I know its corruption, its wilfulness, its heedlessness to light and teaching, to opportunities and warnings, its ever-occurring and aggravated offences under the pure eye of the heart-searching GOD; but I thank Thee that I am happier than so many, happier in the enjoyment of high attachments and holy communings. I see so many whose smiles spring only from worldly amusement, at least in whose eyes the dancing beam of joy is not lighted from the brightness of Heaven. They are contented, pleased, delighted with the world, and the things of the world; and, perhaps, deem my hours lonely and cheerless. LORD, I thank Thee, that the light that gladdens me is from above. LORD, I thank Thee, that the fountains from which I draw are of living water springing up into everlasting life.

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The ark saved eight persons when the myriads of a vast world were overwhelmed by the flood; but did the ark save Ham?

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Men will say, of what use is all this moral machinery in the mind, and in the heart, (for simple as the Christian system is, those who know nothing about its doctrines, will often look upon them as perplexing,) of what use is all this, if we can attain the same ends without it. Let it be seen then, that when you insist on clear views of Christian doctrine, 'tis only that Christian practice may be made the more holy and excellent.

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I have no power of myself against a sinful nature, but the whole tenor of Scripture is to make me aware of that sinful nature, and of my own want of power, that I may feel the positive, absolute need of seeking that power, *which* can assist me, *which* is freely offered, and *which* would fain press itself upon my acceptance.

### *Preaching.*

The minister of CHRIST will do little by preaching, to change the hearts of his flock under GOD'S blessing, till he has learned to preach to himself at the same time. He will not feel the need in others, of the things he recommends, till he has first learned his own need. Blessed, blessed be my GOD! that now I do not, as in old times, give advice, or admonition to others, and there stop. He has taught me in some secret, convincing way, which I perceived not till I found the habit wake into consciousness within me, not to stop, but having warned others, to go on with the admonition, and apply it to myself, to take it home afterwards, as it were, to my own heart, and say, "My heart! how does this suit thee? Mine eye! is there no beam to be removed in thee, as well as the little mote in my brother's eye?" This habit, I am convinced, can alone make a really effective, affectionate preacher, for without it, he scarcely will be humbled, and then he will be preaching with the passion and temper of a proud man, one at least raised above his hearers, by some feeling of superiority, or tempted to feel so; in the other case he will speak as one equally sinful, as one weak in himself, as one who fears lest, after all his preaching, he himself should be a castaway.

Mr. Singleton and I were sitting one afternoon in the summer-house at the end of the broad walk in the rectory garden. The morning had been rainy, and the sun came out from time to time between heavy and fast-falling showers, making a day of true April weather. The summer-house was at such times, a delightful retreat. I found the rector with his writing-table and his books before him, but as he smiled, and held out his hand to me, he said, "I came here to devote a few hours to quiet study, and I find, that in spite of myself, I have been cheated into idleness by the day-dreams of this lovely spring tide. Like your favorite poet, Coleridge, I may say,

> 'In this bower have I not mark'd
> Much that has sooth'd me—pale, beneath the blaze,
> Hung the transparent foliage; and I watch'd
> Some broad and sunny leaf, and look'd to see
> The shadow of the leaf, and stem above
> Dappling its sunshine! and that walnut-tree
> Was richly tinged, and a deep radiance lay
> Full on the ancient ivy, which usurps
> Those fronting elms, and now with blackest mass
> Makes their dark branches gleam a lighter hue
> Through the late twilight: and though now the bat
> Wheels silent by, and not a swallow twitters,
> Yet still the solitary humble-bee
> Sings in the bean-flower! Henceforth I shall know
> That nature ne'er deserts the wise and pure:
> No plot so narrow, be but nature there,
> No waste so vacant, but may well employ
> Each faculty of sense, and keep the breast
> Awake to love and beauty.'"

There was something inexpressibly delightful in the way that he repeated poetry or Scripture; the ear hung upon the last words as if music had ceased to sound. The

charm lay chiefly in his plain, clear articulation, and in the absence of all effort to give effect by laying a stress on particular words.

"By the way," he continued, "those lines do not exactly suit the hour of the day, at present, but the spirit of them was very applicable to the mood in which I have been indulging. Sit down at once my friend," he said, "or you will scare away the nightingales that have been singing to me. Talk as loud as you will, they will remain, but moving about sends them away at once: they have been fluttering among the lower branches of those elms, almost as bold in their approaches as the robins are in winter. Two of them have been singing at the same time, with such a wild, rich, varied flow of song, that they brought before me Crawshaw's inimitable description of the contest between the nightingale and the lute-player. Then this hedge of sweetbriar, now the wind blows over it, and brings such fitful tides of refreshing fragrance, sent me away to Chaucer's romance of the 'Flower and the Leaf,' to the 'Grasse so fresh of hew,' under the 'okes lade with leves new,' and to the pleasant 'arbor closed in with sicamour eglantier,' and to the exquisite lines, describing the rare scene of the eglantier or sweetbriar—

'And I that all this pleasaunt sight see,
Thought sodainly I felt so sweet an aire
Of the eglantier, that certainely
There is no herte I deme in such dispaire,
Ne with thoughts froward and contraire,
So ouer laid, but it should soon haue bote
If it had ones felt this sauour sote.'"

"I have been studying the composition of a picture to be continued, or rather, settling within myself that a fine painter is almost always the most faithful copyist of nature. Just look at the picture," he continued, "set in the frame of that open window. How few are the objects, and the colors! The stem of a large oak standing out from the mass of soft shadowy foliage behind, the lower portion of it grown over by the greenest moss, as close and glossy as rich velvet; a few long, slender shoots of ivy, dark, but delicately veined, clinging and winding gracefully over the ash-colored and rugged bark. Then the low-drooping boughs of the old cedars, hanging like a pall before a fairy bower: for the oak foliage and the light hazel copse, and the grassy banks beyond, have made the little nook like a bower. The very light is like the glow of emeralds, except when the sunbeams shoot like a star of gold through the leaves. And to complete the picture, in that upper corner there is a patch of the intense blue sky, bordered by a cloud, like heaped-up fleecy snow. —But who have we here?" he said, interrupting himself. A beggar made his appearance from amongst the trees.

The man was evidently half-naked, and part of the slight clothing he had on was thrown aside, that he might exhibit the most frightful sores. He seemed to have a sort of gratification in making such an exposure, notwithstanding our entreaties that he would not, and the disgust expressed in our countenances.

"This might be applied as a seasonable reproof to some professors of the present day," said Mr. Singleton, when the man was gone. "It is a subject of great rejoicing, nay, of daily thanksgiving with me, that there should have been of late years such a revival of the pure evangelical religion of Jesus Christ throughout the kingdom. It passes, however, with many, for a proof of genuine reli-

gion, if a person is ready to make, what I might also call rather a *profession*, than a *confession* of great sinfulness. There can be no vital religion, I allow, in that heart where there is not also a deep consciousness of inbred and indwelling sin; but that consciousness of which I speak, never serves the convicted sinner to make a display with: he goes quietly with it, he retires into himself, and his chief confession is made when alone with his Savior and his GOD. Such a profession of sin resembles the uncovering the loathsome sores of that filthy beggar, who did not seem so anxious for the removal of his disease, as to attract our attention, and so make the most of his very loathsomeness."

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If our flock would but come to our preaching, as they come for food, in order that they might grow thereby, how different would preaching be even to us, preachers! What life and liberty we should find! And to them, even the poorest fare we could set before them would be like angels' meat.

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We have a man in Heaven at the right hand of the Father to plead for us.

We have a GOD who hath come down to earth to pour out his own blood for us.

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If any man eat this bread he shall live for ever. This does not mean that merely once eating it shall save him, (though were it GOD'S ordinance that once eating were sufficient, it would be,) it seems to me that in this the analogy between the appointed means of natural and of

spiritual life holds good. It is not one meal that will keep the body in life and health; were one meal eaten at the beginning of the year, and only one, the body would soon perish.

Those who live by CHRIST must also walk in him; they must not only be rooted, but built up in him: the perfect work must not only be begun, but continued in them.

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What a wretched mistake to imagine that the religion of the Gospel can drive any person into a state of insanity.

Among those whom JESUS CHRIST restored to health, lunatics are frequently mentioned.

Can he who casts out the spirit and plague of lunacy ever make his disciples mad! And yet, too much religion is dreaded as a sort of insanity. Indeed, till JESUS has commanded the unclean spirit of our sinful nature to depart, a man is not found clothed in the only garment that his spirit needs, i.e. the righteousness of CHRIST, and in his right mind, and sitting at the feet of JESUS.

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Mr. Singleton may be said to have been evidently much attached to forms: he certainly was; but how safely, in what a holy manner did he use them! he never rested in them.

"After all," I have heard him say, "the holy Bible is to many, a mere form of words. If those words are only words to us, and we rest in them, we shall be rather the worse than otherwise for reading them; but if they lead us to the spiritual things which they express, they stand forth as the visible shadows of GOD's invisible perfections."

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Some very unkind remarks had been made in the presence of Mr. Singleton, about a Roman Catholic. "I must own," he said to me, "that I do not agree with these bitter censurers, who do not seem to understand very well what they are talking of. A determined, yet holy defence of the citadel is far before these outcries about the mere outworks of the reformed, yet ancient faith. And I find too often," he continued, "that many who are such eager and fiery opposers of the mere pageantries and idle shows of popery, are, in fact, papists themselves in the very heart of the question. They hold very confused and unscriptural notions on the grand doctrine of justification by faith, if they do not deny the doctrine altogether. It was this that our great reformer, Luther, stood forth to defend so manfully." He took down Luther's commentary on the Galatians, and pointed to the following passage; "This is the sink of all evil, and the sin of sins, of the whole world, for gross sins and vices may be known and so amended, or else repressed by the punishment of the magistrate; but this sin, to wit, man's opinion concerning his own righteousness, will not only be counted no sin, but also will be esteemed for an high religion and righteousness. This pestilent sin, therefore, is the mighty power of the devil over the whole world, the very head of the serpent, and the snare whereby the devil entangleth and holdeth all men captive." This is very strong language I allow, but there is much truth in it, and it applies, alas! not only to the Church of Rome, but to many in the Church of England. This is the citadel to be attacked all over the world: it is the popery of human nature.

"For our GOD is a consuming fire." Yes; but only out of CHRIST; and we ought not to know him but in CHRIST. How sweetly his anxiety to save; his delight in saving; his invitation to salvation, is set forth in the very Scripture that is thus summed up.

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'Tis pleasant to look down the vista of a long life, spent in Thy service, LORD! It fills my heart with adoring gratitude to mark the providential mercies, the mercies of grace rising on every side like goodly towers, and almost at the end the gate of baptism. I may say with George Herbert,

Since LORD to Thee
A narrow way and little gate
Is all my passage; on my infancy
Thou did'st lay hold, and antedate
My faith in me.

Oh! let me still
Write Thee, great GOD, and me a child,
Let me be soft and supple to thy will,
Small to myself, to others mild.

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How many love to reduce the Bible to a system! I would wish to know nothing of systems, if they are to teach me to look upon GOD as the author of sin, or as a respecter of persons, or as one whose ways are unequal, or as a being to whom any human creature is hateful; oh! what a perversion of the high mysteries of the Christian faith to make them the subject of carnal disputation. How impious, when justice and mercy have been reconciled in the person of CHRIST crucified, to preach a system and call it

the Gospel, in which mercy is assured only to a few, and offered to that few.

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It has at length pleased God to call hence my beloved and venerable friend. Without any illness, without any apparent pain, he fell asleep.

His daughter waited for his appearance in the breakfast room one morning, but after waiting some time in vain, she questioned Martin about her father. The old man-servant told her that he had taken some warm water to his master at six o'clock, and had found him already risen, and partly dressed. He had desired Martin to open the window, saying, that he wanted air. Lisa went up to her father's study; he was dressed and sitting before the open window. He was unusually pale, and tears were streaming down his face. "It is not sorrow, my child," he said, "and yet it is. I have been looking back and considering all benefits I have received, and the poor use I have made of them, the poor return I have made. I am so very weak too this morning. I am glad to have you with me now. This is what I wished," he spoke in a voice low and faint as a whisper. "Come close to me, my blessed child!" She came near to him, and placing his hands upon her head he blessed her. "And now sit down to the organ," he said, "and sing to me—sing the morning hymn."

Trembling, but scarcely knowing why she trembled, she obeyed him; she began to sing, accompanying herself only with the softest tones of the organ. Once or twice she heard her father's voice joining with hers. She heard it distinctly at those beautiful words,

"Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,"

But not at once again did she hear it—the pause—there was a dead silence. She turned her head, her fingers still on the keys.—Her father's head had sunk upon the side of the high arm chair. She did not see his face, but he seemed like one asleep.—She heard a faint sigh.—Soon after the bell of the study rang violently; Martin hastened up. He found his young mistress, he said, upon her knees, chafing the cold, white hands of her father, and looking like one bewildered. His master was quite dead; and though his aged cheeks were wet with tears, smiles and sweetness were spread over the eyelids and the lips, and the whole countenance.

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I had often observed the quiet, and at times latterly, the abstracted manner of Mr. Singleton. Without showing any thing like a severe melancholy spirit, his thoughts seemed to flow calmly in their own pure channel, and never to mingle in the stream of vain or foolish conversation. If ever a man was prepared for a sudden call to eternity, I should have said he was. He had learnt to die daily unto sin.

At the funeral of my holy friend and master in CHRIST, I could not help remarking what he had often pointed out in other burials. I saw the corpse brought in at the door, passing the font at the entrance, carried up to the marriage altar, and there turned and brought back to the centre of the church, where the noble service for the burial of the dead was read over it; at last, committed to the dust whence it was taken, and I thought of his holy and consistent course from his birth to his grave; entering the Church by baptism, and going through all its holy ordinances, even till the last affecting, closing service, which announces that the dead which die in the LORD are blessed, and

depart in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life.

His was a sudden death, but it had not that awful character about it that the sudden deaths of many individuals have. The news did not strike the hearer dumb with horror, while the conviction arose in his inmost heart. It is thus a long-provoked and long-suffering God at last cuts short the day of life and grace together. The effect produced was not—"Ah! let me bethink myself, for vengeance may thus suddenly overtake me at an hour I know not of." No; those who stood around the revered body of that lowly-minded and excellent man, who gazed upon that countenance, calmed into the rigid composure of death, so soon after they had beheld it beaming with light and love in the midst of the great congregation—those persons felt within themselves "it is thus that God is sometimes pleased to show to an ungodly world what the nature and character of true religion is."

The image presented to the mind when I heard of his sudden death, was that of the faithful servant found watching at the most unexpected time; that of the wise virgin hearing the cry at midnight: "Behold, the bridegroom cometh! go ye out to meet him;" and rising up at once, and trimming her lamp, and so going forth to meet the bridegroom with a bright and steady flame.

He walked by faith, and not by sight; he walked with God, and was not, for God took him. "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my latter end be like his." I saw in him the reality of the Christian faith.

Among the very last of his papers, written in a hand as clear and firm as ever, but dated only a day or two before his departure, was the following:—

"'And now, remembering the vows and promises of thy baptism, I exhort you, in the name of God, to remember

the profession which you made unto GOD in your baptism.'*

"Answer me this, O my soul! or rather answer to the great High Priest and Shepherd of that flock of which thou art, after all, an erring and straying sheep! What can I answer! LORD, I have erred and strayed from thy way like a lost sheep. I am unworthy to be called thy son."

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On this paper the little form of dedication to GOD, renewed so regularly by him since the day he received it from his dying father, is copied out; and it is signed with his name; the date is also affixed, and immediately beneath is written:—"GOD be merciful to me a sinner." I bless GOD, with the holy Richard Baxter, that "such a form of words was left by CHRIST himself for the use and comfort of poor sinners."

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* See Service for the Visitation of the Sick, in the Church of England Liturgy.

## L'ENVOY.

And now, neither as Mr. Singleton, nor as his friend, the editor of these records of his life, do I come forward; but in my own character as the author of the whole,—and I might as well say, that my object has been, even by so slight a work, to rouse the professing members of our blessed and beautiful Church of England, to the consideration at least of the meaning of the profession made by them, as members of that Church.

The inimitable Pascal has said, "Il y a plaisir d'estre dans un vaisseau battu de l'orage lorsqu'on est assuré qu'il ne périra point. Les persecutions qui travaillent l'Eglise sont de cette nature." This applies first and foremost to the Holy and Universal Church of Christ. But without any sectarian spirit, I would go on to say, that I think the fine image of Pascal may suit the Church of England also.

I do not write in a spirit of controversy, not even to assert my preference to the system of my Church, but to show, if possible, what that system is, when carried into practice. How hard it is upon our Church, that we, her professing members, will not do her the common justice of acting out her holy injunctions. Of what use are works of controversy in her defence, compared with the silent argument of a life built up under the holy influence of her spiritual discipline, and her sound and simple ordinances. Let Dissenters, at least see us true to our calling, and let us not lead them, as we do, to make the common mistake of supposing that she is in fault, when her children are false and treacherous to their common mother. Among

the many fair daughters of the Church of CHRIST, there is none breathing a more pure and spiritual mind—none bearing herself with a more chaste and dignified grace of demeanor, than the holy Church of England, and if she falls, it will not be the attacks of her avowed enemies that have brought her queen-like glories to the dust, but the false, false ways of her avowed admirers and her professed defenders.

And now, what am I to say for having come forward to defend her in a work of fiction?

I am aware, that this volume may be called a novel, and I wish to say a word or two about novels. I am ready to join with many Christian moralists in their disapprobation of novels, for this reason,—many of the best-written novels, and those abounding in the bright display and high commendation of virtue, ought to be objectionable in that which professes to be the society of Christians, for they are almost certain to mislead, in a way not the less dangerous, because it wears all the specious show and coloring of the fruits of holy principle. They describe persons and characters, who become more and more faultless, and more and more happy as the history advances, no one knows why, but because the author chooses to make them so. They speak of positive and practical effects, as proceeding from the motive of a mere wish, or the principle of an idly formed resolution, made and kept in the might and constancy of man's own strength,—or I should say, they describe effects, without showing the only spring of such effects. They dress out a bramble with the rich and clustering fruit of the vine.

Dr. Chalmers has well said, "So much for the dream of fancy. Let us compare it with the waking images of truth. Walk from Dan to Beersheba, and tell us, if without and beyond the operation of Gospel motives, and

Gospel principle, the reality of life ever furnished you with a picture that is at all like the elegance and perfection of this fictitious history. Go to the finest specimen of such a family; take your secret stand, and observe them in their more retired and invisible movements. It is not enough to pay them a ceremonious visit, and observe them in the put-on manners and holiday dress of general company; look at them when all this disguise and finery are thrown aside. Yes, we have no doubt that you will perceive some love, some tenderness, some virtue; but the rough and untutored honesty of truth compels us to say, that along with all this, there are at times mingled the bitterness of invective, the growlings of discontent, the harpings of peevishness and animosity, and all that train of angry, suspicious, and discordant feelings, which embitter the heart of man, and make the reality of human life a very sober affair indeed, when compared with the high coloring of romance, and the sentimental extravagance of poetry. Now what do we make of all this? We infer, that however much we may love perfection, and aspire after it, yet there is some want, some disease in the constitution of man, which prevents his attainment to it—that there is a feebleness of principle about him—that the energy of his practice does not correspond to the fair promises of his fancy—and however much he may delight in an ideal scene of virtue and moral excellence, there is some lurking malignity in his constitution, which, without the operation of that mighty power revealed to us in the Gospel, makes it vain to wish, and hopeless to aspire after."

Thus, I may add, the reader is misled. He thinks a wish can make him happy, a resolution virtuous. He is, perhaps, full of the lively admiration of virtue and excellence, but his admiration evaporates with the mere glow

of fine feeling. The effect of this unsoundness in principle is unsoundness in practice. He is neither strengthened, established, nor settled in what is right and good, but is, (as almost a sure consequence,) inconsistent, and acquires the reputation of being romantic and visionary, and perhaps unfit for common life.—Either make the tree sound, and the fruit sweet, or the tree corrupt, and its fruit corrupt.

Now let an author show things as they really are—expose the flimsy character of such surface virtue, let him allude continually to the existence of principles. Let him show that there is but one plant that can bear the fruit which he describes. It is indeed the luxuriant garlands of the vine alone, that are hung with the beautiful and gladdening grape. The temper and habits of the Christian are all from one plant, and whatever the Father hath not planted shall be rooted up.

Whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are honest, lovely, true, or of good report, all are from one principle alone. What! cannot we have virtue, you say, lauded, and impressed, and recommended, without religious principle always being brought forward? Yes; if you choose to give up your profession of Christianity; but to Christian readers, in a professed Christian world, surely never such principles can be acknowledged. Let an author remember this, and his readers will never be misled; and though I am by no means an advocate for the too common practice of the present day, the very frequent reading of works of fiction, even those works which, without doing any moral injury to the heart, must enervate the powers of the mind, and create a distaste for deep and more manly reading—let an author remember this, and though a writer of poetry or fiction, he may take his place with humble confidence among the real advocates of

sound righteousness, among the true benefactors of mankind.

Lastly, is there a human being who will say, when reading any part of this volume, "I have felt thus!" Let him be assured that I have written not for idle readers, but for him, and such as he,—that my heart claims a fellowship with his. I beseech him to feel for me as for a dear and intimate friend; to believe that I can prize deeply his friendship. I know that many will think of me as one anxious to catch the public eye, and hold the public feeling as an author. Let me be known in another character to some few. A printed book is the only medium by which we can meet. I shall indeed be blessed, if a word that I have written may have a serious impression, or be the means of awakening the conscience of any man, and leading from sin to repentance through CHRIST; from repentance to holiness through CHRIST; from holiness to happiness through CHRIST; and so on to eternal life. Nay, turn away if you will, yet at least, I will have this consolation, that my voice has been raised, even if in vain, to warn my fellow sinners; to cry out to them in the midst of their course. Stop, think, repent—be holy, be happy. They talk of religious books, our common-place, worldly people. They do not approve the sort of thing! Is not this cant? the cant of a silly and miserably diluted religion?

Here is I acknowledge, in appearance, a trifling volume. It has no trifling end in view. May the grace and the blessing of GOD go with it! or may it die at once!

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Taylor, Rev Charles B[illegible]

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